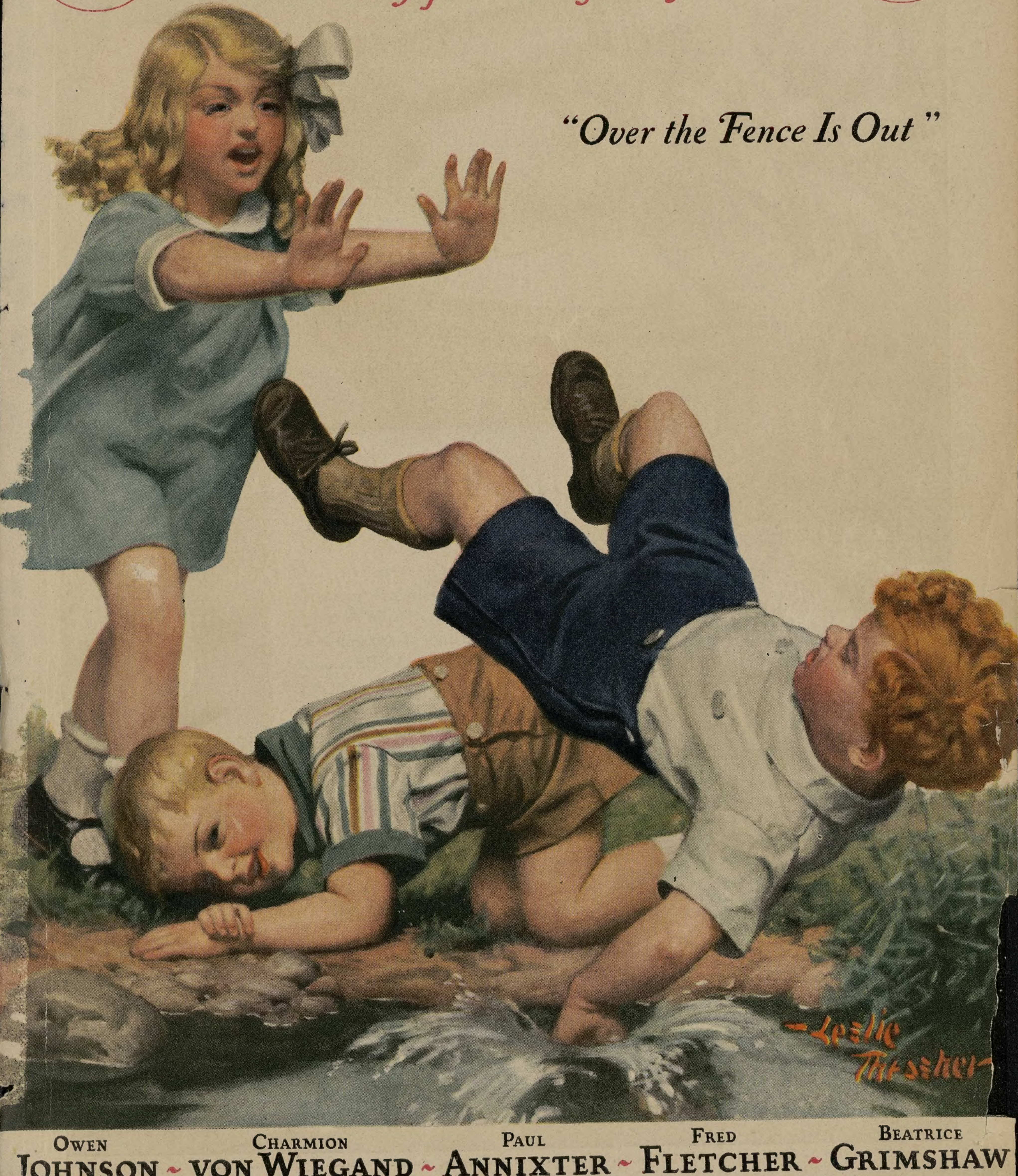
WEEK ENDING
OCT. 4, 1930

5c

Liberty

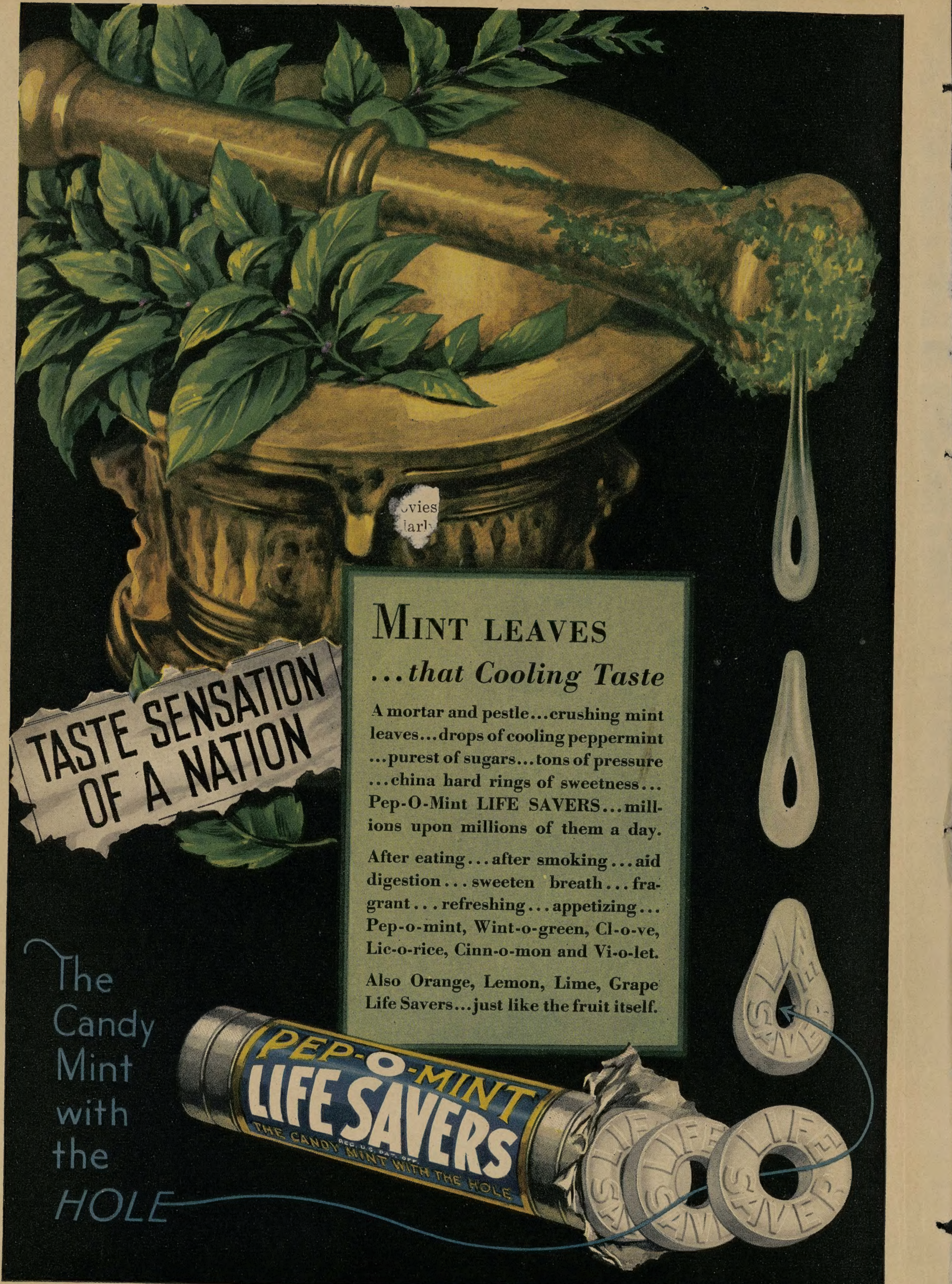
A Weekly for Everybody

OVER
2,250,000
NET PAID
CIRCULATION



"Over the Fence Is Out"

OWEN **JOHNSON** ~ CHARMION **VON WIEGAND** ~ PAUL **ANNIXTER** ~ FRED **FLETCHER** ~ BEATRICE **GRIMSHAW**


TASTE SENSATION OF A NATION
The Candy Mint with the HOLE
PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE
LIFE SAVER

MINT LEAVES

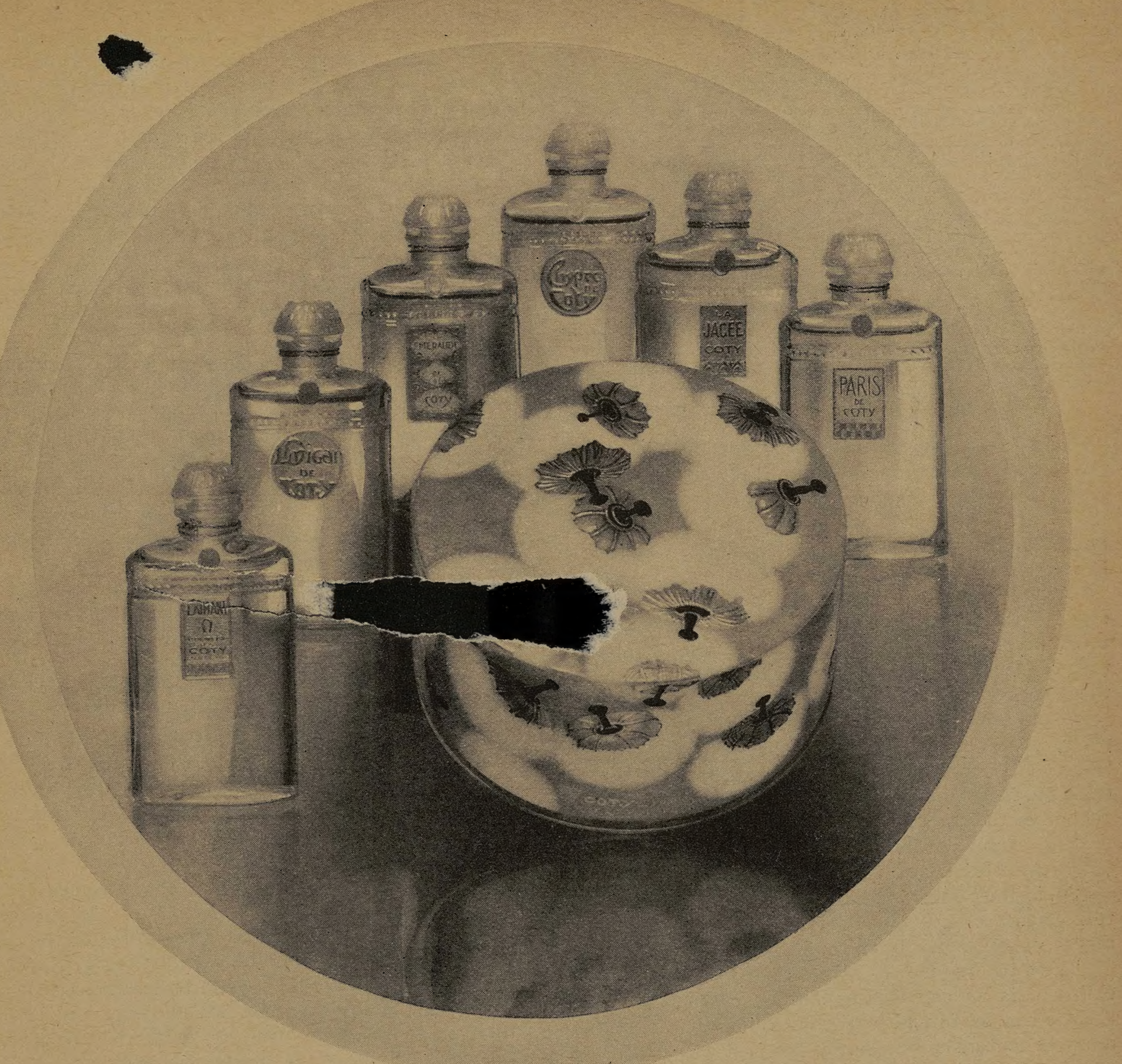
...that Cooling Taste

A mortar and pestle...crushing mint leaves...drops of cooling peppermint ...purest of sugars...tons of pressure ...china hard rings of sweetness... Pep-O-Mint LIFE SAVERS...millions upon millions of them a day.

After eating...after smoking...aid digestion...sweeten breath...fragrant...refreshing...appetizing... Pep-o-mint, Wint-o-green, Cl-o-ve, Lic-o-rice, Cinn-o-mon and Vi-o-let.

Also Orange, Lemon, Lime, Grape Life Savers...just like the fruit itself.

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.


L'Origan de Coty
Emeraude de Coty
Chypre Coty
La Jacée Coty
Paris de Coty
L'Aimant Coty
Coty

LES PARFUMS
Coty
LES POUDRES

The loveliest odeurs in all the history of perfume—precious, lasting, subtly expressing each temperament—are created not only in the de luxe crystal flacons, but also in these moderately priced "PURSE SIZES." Fragrances which are richly repeated in Coty Face Powder, adding infinite allure to its famed beauty-giving quality.

LES PARFUMS COTY—Quarter-ounce size in twenty-three odeurs. . $1.00 to $1.75.

LES POUDRES COTY—Twelve colour-perfect shades. In all the perfume odeurs. $1.00.

"THE WORLD'S MOST LUXURIOUS PERFUMES ARE NOT NECESSARILY COSTLY"

OCT. 4, 1930 **Liberty** VOL. 7 NO. 40

A Weekly for Everybody

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices:
220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Vanderbilt 6900.

Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower. Boston: Rice Building.
Detroit: General Motors Building. San Francisco: Kohl Building.

Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved. No manuscript received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; James O'Shaughnessy, Business Manager; S. W. Stubbings, Secretary; Sheppard Butler, Executive Editor.

Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Allow four weeks for change of address.

☞ **Address all communications to 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.**

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

OLD ABE

David Wark Griffith's picture, "Abraham Lincoln," seems to us something more than just a new talkie. It seems to us something more than just a very good talkie.

It is not only fine entertainment; it is an important and valuable indication of how we can, if we like, be better educated.

Here is one kind of thing that certainly the mo[illegible] can do—they can give to the masses, and particu[illegible] to children, a knowledge and understanding of history that cannot possibly be conveyed through books or in the schoolroom.

There are a number of reasons for this. In the first place, of course, the masses generally aren't much interested in books that tell them about history, nor do most schoolchildren lap up very eagerly the information given them in the classroom. But Americans both old and young *are* interested in the movies. They go with enthusiasm, and they remember what they see.

So, to start with, you have zest instead of reluctance to reckon on. And that makes a lot of difference, as any school-teacher will tell you.

Then, too, the movies reveal what to most of us, as children, is an astonishing and unsuspected thing—that it can be fun to learn about history. Here we discover that an episode out of the past was something that involved real people in interesting adventures, not merely pages 74 to 78 of a textbook, with three dates to be learned by heart. In other words, learning becomes a matter of entertainment.

And finally, with this new magic of the talkies, we actually experience, in effect, what Mark Twain imagined in "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court." With hardly any effort of the imagination, we are taken back to a former time and can see and hear—and we almost said touch—the peopl[illegible]ho lived then.

The speaking stage of course has [illegible]e this in some degree, but there is a wealth of illusion in the talkies that the speaking stage could never attempt—great outdoor vistas, elaborate reproductions of historic scenes, battlefields visible for miles, and all the endless shifting at will from one place to another.

And in the matter of audience there is no comparison. The stage reaches thousands, but the talkies reach millions.

This picture of Mr. Griffith's, in a swift series of fleeting episodes, tells the story of Lincoln more vividly than any book could tell it.

Here are the hopeless horror of a slave ship and the hopeful peace of young Lincoln's days with his beloved Ann Rutledge—far-separated episodes that weave themselves together when Lincoln, saddened by Ann's death, bows under the greater burden of a war to abolish slavery. Here are testy cabinet members fidgeting under Old Abe's gentle humor and insistence on telling stories. Here is Grant, of whom folks didn't approve, and the fanatic John Wilkes Booth . . .

Here [illegible] comes alive and stands and talks before [illegible] being rather than a figure out of [illegible], so persuasively is he portrayed in the fine acting of the player named Walter Huston.

Mr. Griffith says the greatest pictures are those that combine dramatic tension with a theme such as there was in "The Birth of a Nation," "The Covered Wagon," "The Big Parade," and, to some extent, "The Cockeyed World," which did go pretty deeply into the character of the professional soldier. In this sense perhaps "Abraham Lincoln" is another of the greatest pictures.

We have been flooded with theme songs in the movies. Why not more theme plays? If it doesn't seem always best to make leading figures of the great historical characters like Lincoln, Jefferson, Napoleon, or Benedict Arnold, they could be introduced as part of the background against which lesser people have their story. We have news-reels for the present, but the great artists of the theater can give us also, so to speak, news-reels of the past.

As for Mr. Griffith's "Lincoln," we believe it ought to be seen by every child who goes to school and is within reach of a movie theater, because it gives a vivid impression of what Lincoln looked like and how he talked, and of the atmosphere in which the Civil War was fought. In addition, it is "good theater."

IN THIS ISSUE

Handcuffed—*A story* . . . . OWEN JOHNSON 7

A Beach Resort Among the Bolsheviks . . . .
A glimpse of Russia today . . . . CHARMION VON WIEGAND 14

All Over the Map—*Movie reviews* . . . . KATE CAMERON 26

Corsair—*Part III* . . . . WALTON GREEN 28

Our News-Reel Life . . . . ROBERT BENCHLEY 37

Problems of Conduct—*Something new in diversions* 39

"Damn Congress!" . . . . EDWARD DOHERTY 42
Anecdotal sidelights on the character of Grover Cleveland

Square All Round—*A story* . . . . PAUL ANNIXTER 50

Funny Faces—*Some prize winners and another $500 offer* 53

Madcap Mabel Normand—*Part V* . . . SIDNEY SUTHERLAND 55

Born to Be—*A short short story* . . . . ANONYMOUS 61

The Biggest Fish Ever Caught with Rod and Reel . . . . .
A tall tale, but true . . . . FRED FLETCHER 64

Ema, Ema, E!—*A story* . . . . BEATRICE GRIMSHAW 68

$500 for Limericks—*The week's winners* 78

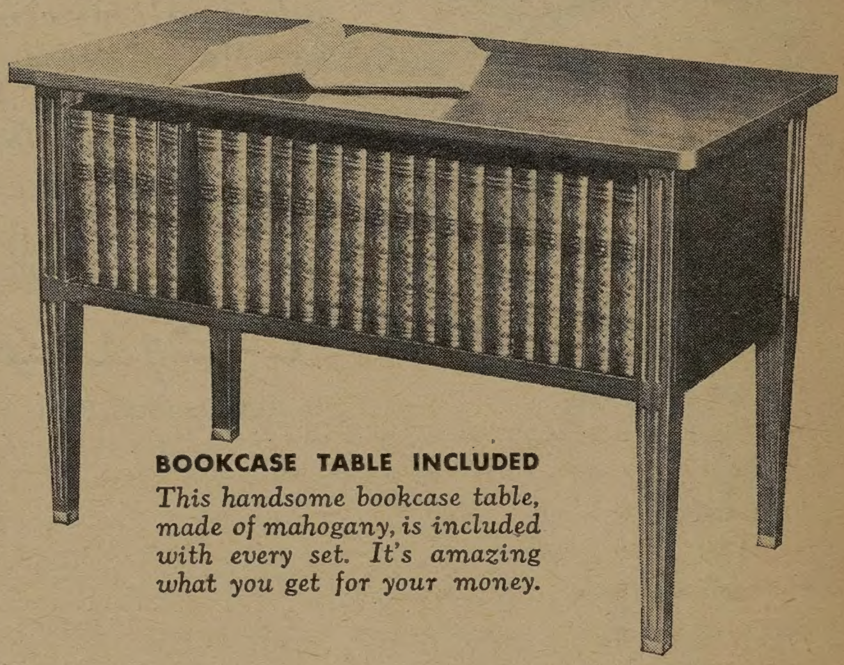
Editorial (p. 4); Twenty Questions (24); Poem (38); Vox Pop (48-49); For the Love o' Lil (54); Bright Sayings of Children (60); Cross Word Puzzle (62-63)

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

It's amazing what you get

- ★35,000,000 words (equals 500 books)
- ★15,000 illustrations
- ★500 maps—a complete atlas
- ★3,500 expert contributors

Completely NEW ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA at the lowest price in 60 years



BOOKCASE TABLE INCLUDED

This handsome bookcase table, made of mahogany, is included with every set. It's amazing what you get for your money.

HERE beyond question is your money's worth, and more, actually the most profitable investment you could make. That fact, and that fact alone, explains the tremendous success of the *new* Encyclopaedia Britannica. *It explains why 50,000 families have already purchased this greatest knowledge book of all times.*

The value is really amazing. Just consider what the *new* Britannica gives you! Twenty-four thousand pages of text, fifteen thousand illustrations, hundreds of maps—all in 24 compact volumes. Five hundred books would not give as much, and they would cost you many times more.

Greatest Knowledge Book

Here is all the knowledge of all the world—the most complete, authentic and up-to-date summary of all man's achievements anywhere in existence.

Better still, this is knowledge you can rely upon, because it is *written throughout by authorities*—by 3,500 experts from fifty countries.

"It is the best evidence of the great prestige of this encyclopaedia," says Carl Van Doren, "that its editors have been able to include among their contributors so many of the busiest as well as the most expert men and women now or recently alive. *The list is overwhelming.*"

Fascinating—Practical

THIS "new model" encyclopaedia brings you illustrations on an unprecedented scale—15,000 of them. Gorgeous color plates, superb half-tones, skilful line drawings enable you to see as well as read.

Merely to browse in this *new* Britannica is an adventure. You can spend fascinated hours poring over the illustrations alone. But you can consult it for profit too. "It has more practical value than had any preceding work intended to present a summary of human learning," says the president of Northwestern University, Dr. Walter Dill Scott.

For All The Family

MEN *eager to get ahead* find it a real aid to greater earning power. *Women* use it as a guide in all the activities of the home and in their outside interests. *Children* revel in it. "It satisfies the needs of curious readers, whether eight or eighty years old," says James Harvey Robinson.

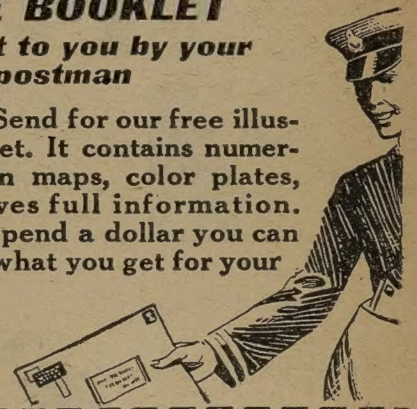
Your children especially will benefit by having *all knowledge* at hand and easy to look up as it is in this "new model" encyclopaedia. It will make their school work easier, more interesting and more profitable. It will teach them to use their minds, think accurately and reason keenly. *It is the one book they will never outgrow.*

New Low Price—$5 Down

And it is not expensive. This *new* Britannica represents a triumph in lower encyclopaedia prices. You can buy it today at a new low price—a price lower, in fact, than that of any completely *new* Britannica in 60 years. Under our time-payment plan, an initial deposit of only $5 brings the 24 volumes to your home.

56-PAGE FREE BOOKLET

Brought to you by your postman



Act now! Send for our free illustrated booklet. It contains numerous specimen maps, color plates, etc., and gives full information. Before you spend a dollar you can see exactly what you get for your money. Just fill out the coupon and mail today.

RAY LYMAN WILBUR says:

"There is a rare pleasure in consulting these volumes. I cannot help but feel that the editors of the fourteenth edition have rendered a real service to all English-speaking peoples."
—Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOKLET TODAY

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA 3 LIB.-BI
342 Madison Avenue, New York City

WITHOUT OBLIGATION—

Please send me, by return mail, your 56-page illustrated booklet with color plates and maps from the *new* Britannica, together with low price offer, etc.

Name...

Address...

Paris . . . knows the way to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Massé tells how Parisian beauties have adopted this olive and palm oil method of cleansing . . . the treatment advised by 23,723 beauty specialists the world over.

Aid your beauty expert by using Palmolive. *"I advise all my clients,"* says Massé, *"Never use any soap except Palmolive. And those who follow that advice show the greatest improvement as a result of our own treatments."*

E. Massé

16 Rue Daunou, Paris

The exquisite "schoolgirl complexion" of the smart Parisienne is due, in great measure, to daily home treatments with Palmolive.

In the beautiful environment of the Place Vendome, Masse maintains his famous salon de beaute. To his establishment come Parisian women of distinction for beauty counsel and for treatment.

Emile Massé, *of Paris . . .*
beauty artist of renown, whose clients number aristocrats from all over Europe.

Pezza, *of Naples*
says that soap and water cleanliness is essential to beauty.

Echten, *of Budapest*
who advises two daily cleansings with a lather of Palmolive Soap.

Jacobson *of London*
warns against soaps not made of olive and palm oils—and therefore approves most heartily of Palmolive.

MASSÉ . . . the famous Massé . . . and all his well-known Parisian colleagues, too, for that matter . . . has helped Paris find the way "to keep that schoolgirl complexion."

Paris, where lovely ladies seem even lovelier because the whole atmosphere is charged with beauty! Paris, where experts like Massé actually receive visits from reigning queens. Where royal ladies, aristocrats, world renowned artists of opera and the theatre ask: How can I keep my beauty? What can I do, when I leave beauty-wise Paris, to keep my skin lovely?

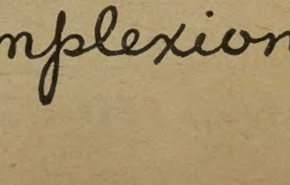
Here, of all places, beauty experts are in demand. Experts like Massé, who is invited often to attend royalty; who once journeyed all the way to Cairo to give a beauty treatment to a well-known American lady; who has won prize after prize for his artful beauty treatments.

This home treatment

What Massé advises is an ever-so-easy home treatment. You may know it. All Paris does. Paris says it's the way "to keep that schoolgirl complexion." First, make a lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water (not hot, that may redden the skin). Second, with your finger tips massage this into face and throat, working the impurities out of the pores. Third, rinse off the soap with warm water . . . gradually colder and colder. There! Isn't that cleanliness delightful? And isn't your skin refreshingly smooth, rich in color?

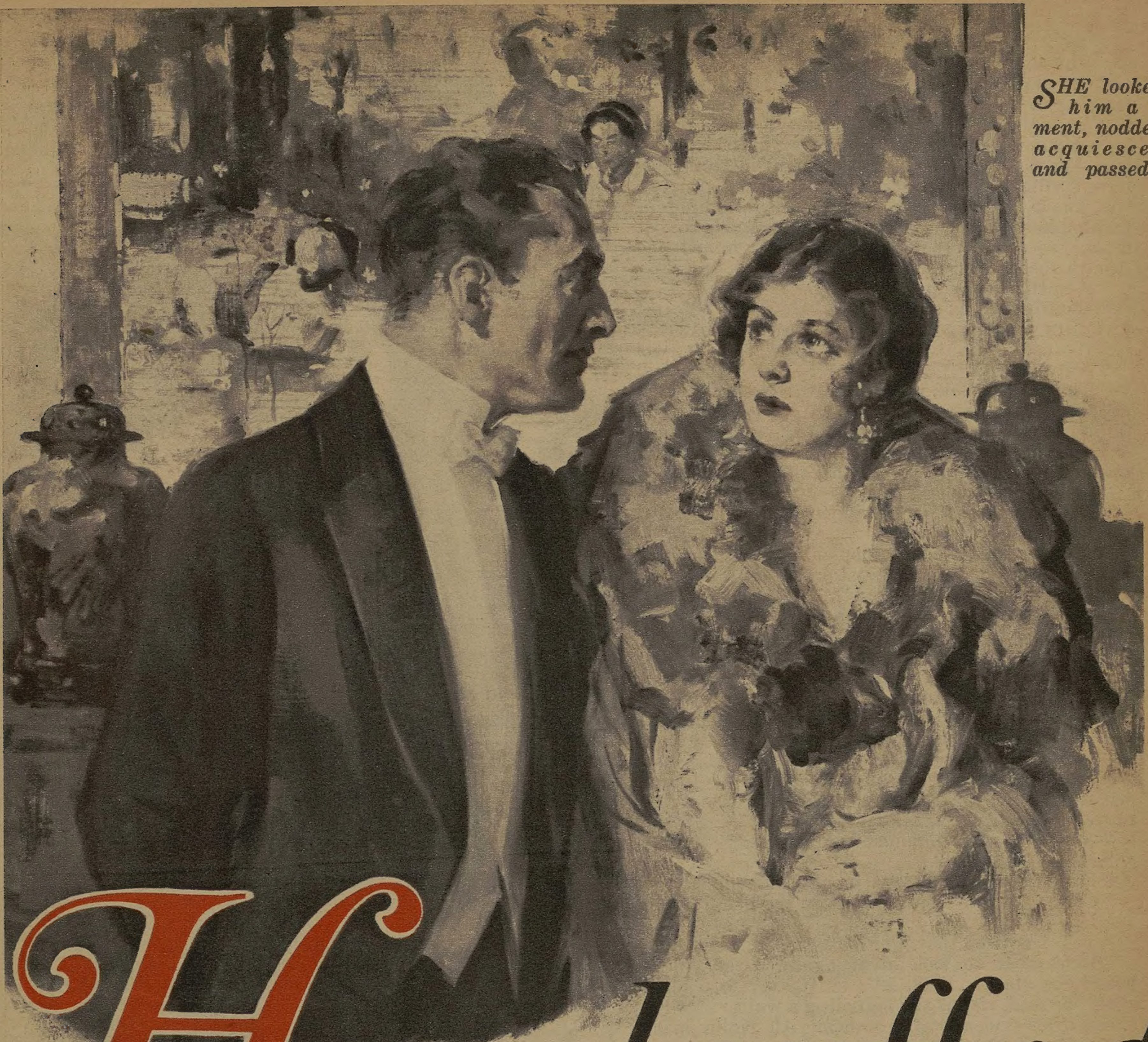
The popularity of this home beauty treatment has made Palmolive one of the two largest selling toilet soaps in France.

You know, there are—all told—23,723 experts who advise Palmolive. They prefer Palmolive because of its unique vegetable oil content. So will you. Use it for the bath, as well. It costs but 10 cents a cake.



6155

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion



SHE looked at him a moment, nodded an acquiescence, and passed on.

Handcuffed

The Story of a Girl Who Played with Fire

By

OWEN JOHNSON

long famous for his boy stories—remember the Tennessee Shad?—some plays, and many novels, the first of which appeared in 1901. He is 52 now, and lives in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. His father is the distinguished ex-ambassador and editor, Robert Underwood Johnson.

Pictures by **WILL FOSTER**

(Reading time: 24 min. 40 sec.)

IT was at Cannes in January, 1928, that I came upon them again. The opera over, Roraback and I had adjourned to the gambling rooms and taken our seats so as to command a view of that always amusing panorama, the mingling of all races, all classes, and all ages, which is presented by the arriving democracy of the gambler. All at once, through the incongruous mixture of notabilities, sharpers, respectable dowagers, demimondaines, young boys, grand dukes, public beauties, politicians, Latins, Teutons, Levantines, and Israelites, I saw my couple, and, nudging my friend, whispered:

"Here they are."

They came without haste, shoulder to shoulder, mechanical and silent as I had seen them at Paris, Rome, and the Lido: the man gaunt, well set up, the blank, well tailored face that a certain type of Englishman assumes in public; the woman slender as a child, a mass of silvery blonde hair piled up on her head, a slender oval, and a listening eye.

They came directly toward us, saw us, and passed on to the twenty-louis tables.

"Know them?"

"Well, rather. Judy Wilder? We grew up together."

I turned in astonishment.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HANDCUFFED
Continued from page seven

"But she saw you?"

"Oh, perfectly. Question of pride, though I had nothing to do with the story."

"Then there is a story?"

"And a curious one. The man is Sir Ashley Cassin—her husband—oh, perfectly legitimate. They have a villa somewhere up by Antibes; expatriates, you know—plenty of money, the usual round of fashionable watering places, great gamblers, not much society, cosmopolitan, very mixed—no Americans."

"And that is the story?"

"That is the end of the story. However, before I give it to you, I'm curious to get your impressions."

"It's the woman who interests me."

"Naturally."

"The man? Well, there are always ten thousand Englishmen of any given type and his type is: good family, good form, good sportsman, good soldier. A keen gambler, a confirmed roué, come a social cropper and carrying it off superbly."

"More or less correct."

"The woman? There's something burnt out in her, something ended."

Roraback looked at me suspiciously.

"But then you know the story?"

"Not a word, on my honor."

"In Maryland, in the old days of the sidesaddle, we used to say that when a woman had once been thrown and dragged she lost her nerve forever. Well, figuratively speaking, that's just what happened to Judy Wilder."

"By George, that's exactly the feeling she gives me. But before that—"

"Before that she was a little devil if there ever was one, and if there was any mischief to be found, she was in it. By the way, have you noticed the bracelet she wears on her right hand?"

"Yes, of course; diamonds and rubies."

"Unusually wide?"

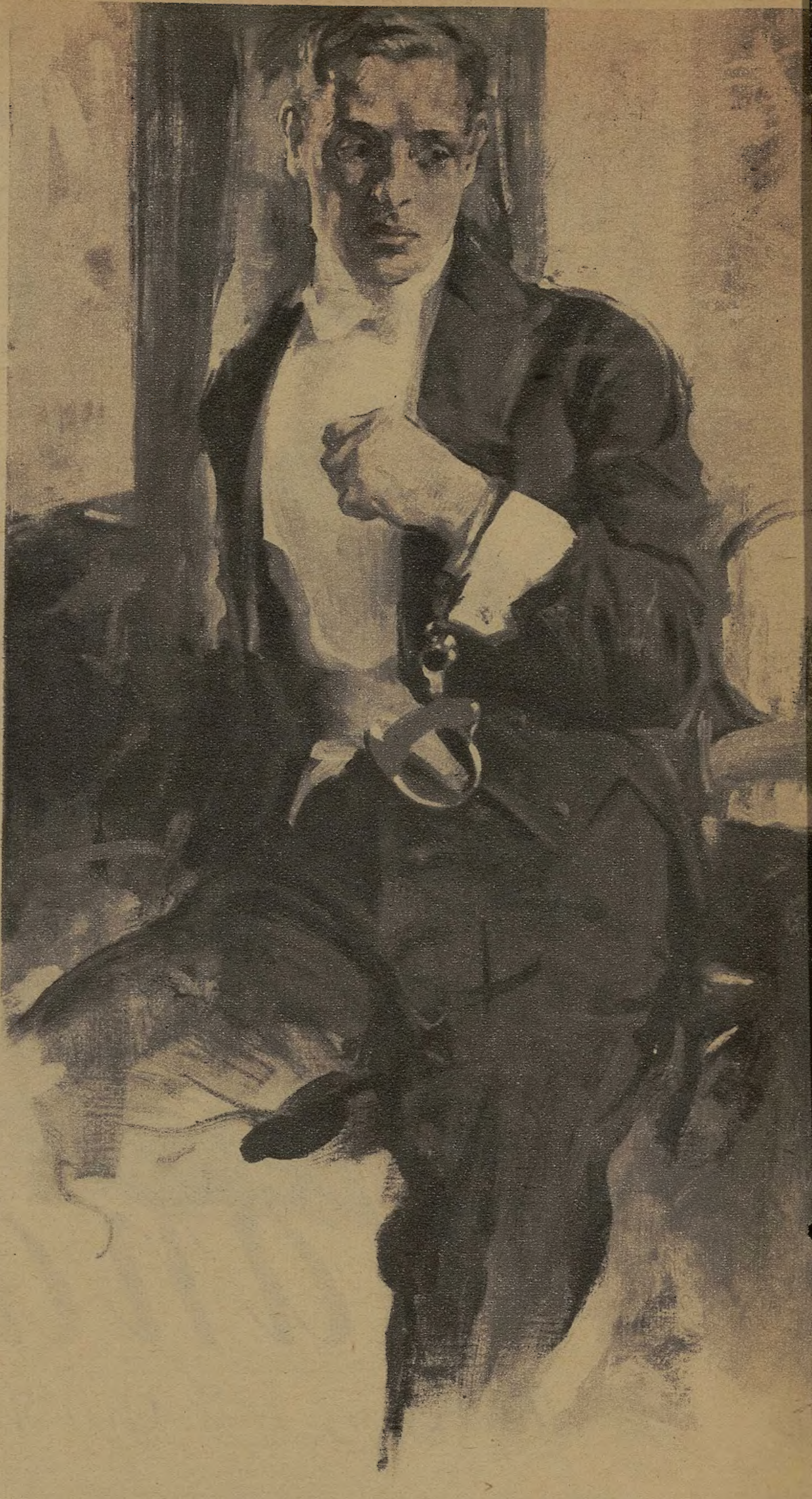
"Extremely so—fully six inches, I should say."

"Coming down in a point over the back of her hand."

"Yes, I noticed that."

"Remember to look at it again, after you've heard the story. Well, let's shift over to a quiet spot," he said, rising and signaling a waiter. "Club sandwiches and a bottle of fizz. All right, make yourself comfortable."

He threw himself into a commodious armchair, lit a cigar, and began to talk.



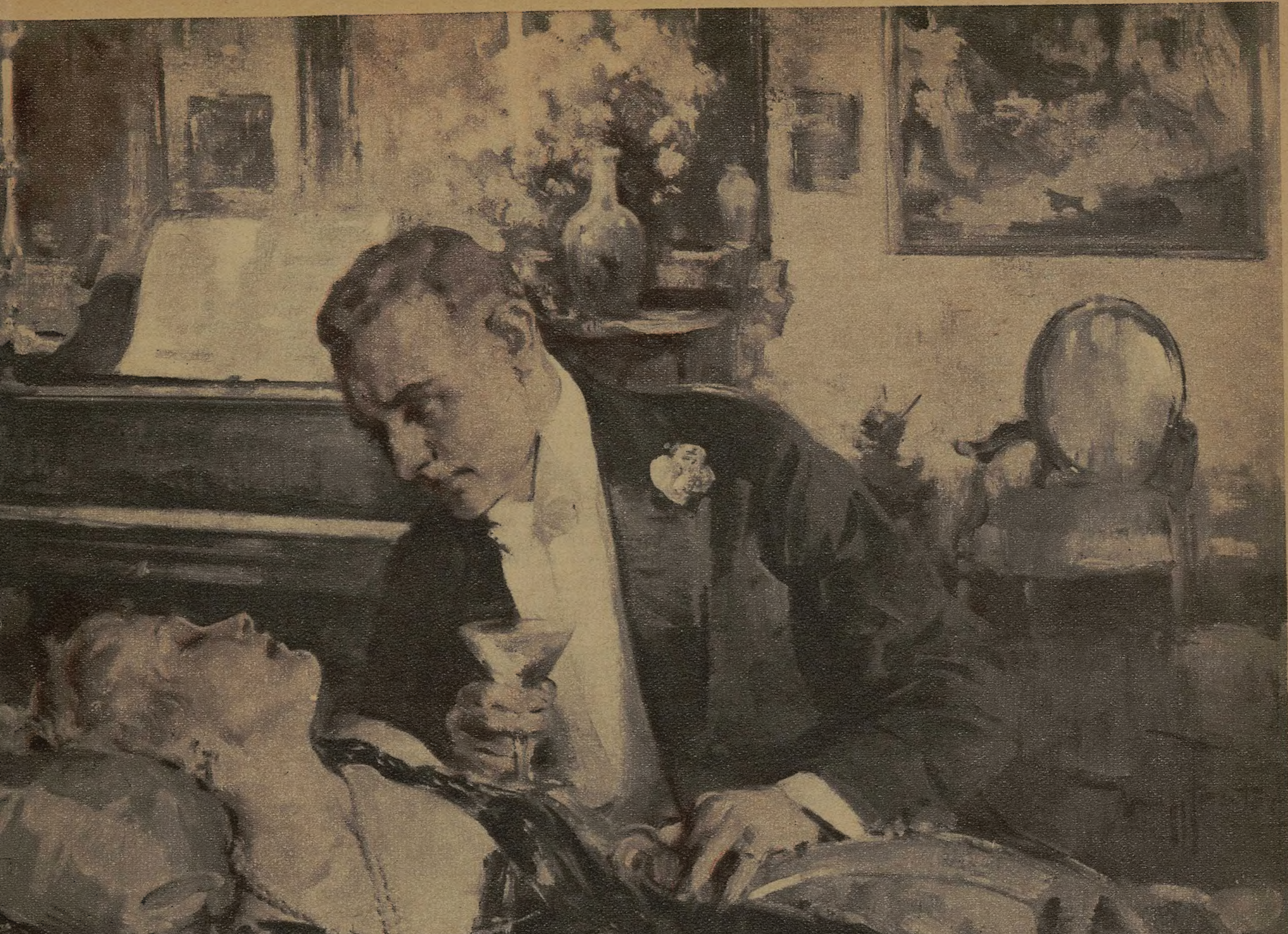
II

IN the summer of 1919, shortly after the return of the American forces, a score of the young married set were gathered at the home of the Daguerres, in a low, rambling farmhouse in that hunting section of Maryland which lies between Baltimore and Washington. The men, with the exception of Colonel Brindsey, master of the hounds, were under forty; a hard-riding, hard-drinking, lean-and-nervous, happy-go-lucky descent from old southern strains. They had returned from the emotional wrack of the war with a pagan reaction to the sheer joy of living, resolved to have as their present right a riotous period of pleasure, excitement, and indolence. But in the midst of this nervous pursuit of pleasure more than one had been confronted by new and disturbing problems.

The war had produced an emotional release. The impulsive engagements, the hasty last-moment marriages, the dangers and temptations of separation and new contacts were being paid for now in disillusion and readjustment. In miniature, the group at the Daguerres' was like a cross section of the reorganized world. Only, as it was a restricted society, living together from childhood, each marital drama was one of common knowledge. Underneath the high-pitched excitement there were dangerous undercurrents—hostilities, clashes of wills, and resentments that found relief in that exaggerated gayety which is infectious because it is artificial and presages a return to darker moods.

For the moment, everyone present was watching the Daguerres with the tension of an impending drama. Everyone knew that D'Arcy Daguerre had been in love with the lovely Janet Tolliver from the time he had been a boy; had proposed a hundred times, and finally, a week before his departure for France, had married Judy Wilder, two days after Janet Tolliver had become the bride of Fred Mandeleer. What added to the tenseness of the situation was the combustible character of the four persons involved.

D'Arcy Daguerre was one of those combative personalities born out of their times, who had found himself in the war. Reckless, of an unbridled temper and an unquiet imagination, he had led a stormy existence from boyhood, expelled from numerous schools for the tur-



HALF an hour later, she gave a cry and fainted. The crushed hand had slipped out of the handcuff.

bulent, rebellious spirit which defied all restraints. He had managed to pass two years at the University of Virginia until a sanguinary brawl with the local police had terminated that adventure.

Unfortunately for him, he inherited from his father what for the community was a considerable fortune, and, renouncing a business career that was distasteful to his habits, he entered into the life of a country gentleman, showing a certain energy in the management of the estate and taking his place among the most indefatigable and reckless of cross-country riders. To be in a saddle all day, challenging the field to follow him over the craziest hazards; to gamble all night without trace of emotion whether winning or losing; to display the soundest head in the drinking bouts which succeeded the days in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HANDCUFFED
Continued from page nine]

the field, was to him the complete life of a gentleman and a sportsman.

Despite the violence of his character he was well liked. His faults were on a large scale and never descended to a petty meanness. He had the strictest sense of fair play and a devil-may-care charm in all his actions that won the tolerance of even his critics. Such a character, wasted in the tranquil days of the twentieth century, acquired a sudden significance in the shock of combat.

He had come back from France with a record of fantastic exploits, a reputation for bravery which amounted to foolhardiness, with half a dozen wounds and the adoration of his men. But within a week after his return it was evident to all that the passion he had had for his first love had returned in a sullen, savage fury.

He was standing—or rather moving restlessly, for it was difficult for him to relax—in the front hall, greeting the arriving guests with an exuberant humor which caused more than one to glance at him apprehensively.

Not above medium height, wiry, well knit, with a body that suggested rather combustible energy than solid strength, he had the dark looks of his Latin ancestry. The black hair was short-cropped, stiff and bristling; the eyebrows extended in an unbroken heavy line over the gray eyes, which in the sallow, lean face, prematurely lined by exposure and fatigue, had the quality of a night-prowling animal.

All at once he took a quick step forward and extended both hands.

"At last—I thought you were never coming!"

Mrs. Mandeleer's thin, straight body shrank a little from his touch, and, turning on him her dark glowing eyes, she said quietly:

"You look all flushed up, D'Arcy. Calm down." And disengaging her arm, she went in alone.

The quiet authority which emanated from her smile, her look, and the self-possession of her carriage in what had been a difficult entrance, acted as always on his explosive nature. He dug his nails into his palms and, rejoining her quickly, said:

"I've got to talk to you tonight. It's serious."

MRS. MANDELEER'S head turned slowly. She looked at him a moment, nodded an acquiescence, and passed on. Daguerre hesitated, turned, and went back to the vestibule, where Fred Mandeleer after parking the car was stowing his things in a corner. He had entered in time to perceive the encounter. He had not wished his wife to come. There had been words; but only the slightest trace of his irritation remained in the stillness of his manner.

"D'Arcy, you seem excited," he said, with his glance challenging the look of Daguerre. "Seems to me as though you still thought you were going over the top."

Daguerre gave a short, impatient laugh.

"Don't mind me. One of my tantrums, that's all. What you got there? Shotguns?"

"Sawed off—nothing better. And here are those handcuffs you were inquiring about," he added, holding forth a jingling mass of steel.

"Got the key?"

"Sure have."

Daguerre examined them curiously, snapping them over his wrist, unlocking them.

"Can't tell when they'll come in handy. What time do we go out?"

"Well, Sid and Harris are patrolling till eleven. Eleven to twelve for you and me."

"Any news?"

"Colonel Brindsey's nigger Sam thought he recognized the car over by the river road. So Peterson phoned in."

"Then we may be in luck tonight."

For the last week the district had been the scene of a number of holdups and petty robberies, until the persistence of these outrages had brought the organization of a defense committee. A score of the men had volunteered as special deputies and instituted the patrol which went into effect that night. These preparations were being discussed as the two men joined the party. Daguerre passed through the cardroom, where several tables were already installed, and going to the ballroom stood on the threshold until, perceiving his wife with the usual group of admirers, he turned with a scowl and went in search of Janet Mandeleer.

III

MRS. DAGUERRE was a small, frail figure with a mass of silvery blonde hair, which, contrary to fashion, she wore piled up on her head like a little marquise of the sixteenth century. She was twenty-eight, with the figure of a girl of sixteen, revealed in a clinging gown of black spangles. She had a serene smile, limpid blue eyes, and a lovely oval which in conjunction with her numerous scrapes had inspired a witty rival to dub her the "Madonna in Ballet Skirts."

When one knew her history, her contempt for danger or public criticism, the irrepressible instinct to venture into forbidden pastures, one had a vision of all those strange child women of the Italian Renaissance who moved lightly and inconsciently through the scenes of savagery and tragedy their cold, mysterious enticement provoked. For Judith Wilder, from the age of twelve, it had been impossible to look into the eyes of a man without a provocation that all felt and many followed; for in a sudden artless revelation her first interested glance seemed to say:

"Many men have made love to me, no one has yet been able to stir my heart; can you?"

But if she multiplied constantly her conquests, the very number of her admirers, if it did not disarm criticism, at least left it perplexed. Women, and for cause, were unsparing in their judgments without the power to crucify her to any particular cross. The men, who had more or less flirted with her, retained a tolerant, amused memory of her charm and provocation.

At the present moment there were three openly and persistently devoted to her: Carter Hendricks, rough-hewn, powerfully built, a coming man in the business world of Baltimore; Laurie Peters, but recently divorced, a laughing, youthful, slender scion of a great fortune; and Captain Ashley Cassin, one of the younger attachés of the British Embassy, tall, spare-framed, finely turned features, of languid sophistication, a connoisseur of feminine wiles, whose smile as he looked at Mrs. Daguerre was delicately ironical and never convinced.

Given the inflexibility or the recklessness of each character, it was no wonder that the little community in which the Daguerres lived, knowing the circumstances of their marriage, waited with growing apprehension and excitement the final dénouement.

"If there isn't some shooting around about here soon, I miss my guess," said one of her school friends to her partner, with a shrug of her shoulders. "There's a demon in D'Arcy I shouldn't care to stir up!"

"Oh, if anyone can handle D'Arcy, Judy can."

"If! Someone should warn her."

"That would only drive her further. Besides, on his side—"

"Janet?"

"Of course."

IV

DAGUERRE, who had turned from the scrutiny of his wife's three admirers in a sullen perplexity, found Mrs. Mandeleer in a group by the punch bowl discussing the patrol of the night.

"Dance?"

She nodded and taking his arm left the group.

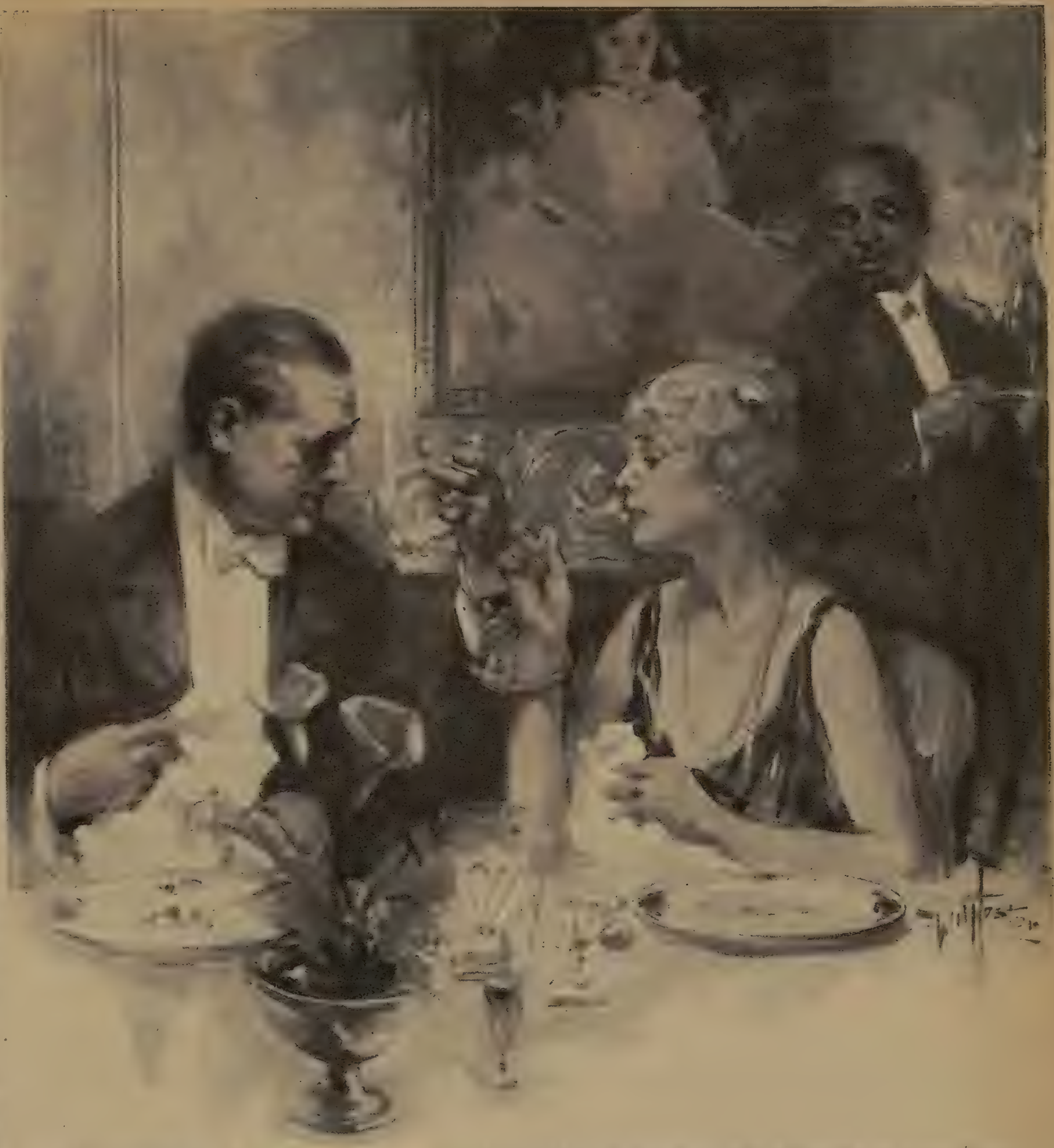
"I don't want to dance," he said abruptly. "I want to talk to you."

She met the following glance of her husband, nodded reassuringly, and said:

"All right, D'Arcy; let's talk, if it'll do you any good."

"Good? Don't know as anything'll do any good. But I want to talk to you."

They went to a secluded corner of the library and sat down.



She carried it off well, everyone agreed, for the intention of her husband in advertising her intrigue was now manifest to all.

"Well, we might as well have it out now as later," she said not unkindly, noting the tense excitement under which he was struggling.

"It's all your fault," he said abruptly, raising his eyes to hers.

"I expected that."

"Well, it's true," he continued doggedly. "You married Fred to get away from me. You've loved me and I've loved you all our lives."

She waited.

"YOU could have handled me if you'd had the nerve to take a chance. And now look at the mess we're in."

"I could have handled you for six months, D'Arcy," she said without equivocation.

"That's not true. You've always been able to handle me—one word from you! You know why I went off and did that crazy thing. You drove me to it."

"I refused to marry you because you were making love to Judy at that very moment. You have only yourself to blame."

"Well, you were in love with me when you married Fred."

"Yes, I was."

"And things like that don't change."

She shook her head.

"That's where you are wrong. I love him now because I respect him and I have absolute faith in him."

"So—that means—"

"That means, if any such idea is in your head, D'Arcy—I shall never divorce."

"That's final?"

"Final."

"God knows what's going to happen, then," he said, plucking at a fringe on his chair.

"You've made your bed, D'Arcy," she said, shaking her head slowly. "You've got to prove yourself now."

"I hate her!" he said under his breath. "God knows, sometimes I think I'll murder her."

"Why?"

"Why? You ask why?" he said with an expression of blank amazement, and with an abrupt gesture he added, "Look at the pack around her now, always around her."

"Come, you knew all that before," she said calmly, relieved that the conversation had come to the point where she had intended to bring it. "You knew Judy had always flirted and always will, all her life."

"I'm not talking of flirtations," he said sullenly. "It's gone further than that. You know it, I know it, everyone here knows it."

"I know no such thing."

"What! Are you willing to swear to me that all the time I've been away—yes, now even—my wife has been absolutely faithful to me?"

"Certainly I am."

He shook his head angrily.

"Idiotic for me to ask. Of course you'd say that."

"But I'm certain of it."

"And I?" He looked at her with a disordered gleam in his eyes. "And I am certain that she has a lover—now."

THE indignant retort on her lips was checked by a sudden apprehension. His eyes were straying past her, but with that peculiar look when the glance does not focus.

"Has he been drinking," she thought, "or is it a return of shell shock? He looks dreadfully jumpy."

She said calmly:

"You know no such thing, D'Arcy Daguerre."

"Don't I?" The vacant stare disappeared. He looked down at the floor. "Who? I don't know. But I'm going to find out. One of three men, here tonight. You know such things by the touch of a woman's hand."

"D'Arcy, do you realize how ridiculous you are being?" she said sharply. "The idea of your criticizing your wife when you are sitting right here making love to me, asking me to divorce my husband to marry you!"

He flung his hand angrily across his eyes.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HANDCUFFED
Continued from page eleven

"No, no! Not the same. I'm playing the game. I'm not asking you to do anything ugly, anything that would have to be hidden. But the other thing. It's making a dupe and a fool out of the man whose name you bear."

"So it's a question of vanity, then?"

"It's a question of a man's private honor, and that's a dangerous thing to meddle with," he muttered.

"But, then, go to Judy," she said anxiously; "talk it out like a man. How do you know but that you yourself are responsible? You come back with the idea that you'd clear up the mess you got yourself into by persuading me to divorce. She knows that. Why should she owe you anything? You've done everything to humiliate her. What right over her have you on your side? Wipe the slate clean and start again—or—or agree to separate. This other thing is childish—unworthy of you."

"Spare me the rest," he said, frowning. "I know all that. As if we hadn't talked things over and lied and lied! Divorce? You don't know her. Not a bit of it! That isn't what she wants. Oh, no! She wants her revenge. She wants to go on as she's been doing, making a laughingstock out of me, dragging me . . . "

"D'Arcy! D'Arcy!" she interrupted, rising. "Do you realize you're talking about your wife?"

He stood up too, the blank look returning as though the face before him were receding in a fog.

"Good God, so I am!" he cried and burst into a laugh. "That's that! Well, back to the dance!"

The excited mood disappeared into an unnatural calm that alarmed her. Her husband claimed her as they reached the ballroom.

"Has he asked you to marry him?" he said at once.

"He will not do it again," she said gently. "Fred dear, he frightens me. Since he's come back he doesn't seem normal."

"Has he ever been normal?"

"I don't like you going with him tonight."

"Don't worry. I've handled him when he's been worse than this. There's a good deal of the boy about him."

"No, no; not tonight. He's not safe, Fred, believe me."

"Nonsense. His mood has changed already."

In fact, Daguerre was already amusing himself hugely by means of the handcuffs, laughing hilariously as he locked them over his partner's wrist and forced her to dance with him in this uncanny imprisonment. The ladies began to clamor for the test, giggled, shrieked, shuddered, exclaiming at the creepy sensation which the cold steel and the enforced contact with their partner produced.

Mrs. Daguerre, pale, serene, and unemotional, profited by a momentary meeting with Janet Mandeleer to whisper in her ear:

"Don't let Freddy go with him tonight."

The next moment she was away, so calm and inconscient that Mrs. Mandeleer could hardly credit the warning her words inspired.

HALF an hour later Daguerre approached his wife, who, the dance finished, was standing in a group of which Laurie Peters, Carter Hendricks, and Captain Cassin were a part. In his hands were the jingling steel manacles.

"Hello, Judy; you're the only one who hasn't tried what it feels like to be a criminal. Up with your hands!"

"It can't be so terrible," she said, laughing. "Which hand?"

"The right!" he said, snapping the handcuff over it.

Laurie Peters stepped forward.

"By George, I'm game. Come on."

"One moment, one moment!" Daguerre exclaimed, interposing his arm. "The officer of the law decides."

He turned his back on the young fellow and, after a quick glance into the eyes of Carter Hendricks, wheeled on Captain Cassin:

"Captain, in the name of the law, I arrest you."

"All right, officer," said the Englishman, shrugging his shoulders; "but make it a long sentence, please. My dance, Judy."

The handcuffs snapped over his wrist and, smiling, he offered his arm and began to dance. The incident, coming on top of a dozen others, passed without notice.

"But, Judy, you take it so calmly," said the voice of a little woman as they passed. "It scared me most to death!"

"Why? On the contrary, it's quite amusing," said Mrs. Daguerre. "It gives me an idea. We must have a crime ball, fancy dress and all partners to be handcuffed."

Captain Cassin's hand closed in a slight pressure and under his voice he whispered:

"Good girl."

Mrs. Daguerre insisted on an encore, delighted with her new idea. The dance ended. She looked around. D'Arcy had disappeared.

"My turn next," said Laurie Peters, lunging up. "I insist."

"Get D'Arcy, then."

But Daguerre was nowhere to be found. Colonel Brindsey approached.

"Well, Judy, you're in for it. D'Arcy and Fred have gone out on their patrol."

There was a general exclamation of surprise, but Mrs. Daguerre's expression remained unruffled.

"D'Arcy's sense of humor is sometimes rather crude," she said indifferently. "You are sure he's gone? He didn't leave the key with anyone? Well, I think the joke rather stupid, but we'll have to make the best of it."

V

AT twelve o'clock supper was served and they sat down at the head of the table.

"What time is it?" said Mrs. Daguerre.

"Quarter after twelve. They ought to be back any moment now."

"D'Arcy's probably peeping in the windows, then. Don't give him any satisfaction. Eating is quite amusing. My turn first, Ashley. Ready. Here goes."

"Didn't they do things like this in the middle ages?" said a woman's voice.

"Oh, much worse," said Mrs. Daguerre lightly. "The crusaders and the *corset de vertu*, you remember."

She carried it off well, everyone agreed, for the intention of her husband in advertising her intrigue was now manifest to all. Captain Cassin's self-possession was not so complete. He read too clearly what was in the minds of his audience, and the weight of the steel that bound him to the woman grew heavier and heavier. What a diabolical ingenuity had suggested it! A nasty, uncanny sensation, as though all your life you would have to go around dragging your cross with you. It had a queer effect on him, too, as the minutes lengthened. All the lure and provocation of the adventure faded out. A woman for a glorious, amusing episode, yes, but only an episode; and this . . . A sudden involuntary contraction of his hand jerked the cup from her fingers, spilling the contents on the table.

"Why, Ashley," she said gently.

He caught himself frowning.

"I say, this has gone far enough," he said nervously. "Isn't there some way of picking the lock?"

Mrs. Daguerre caught the glance of Mrs. Mandeleer staring at the clock and with a start she saw the hands were at one o'clock. She spoke with a beginning of impatience:

"Someone go outside and see if the car is back. There's a box of keys in that desk. Let's try them."

The car had not returned. They tried a dozen keys without success.

"How does one pick a lock?" said Mrs. Daguerre. The smile had left her lips, but she spoke in quiet, unhurried accents. Suggestions rose from a dozen voices:

"Try a hairpin."

"Get a hammer and smash the lock."

"File it off."

"Someone get a bit of wire and see if that'll work."

A piece of wire was found at last, but it proved to be too thick. Someone supplied a hairpin, but that, too, proved ineffectual. Two o'clock rang from the grandfather clock in the hall. A moment of stupefaction ensued. Everyone looked around in consternation.

What could have happened to D'Arcy and Freddy Mandeleer?

"For heaven's sake, stop that music!" exclaimed Colonel Brindsey as the orchestra started up. "Beg pardon, I'm sorry. Nerves jumpy, I'm afraid. But, damn it, you can't go on dancing with this thing hanging over us."

Mrs. Mandeleer rose and crossing the hall went to the telephone in the little waiting room, stretched out her hand, hesitated, and dropped it listlessly. Then she came back, sank into a chair, and remained rigidly staring into the fire.

"Look here, we'll have to get a blacksmith, even if we send to Baltimore," said Laurie Peters. "Who's nearest?"

"There's Gridley over at the corner."

"Someone try him on the phone."

Perspiration stood out on the forehead of Captain Cassin. He sat stonily and the steel links that bound him to the woman were taut. No one danced. No one left. The party broke up into nervous, whispering groups, concentrated on the two who continued to sit at the table without speaking, straining at the bond that held them.

"Can't find any Gridley in the book," said Laurie Peters.

"Ask Central, then." Mrs. Daguerre's voice spoke in staccato, impatient accents.

"Of course. Sorry. Should have thought of it."

Before he could turn, the jarring sound of the telephone rang out. A woman somewhere in the back cried out as though she had been struck.

Mrs. Mandeleer sprang up.

"Let me take it!" she cried. She ran into the hall, passed into the little waiting room, and snatched up the receiver.

"Hello. . . . Yes, yes. This is Mrs. Mandeleer."

"Janet!"

"Fred? Oh, thank God!" Her head swam and for a moment of weakness she leaned heavily against the wall. "I was so afraid! What's happened? Tell me, quick."

"All right, old dear; smashed an arm, but all right," said her husband's voice. "Listen, are you alone?"

"Yes, yes—but D'Arcy?"

"Pull yourself together, old girl—you've got to! Steady? Can you hear me?"

"Yes; go on."

"D'Arcy's dead."

"What?" she said faintly.

"Dead. Head smashed in. Turned over at sixty miles an hour. We've got him down at Fowler's."

"Good God!" She caught the table.

"Janet."

"Yes, yes, one moment. But you?"

"Nothing but a broken arm. I swear it."

All at once realization broke over her.

"Fred, do you know that Judy's still sitting here, handcuffed to Captain Cassin? D'Arcy carried off the key. You must get it, Fred—get it and send it here. At once, before anyone knows."

"Janet, I've searched and searched. The key's not on him!"

"How awful!"

A SUDDEN groan behind her made her spring up. Mrs. Daguerre was standing in the doorway, chained to Captain Cassin, who was huddled against the wall. She had a glimpse of his face, a ghostly white. Then Mrs. Daguerre, with a jerk of the steel chain which brought him upright, cried:

"Ashley, pull yourself together, quick! Do you hear me? Quick!"

She turned, closed the door, and said:

"There's a glass of water, there on the table. The fool's apt to faint. Throw it in his face. That's it. Again! He's got to keep his nerve. Don't lie, Janet. I heard. He did it deliberately, of course. Oh, it's the sort of thing he would do—and tried to kill Fred, too, with him." She turned fiercely on her companion, who was wiping his face with a handkerchief. "Stop thinking about yourself. Damn it, man, pull yourself together! Quick! We've got to keep our heads."

Mrs. Mandeleer said in a whisper:

"Judy, they can't find the key."

"Of course not. He threw it away. The whole thing was planned, I tell you. Get Colonel Brindsey in here. Wait, no, let me think. No." She gave a glance at Captain Cassin: "Are you man enough to go through with it?"

Stung by her words, his pride reasserted its dominion over his nerves.

"Ready now, if you say."

She stepped out into the hall and returned with Cassin to the group who, huddled together, were waiting her coming with terrified faces.

"There has been a serious accident, car ran off the road. How serious we don't know. But, if you don't mind—you've all been very kind, waiting here with me, and now if you'll all go— Yes, all—please go."

There was a strained, shuffling movement, a hasty leave-taking, and in a moment the hall was crowded with the departing guests.

"Colonel Brindsey, just you and Carter stay," she continued. "Laurie, get in your car, find a blacksmith, and bring him here. Pay him anything, but hurry."

Ten minutes later, with the sound of the last departing car outside, she spoke again:

"D'Arcy's dead and they can't find the key. I've got to get free if I break every bone in my hand."

"But, good God, Judy, you can't!"

"Don't talk! Don't tell me what to do! Take hold of my arm and pull! Do you hear? Pull, pull! I can't wait any longer. It's too awful. Break my wrist, break everything, but get this off!"

Her self-control had snapped at the last. She became hysterical, tugging frantically at the chain, lacerating the white wrist, setting her teeth like a wild animal straining against the steel. Half an hour later, she gave a cry and fainted. The crushed hand had slipped out of the handcuff.

VI

"AND so they married?" I said when Roraback had finished.

"There was no escaping it, though I think it was the last thing in the mind of either. You see, though the true story was kept out of the papers, there were ugly echoes. Everyone told it and retold it. It was distorted as it grew, as gossip always does. You may say that it wasn't entirely her fault. True. But society promptly passed judgment on her—and without mercy. The accepted version was that D'Arcy had been driven to suicide by the discovery that Cassin was her lover. And, after all, there were sinister sides to the whole affair."

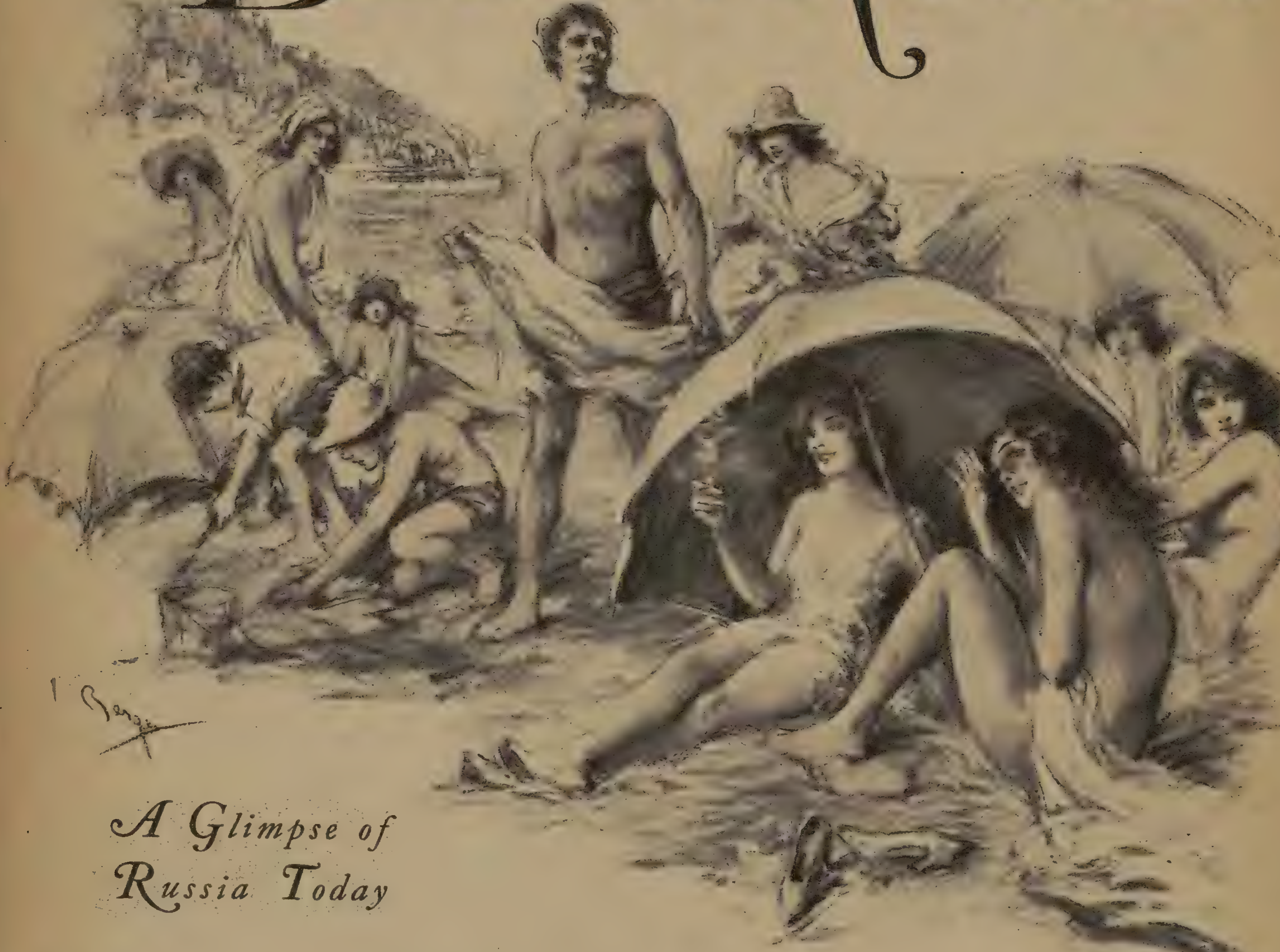
"The breaks were against her."

"Yes; D'Arcy's handcuffing her to Cassin and then going out to kill himself was damned gruesome. Hard to forget or explain. Well, she tried to face down the gossip for a while—a short while—and gave it up. Besides, her nerve was broken by that awful night. Thrown and dragged, you know! Cassin, too, found the going bad. Resigned from the service and followed her over here. They married eventually. There was nothing else to be done. You'll see them with a curious crowd, the tarnished fringe of things—plenty of that over here. But never any Americans. . . . I can't help being a little sorry for her, you know. Other women have done more and gotten away with it. Besides, D'Arcy was a brute."

We rose and started to leave. As we passed their table, Lady Cassin raised her eyes, suddenly saw us, and immediately looked away coldly. Her husband was still mechanically at her side, his hand on the green table almost touching hers—as though from the jeweled wrist something still bound them together, always would bind them together, inexorably until the end.

THE END

A Beach Resort



There was every imaginable sort of attire and lack of it.

A Glimpse of Russia Today

By

CHARMION VON WIEGAND

who was born in Chicago, the daughter of Karl von Wiegand, the newspaper correspondent, and spent her childhood in the Southwest. This article is one of the results of a recent four months' visit to Russia. Writing, for her, is an avocation; her prime interest is painting.

Pictures by WILLIAM BERGER

(Reading time: 25 minutes 55 seconds.)

A BLISTERING hot sun poured down upon the curved white beach and on the green and mauve waters of the Black Sea. I had just come out of the surf and, in a sheltered nook, was wringing out my pink silk shirt—my one concession to American modesty, and be it said, a most transparent one. As I took off my bathing cap, I looked down the beach at the long line of naked and half-naked bodies of men and women exposed to the warm salt air and sun. Suddenly I saw two Russian men coming straight toward me. They were staring with open curiosity. It was my first day there. I hadn't expected anyone to act that way. I was completely embarrassed. Before I had time to step back or cover myself, they ran up eagerly.

"What a beautiful bathing cap!" said one of them in good English. "Please let me see it"—taking my green bathing-diving cap out of my hand.

The other man—a handsome chap with bronzed skin and curly black hair—grasped the cap and attempted to stretch it on his head.

They were both gleefully absorbed with the new plaything. For the moment I was stunned. Then I realized they hadn't even seen me. It wouldn't have mattered whether I had been minus the shirt or wearing a fur coat. What was an almost nude woman compared to a real American rubber cap, the like of which could not be purchased anywhere in Russia for any price?

This episode is typical of the Russian attitude toward nudity. For them it seems to have little or no sex appeal and it arouses no curiosity—for it has always been common.

But there is another attitude beginning to develop in Russia today. When I left America I was told by my Russian friends there that no one wore bathing suits in Russia and that it was unnecessary to take one. But on my first appearance on the beach I had lost my nerve and kept on my shirt. The next day I decided to shed it boldly along with my homemade prejudices. What

Among the Bolsheviks

was my surprise when the comrade with whom I had made the trip from Moscow said:

"Aren't you ashamed?"

"Of what?" I queried.

"You haven't any clothes on."

THAT was my introduction to a topsy-turvy world. It was all right to say: while in Russia do as the Russians do. But I couldn't find out what the Russians did. They had as many different standards as there were people. Things that I was brought up to consider improper and immoral, they accepted without a quiver of an eyelash. Things that I accepted as quite matter-of-fact, they found strange and shocking. That came of the fact that I had a bourgeois background and didn't understand the Communist point of view. A new proletarian society is on the make. Its code and its manners are still unformed, and they are changing every day. Hence it is possible to find throwbacks to a far more rigid middle-class morality than exists in America and, again, a freedom from restraint and absolute disregard for old conventionality that is breath-taking.

For six weeks I lived in a Soviet summer resort and saw no foreigner and heard no English but the halting speech of my Communist friends who had been in America or who had learned their English in the prisons of the Czar. I had ample opportunity to observe how the modern Russians live. The group with whom I associated consisted for the most part of bachelors and independent girls—all Communists and hard workers for the cause.

Sat a man with a twisted mouth and far, sad eyes.

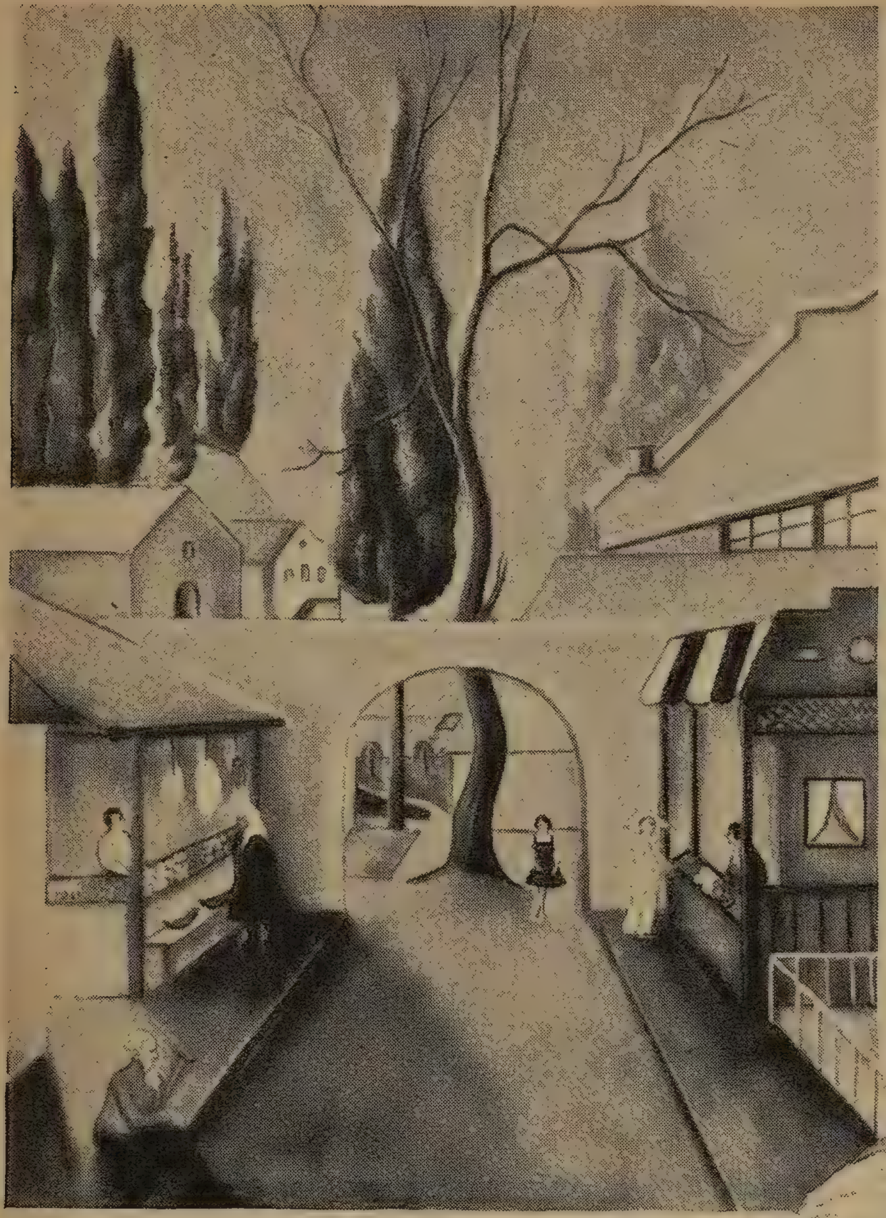
Gagri is a small summer resort on the Black Sea at the foot of the Caucasus Mountains, in Abkhasia. There the sea is "wine-dark"—the color of Homer's sea—and there the Greeks came to build their white temples and live a sybaritic existence in the lovely semitropical climate at the foot of the long slopes, where the palm and the fig tree flourish. Centuries later, there came the high aristocracy of the Russian Empire and made Gagri into an exclusive watering spot. Prince Oldenburg, one of the most powerful men around the Czar, built an enormous hotel—the most gorgeous one for the period, with real bathtubs and running water—and he laid out a park of rare and priceless shrubs and trees down to the very water's edge. Spurning the humble Caucasian village that had crept in among the mountains for protection, he erected a new village on the shore.

THE prince was European in his tastes. He had visited the famous spas of Carlsbad and Vichy and Alpine resorts. He desired to duplicate their elegance and he made his village in the Swiss fashion. Strange sight indeed, those little Swiss houses nestling on the edge of Asia. And strangest of all the huge rambling hotel built like a Swiss chalet—a peaked roof, an enormous Swiss clock with hands six feet long!

Gagri is four hours' ride from any railroad station. Although two nights and two days on the train from Moscow, it was crowded with people on vacation. Vacations are one of the new fads of present-day Russia. Every worker is entitled to from two to four weeks annually at the expense of the government. Before the Revolution, the average Russian never got beyond the environs of his particular village. Now the government encourages travel by offering inducements in reduced fares and lodging and it organizes

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

There was a chug, chug, and he came out triumphant.



An impression of Gagri's main street, painted by Miss von Wiegand.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

special tours for workers and students. In July, August, and September the Caucasus and the Crimea are overrun with a huge transient public. It is often impossible on arriving in a town to get a room or even a bed. The stations are full of swarming mobs, sleeping on their bundles or sitting cramped on the hard benches. It seems as if all of Russia were on the move. The palaces and villas that the aristocracy once lived in have been turned into homes, sanatoriums, and workers' hotels.

GAGRI itself boasted many charming villas, although not on such a grand scale as those in the Crimea. The trade-unions now run them. The metal workers have their home of rest, the textile workers have theirs, and the *Tsik,* or Executive Committee, theirs. The palace of the prince, with its oriental circular windows, has been turned into a sanatorium. Yet even today there are one or two private homes left—for instance, the stately villa of a doctor who the Soviet government considered had rendered such service to humanity that he was entitled to keep his property. In spite of the class hatred that exists, the Bolsheviks respect achievement.

One other villa in the town was still in private hands. It belonged to a countess and her family. Her father had been governor of Moscow. She herself had married beneath her—or, as things now are, above her. Her husband was a schoolmaster. I never found out why the family were allowed to keep the home. I had a letter to them, but my friends did not encourage a visit. Yet they accepted the countess on an equal footing—almost. She was a frail little woman with blonde hair and wistful gray eyes and an ironic mouth. She dressed with frugal simplicity, yet she always suggested an *élégante.* She was an adept at tennis and often came to the House of Rest for an afternoon's match, where she would clean up several Bolsheviks in short order.

Tanya, a black-eyed Caucasian girl with deep-hued hair.

" I think she's awfully nice," I remarked, impressed by her ease and charm of manner.

" She's not bad and she does play a good game," admitted one of the comrades. " But, imagine, a few years ago she spoke Russian with a *French* accent! "

We arrived at Gagri late at night after a storm. I had the feeling of having been catapulted into a strange world. We had got off the train at Suchy—a large resort not unlike the more run-down and casual resorts on the Italian Riviera. My companions were a Serbian girl, Lallah, and a Russian comrade, Ivan. We had seen the Black Sea for the first time at Taupse—a new Russian oil town built in the last two years with modernistic workers' apartment houses which would do credit to any American city. Over the splendid new breakwater a wild sea was breaking. Now the rain had subsided.

WE took our luggage to the bus station, where after innumerable delays we got seats on the shabby motor bus that runs along the seacoast to the resorts and settlements. There had been no diner on the train and we had lived for two days on cold fowl and tea, so that we were ravenously hungry. We bought six cookies at a stand. The price was one ruble and thirty kopecks and they proved inedible.

The bus was crowded. We got the back seats. The springs were negligible and the road rough. We started out at a great rate, but no sooner were we out of the town than we broke down. The surly Caucasian driver, with eyes black as sloes, without haste or annoyance wriggled under the car. Would it ever go? Five minutes passed. Ten minutes. Fifteen minutes. Twenty minutes. There was a chug, chug, and he came out triumphant. We were off this time, up and down the circuitous road, turning corners and taking hairpin turns with much gusto and no brakes.

A half hour's halt was made at a little mountain station with a restaurant. We got out and had a drink of bottle water on the piazza overlooking a wild mountain gorge. A samovar was going. Turbaned Caucasians, weighed down by their hairy woolens, moved majestically about. Young Pioneers (corresponding to Boy Scouts) with packs rested from hiking. Vacationists from Moscow and Leningrad, wearing white linen blouses, sat smoking and drinking.

On those hard seats and bumping along high above the sea, the ride seemed interminable. We tore through poor, straggling Caucasian villages, where pigs, oxen, dogs, geese, and children narrowly escaped our speeding wheels. The storm had passed over. The sun now set among the dark clouds, casting a bloody streak over the sea, and the moon came up, sailing high and bright, and every now and then the lightning flashed across the whole heaven. Purple and ominous, the darkness spread across the land.

Gazing intently at the angry sky, Ivan said:

" I love storm. It has meaning." For him it was the truth. All his life he had lived in the storm of revolution, from his boyhood in the underground revolutionary societies, in the prisons of the Czar, to those later years preaching Marx in the factories of America, and, finally, coming back to fight in the streets of Leningrad in the " ten days that shook the world " in the fall of 1917. Here was a man whom Robespierre would have understood, a man whose very life was revolution. And he was only one of many—Bolsheviks with an invincible faith that never wavers.

It was night when we finally pulled in at the little village. We were taken to the hotel and ushered into the dining room. The enormous room was crowded with people. They were more lavishly dressed than anyone in Moscow. Some of the women had diamonds at their ears and on their bosoms and they wore high-heeled colored

[CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHTEEN]

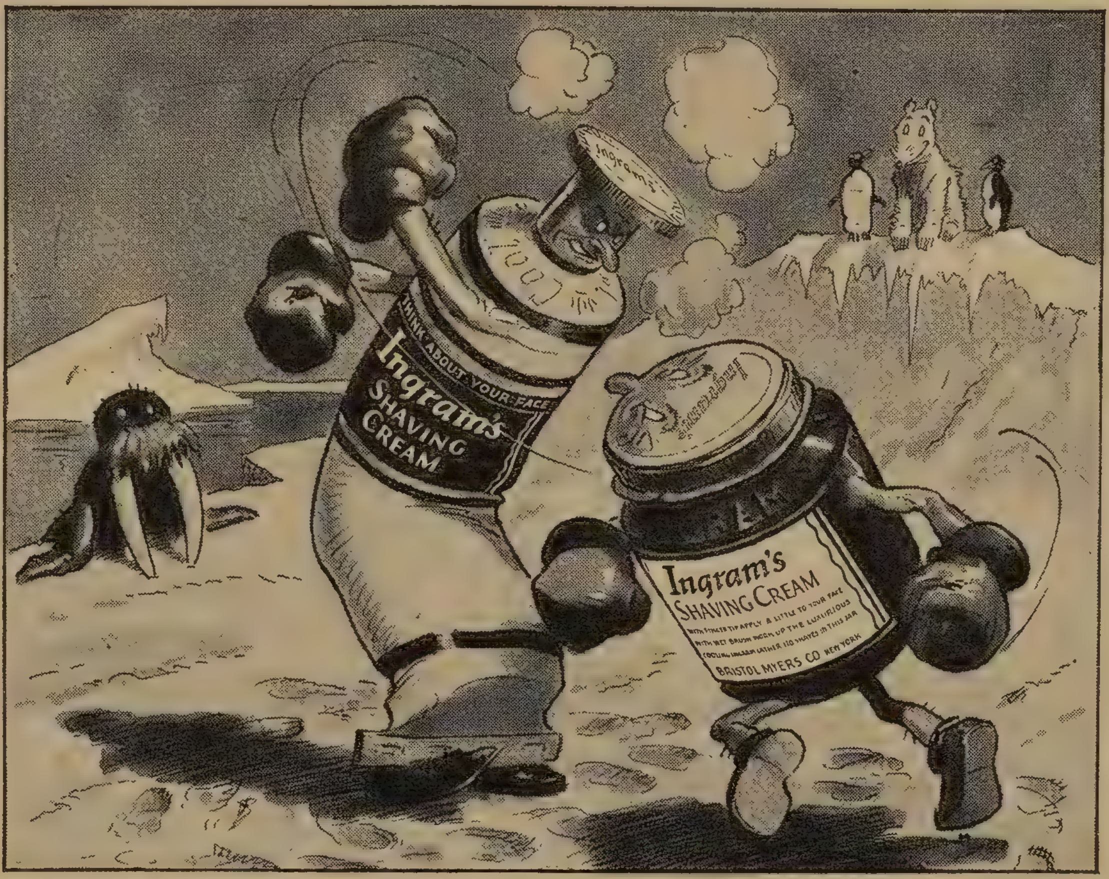
INGRAM'S PRIZE CONTEST

is open to everybody . . . 328 CASH PRIZES

"I've got my money on the tube," says J. M. Allen, Sales Promotion Manager.

"Regardless of what fellows around the South Pole may tell you, the tube is the real favorite. Northern men like their cool shaves but they like them in a tube. Take this tip from me—back the tube and you back the winner."

J. M. Allen



"The Antipodes backs the jar," says D. B. Oxenham, Australian Branch Manager.

"Habit's the big thing. We know that down here. A million men have taken their cool shaves from the famous blue jar. They won't change overnight—they never do. Let the men up north back the tube. The jars will have it. You can count on that."

D B Oxenham

The Hot Fight about Cool Shaves

$5,000 in Cash Prizes

THE most hotly disputed contest in the country is about the *coolest* shaves any man has ever had!

It's started discussions from California to Maine—wherever men are using a razor. And the officers of the company can't agree on which will go over the better!

Yet this contest is simply a test of business judgment. No tricks. No catch phrases. No red tape of any kind. Here's the proposition:

Shortly before January 1st, Ingram's was introduced in a new tube. It's exactly the same *cool* shaving cream that first was brought out, five years ago, in the famous blue jar! And the price of the new tube is the same.

Of course, Ingram's was put on sale in the new tube because we know many men prefer a tube. But remember—this is important—that a million shaving men stand back of the little blue jar.

Here are Ingram's sales for the last four years:

1926	751,392 Jars
1927	1,148,628 Jars
1928	1,560,828 Jars
1929	1,992,998 Jars

Don't forget that this remarkable sales record was built with the jar. But remember that most men are accustomed to tubes.

Which will sell better? The new tube? The old jar? We don't know! But to those who submit the best opinions, we offer $5,000.00 in cash prizes!

Consider the relative merits of the tube and the jar. Then write, *in 75 words or less,* how you think the new tube will "go over"—how it will sell in comparison with the famous old jar and what effect it will have on the established sales of the jar. Predict, if you like, just how many tubes will be sold. Neatness, brevity and logic of reasoning, not your prediction, will be the factors that count in awarding the prizes.

To the 328 contestants who submit the best opinions, we'll give $5,000.00 in cash prizes as follows:

First prize	$1,000.00
Second prize	$500.00
Third prize	$250.00
Next 325 prizes	*each* $10.00

Have you ever tried Ingram's? Its three special cooling and soothing ingredients tighten and tone the skin *while you shave.* You can get either tube or jar from your druggist. Or send the coupon for a 10-day supply free. But—whether you use Ingram's or not—enter the contest!

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

1. Contest closes at midnight, December 31st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. To insure absolute fairness, we have engaged Liberty Magazine to act as the judges. Their decisions will be final. Names of winners will be published as early as possible in 1931.

2. Contest is free and open to any person except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (the makers of Ingram's) and Liberty Magazine, and their relatives. You need not buy nor subscribe to this or any other magazine, nor buy or use Ingram's Shaving Cream, to compete.

3. You may submit as many opinions as you wish during the period of the contest, but none must exceed 75 words in length. Submit each opinion on a separate single sheet of paper, legibly written or typed on one side only, your name and address at top.

4. If two or more contestants submit opinions of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each.

5. Address Contest entries to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Box 31, General Post Office, New York, N. Y. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

INGRAM'S
Shaving Cream

Clip Coupon for 10 COOL SHAVES

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM
Box 31, General Post Office
New York, N. Y.
I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves

*Name*____________________

*Street*____________________

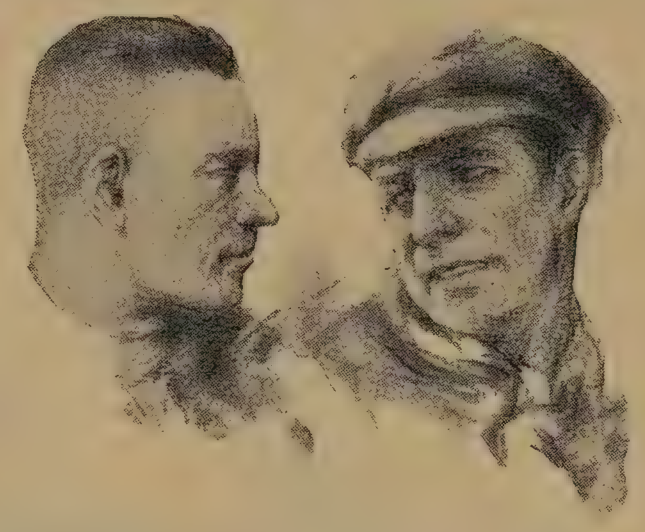
*City*__________ *State*__________

(Coupon has nothing to do with contest. Use only if you want free sample.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTEEN]

slippers and chiffon gowns with a last year's Paris air. My naïve impression that they were Communists was soon dispelled. Folding his arms and curling his lip, Ivan looked about him and said to me: "You Americans think we had a bloody revolution, but you can see for yourself now that we didn't really finish the job."

Lallah whispered that the women were not demi-mondaine, but mostly wives and daughters of Nep-people (the new rich who came into existence with the new economic policy of 1922) who were trying to look European and elegant.



Two of them might have been gangsters, with their shrewd eyes.

Since leaving Moscow, three days before, we had had no hot food except innumerable glasses of golden-brown tea. Now we appeased our appetites on delicious Caucasian chicken. After that I could give my attention to the new acquaintances who gathered around. There was Comrade Sacher, a compact little man with a Mongolian visage and neat American clothes, called by his friends "the American." If anyone asked if he wanted to return to New York, he spat on the floor in memory of his exile there. Nor would he make any effort to speak English. Next to me sat a man with a twisted mouth and far, sad eyes, over one of which the eyelid drooped constantly. He wore a Tatar embroidered cap on the back of his skull and a loose linen blouse girded around his ample waistline. He spoke English fluently but with a bad accent. He was always making jokes and winking broadly but his sadness never seemed to leave him.

"Who is he?" I asked Comrade Ivan.

"He is an old one" (meaning an old Bolshevik).

"How did he learn such good English?"

"He spent ten years in Schlüsselberg." (The most dreadful prison of the Czar, torn down after the Revolution.)

"Why is his mouth so twisted?"

"They beat him terribly. For years he slept with one eye open out of fear they would drag him off to some new torture. Now he can't keep the one lid open."

Thereafter whenever I looked at him an involuntary shudder went down my back.

Next him sat a burly Russian with baby-blue eyes and curly hair—the very personification of the naïve Russian mujik. He drank vodka like water and was in a perpetual state of good humor. We got along famously with the aid of sign language. He was a true proletarian, had worked as a brakeman on the railroads, and knew every inch of Russia. There was also Tanya, a black-eyed Caucasian girl with glorious deep-hued hair and a lovely smile. She spoke a little English. Only when I got back to Moscow did I discover she had a husband and a little girl. She had never thought it of interest to mention the fact.

OUR new companions escorted us to our rooms. The hotel belonged to the government and was for outsiders—that is, non-Communists—and the revenue derived therefrom was used for the upkeep of the various houses of rest. The hotel was always overcrowded in season.

Lallah and I shared the same room. It faced the sea and had a small balcony. The furniture was meager—two iron beds with cotton mattresses, a table, a sort of desk, and three chairs. We also boasted a bathroom, which we shared with the people next door. During my stay there—more than six weeks—I never got in the tub. Huge cockroaches scampered over the shining surface and a smell of sewer gas permeated the place. There was only cold water in the taps.

Lallah and I attempted to obtain hot water, but the maid shrugged her shoulders, declaring there were no pitchers to carry it in. We then went to the next town on the bus and bought an American zinc pail, which cost one dollar fifty and was worth a quarter. But the slattern maid had not expected us to take her at her word. When we offered her the pail, she said there was not that much hot water in the town. By dint of coaxing and the payment of a ruble (half a dollar) she was inveigled into bringing half a pail of lukewarm water. After that we gave up.

The hotel service was abominable. The houses of rest were run in somewhat better fashion.

In the morning early there was a curious procession of people in various negligee to the samovar in the kitchen—a huge instrument the size of a boiler. Everyone appeared with his or her own tea kettle or pot and this was the only hot water obtainable during the day.

BREAKFAST was eaten downstairs between eight and ten o'clock. At one end of the dining room was a large balcony overlooking the park and the sea; at the other, a theater with a bad canvas set in the style of the Black Crook period. The kitchen ran almost the whole length of the dining room, and it was separated from it only by a huge plate-glass window. One saw the big stoves, and the cooks, in traditional white with tall caps, busy over fires. Whatever may be said of the sanitary arrangements in general, the kitchen was scrupulously clean. The other side of the dining room had a built-in bar, much like that of a saloon. On its counter reposed plates of fruit, cucumbers, tomatoes, and cold fish. Here one might buy any liquid from water to vodka. Breakfast was a meager affair—imitation coffee, chunks of gray bread heavy and poorer than that in Moscow, cheese or wurst, perhaps an egg. My coffee from London aroused admiration and everyone delighted to take a sip and talk about it.

During the day the women wore the traditional costume, the *sarafan*. It had a tight bodice with two straps over the shoulders like an evening dress and the skirt was full and gathered. No one wore stockings (a good pair in Moscow cost about eight or nine dollars and there were no silk ones to be bought in Gagri). My clothes aroused so much comment that I had a *sarafan* made. The Communists did not like my dresses because they were bright and called attention to me as a bourgeois. The girls, on the other hand, liked to feel the silk and I had several requests to sell things.

After breakfast everyone strolled by the sea and went to the post office and to buy newspapers. All my companions were actively interested in politics. Discussion was their chief sport. But never then did they shift the conversation to English and they were shy of questions on the subject. Some of them had known Lenin and Trotsky at close range. But I wouldn't have thought to ask them about either their exiled or their dead leader. I think they would have considered it a sacrilege to discuss Lenin with an outsider. Lallah, who had not lived so long in Russia and could still remember her bourgeois background, would tell me of how he spoke and how he looked. Then her eyes would shine with a new fire and a deep and more serious tone would enrich her voice. Except for lending me a volume of Marx and Engel's correspondence, and that at my request, she never tried to propagandize me.

The main part of the day was spent on the beach. In this, life was not so different from the Lido or Palm Beach. The costumes worn were sketchier but less theatrical and by no means as costly. All the Communist girls had bathing suits. One even owned an American jersey, of which she was duly proud. Every day we all went to the shore, undressed publicly and put on our suits. To be seen off the beach in a bathing suit was a breach of etiquette. Everyone indulged in a scrub as well as a swim—that is, one came out of the water, slipped off one's suit, and washed thoroughly with soap in the presence of everyone. But it was an unwritten law that no one

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]

DEPENDABILITY

A WORD
THAT GREW OUT OF A FACT

GIVE THE WORLD a new thing, and the world will immediately find a new word to describe it.

Dodge Brothers put a certain quality into a motor car. And suddenly, everywhere, people were talking about Dependability.

You won't find Dependability in the dictionary. But any owner of a Dodge car can tell you exactly what it means.

Dependability means sureness in performance—the certainty of knowing that a car will always do exactly what you expect it to do.

Dependability means long life . . . because no mechanism can be consistent in performance unless it is well designed and soundly put together of fine materials.

Dependability means economy that is more than price-deep . . . the kind of economy that results from low maintenance expense, minimum service costs, slow depreciation.

Dependability means satisfaction . . . the assurance that your pleasure in the beauty and performance of your car will not be marred by trouble and expense.

For fifteen years, Dodge dependability has been amplified, refined, improved.

It reaches its fullest and finest development in the beautiful and spirited Dodge Six and Dodge Eight of today.

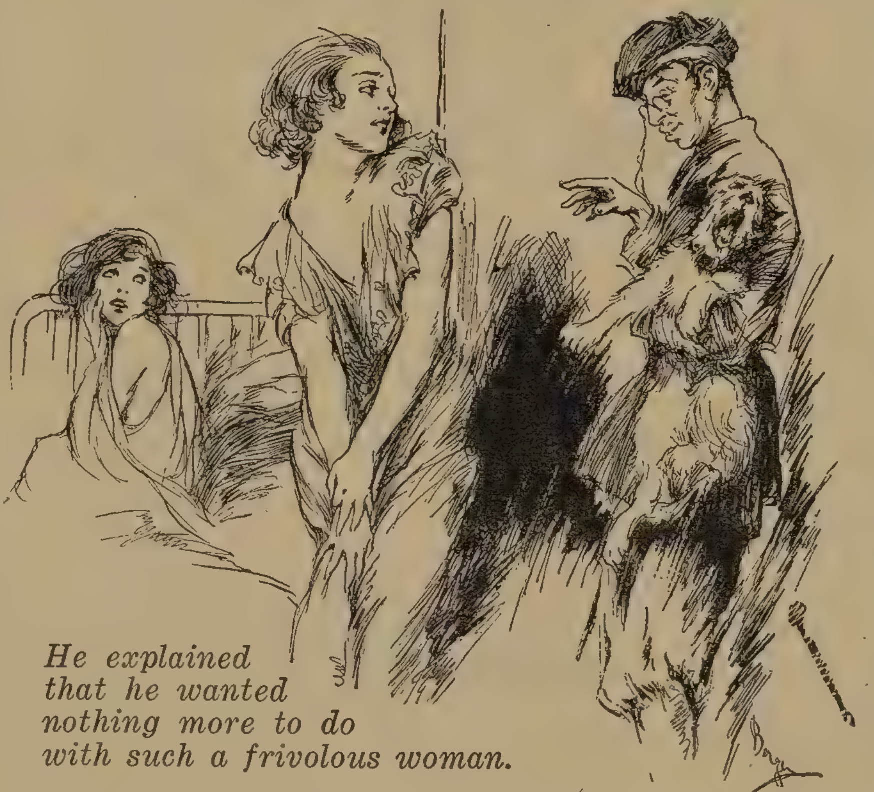
DODGE BROTHERS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

looked at the other person during such ablutions. When I stared hard at a girl with beautiful brown breasts, sunning her long hair on a rock, she quickly picked up a towel and held it in front of her.

There was every imaginable sort of attire and lack of it from a pocket handkerchief to a three-piece suit. Men frequently wore white underdrawers and women appeared in brassières and panties. I saw one woman wearing a brassière made of rows and rows of lace circling to a rosebud in the center. One of the favorite costumes for the girls was a black brassière and black panties. I even saw, believe it or not, a woman tying around her waist a pair of white starched pants with embroidered ruffles, slit in the back, such as my grandmother used to own. Fat mamas scampered with their babies and waded in nothing at all, perfectly oblivious. Whole groups of young men lay in the sun stark naked, exposing their bronzed healthy muscles to the clean air and light.

From this description it must seem strange that my companion remarked about my lack of apparel. First of all, I was a stranger. Then, I had not observed the proprieties—I had mixed with the men. Our girls always left a space of some twenty feet between them and the men they knew, when they sunned naked. And they always wore suits into the water. Lallah, when she wanted a good sunning, went to the women's bath, a mile down the shore. "I don't like to go naked in front of my friends," she said. She might slip down her shoulder straps and sun her back, but that was the limit of her exposure publicly. It is true that she had had a bourgeois training and was the daughter of a well-to-do Serbian merchant. The men in our group wore trunks, but they sometimes dispensed with them.



He explained that he wanted nothing more to do with such a frivolous woman.

"Look at the steamship," said one comrade as he lay on the beach. I got up and looked hard and saw nothing. In the meantime he dashed by me entirely nude and was in the water. A hearty laugh went up at my expense.

After our daily swim and sun bath, we took our main meal in the hotel between two and four. It was so crowded that often we stood waiting for an hour, but the food was excellent—superior to Leningrad, Moscow, and the Volga cities I had visited. Dinner consisted of a soup, a meat plate and vegetables, and a pudding or stewed fruit or cake for dessert—all for seventy-five cents. For a quarter more one could have a fish entrée or hors d'œuvre. Most of the Russians began with vodka and a raw cucumber or a tomato—much as we take a cocktail or canapé. There was plenty of heavy drinking and some drunkenness, but not of a noisy variety.

A VERY definite class line was drawn between the Communists and the non-Communists. The words "class struggle" had meant nothing to me but a Marxian phrase. Now I saw the thing with my own eyes. The social order had been reversed. To have money and jewels was a social stigma. To have a title put you outside the pale entirely. There was no social climbing as exists in our resorts, because it was not possible to climb down into the proletarian class. You had to be born that way, just as before the Revolution you had to be born to the aristocracy to inherit its privileges. If you accepted Communism you were tolerated, and if you were efficient and capable in your work it was possible to receive the due reward. But you could never belong to the élite.

Gagri was still an exclusive resort in that it catered to the "arrived" in both groups. I saw few young people of the flapper age. I saw few actual workers. They remained in the rest homes on the outskirts. Most of the town was full of Communist officials—the old Bolsheviks—and the Nep-people were, of course, the successful ones who could afford to take vacations.

There was an invisible wall between these people and the Communists. On one side one saw people distinctly European, even pre-war European, with fine manners, jewels, and a half-barbaric, half-elegant mode of dressing. On the other were the Communists—serious, energetic, painfully plain in dress, and scornful of fine manners, luxury, and "bourgeois morality." Old Russia and new Russia lived side by side and mixed no more than oil and water.

To the pathetic little beauty parlor which the hotel boasted there came on afternoons women with painted nails, marcelled hair, and well kept complexions and beautiful if rather empty faces. The Communist girls never came to be manicured. They were good-looking, too, but with no regard for anything more than being neat and clean. They did nothing to display their charms. They were good companions with the men, but there was no trace of coquetry or artificiality in their attitude. I think they would have liked pretty things but they had no money for fripperies and it was not good taste to spend time on personal appearance. The men, too, wore square-toed shoes and ill-fitting clothes. Ivan boasted he owned only one suit besides a pair of flannels and a sweater. His coat was frayed, his shoes worn.

ONCE in a while a former high member of the old régime would stray into Gagri—that fine type of aristocrat, with beautiful features and a certain richness of personality that the determined Communist has had no time to attain. Of such was the stalwart admiral who appeared in the dining room in full uniform. His majestic gait, his eagle eye, his venerable white beard, proclaimed him of the flower of the aristocracy. But on his uniform gleamed the red star of the Soviet. The Communists spoke of him with pride and respect as one of theirs.

In a native café in the village I met three jolly metal workers from Leningrad—true proletarians. Ivan introduced them as if they were lords and great nobles. Had he not worked with them in the same factory? Had he not fought shoulder to shoulder with them in the streets of Leningrad during those wild days when the power was wrested from Kerensky? Two of them might have been gangsters from Chicago, with their shrewd eyes and pugnacious chins. The third had dreamy eyes and a great bush of curly hair—for all the world like a Polish pianist.

In honor of the meeting, bottles of fiery Caucasian wine were brought out. It was night and we sat in the garden. Outside the picket fence, a Red sentry paced up and down. The stars shone through the fig leaves. The native orchestra, consisting of three Caucasians looking like brigands in a movie, tuned up. The air was rent by the wild, monotonous wail in a minor key. Our feet kept time on the hard-packed earth. From the stone niche—all that there was to the primitive kitchen—came the smell of *chaslik* and onions.

Knowing I was an American, one of the workers lifted his glass:

"To recognition by America!"

We drank and he begged me to pledge that on my return I would bring President Hoover greetings from the workers and ask him to recognize Soviet Russia.

"On your word of honor," he demanded.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

DOES YOUR SPORT SPUR ON YOUR CIGARETTES?

...KEEP GOING FOR "HAPPY-MOUTH" IN COOLER SMOKE!

When your particular sport gets particularly spectacular... doesn't this speed up your cigarettes? What a great moment to try Spud and Spud's cooler smoke! Smoke straight through a whole Spud pack... and understand how Spud keeps you mouth-happy... how your mouth and throat keep their original moist-cool comfort. Then you realize that it is Spud's cooler smoke which heightens and sustains your enjoyment of Spud's choice tobacco blend and flavor. Come on, find out for yourself why Spud is the much-discussed new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment! At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Incorporated, Louisville, Ky.

MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES

Spud
20 Cents
Menthol-Cooled
CIGARETTES
CHOICE TOBACCO

JUDGE SPUD...Not by first puff, but by first pack. Surprise soon forgotten . . . continued coolness heightens enjoyment of full tobacco flavor.

The Cholic
FROM DRAWING BY
Cruikshank
1835

Gastrogen
stops
Indigestion

AT the very first sign of after-eating heaviness or discomfort, take 2 or 3 Gastrogen Tablets. Heartburn, acidity and indigestion are quickly relieved!

Unlike "bicarb", Gastrogen contains only insoluble antacids. It can't alkalize the stomach, hence it doesn't retard normal digestion. And it brings welcome relief from the embarrassing aftermath of gas and hiccups that soda-users know so well.

Gastrogen is harmless, spicy, aromatic, delightful to the taste. It comes in tins of 15 tablets for 20¢ or bottles of 60 tablets for 60¢. At your druggist's.

MAKE THIS TEST

SODA
BICARB

1. Pour a little vinegar into each of two tumblers. (The vinegar corresponds to the acid in your stomach.) 2. Into one tumbler drop 3 or 4 Gastrogen Tablets. 3. Into the other drop a teaspoonful of soda bicarbonate.

GASTROGEN
TABLETS

Note the fizzing, the foaming and the seething in the tumbler with the soda. Note how little gas is released with Gastrogen—actually *less than half* as much, while neutralizing the *same* amount of acid. You see why soda disturbs and bloats the stomach—and why Gastrogen brings relief quietly without retarding or hampering normal digestion.

SEND THIS COUPON

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A-100
73 West Street, New York City
Please send me your FREE introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

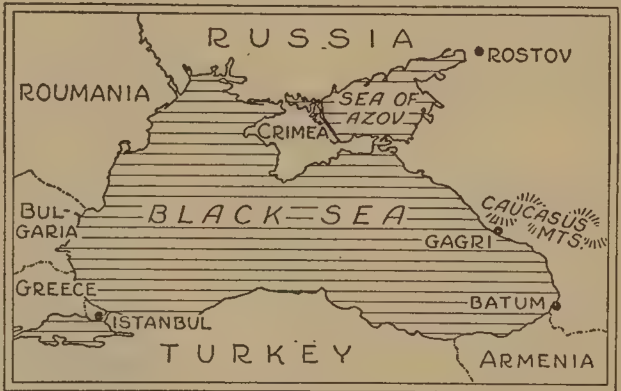
Name...............................

Address...............................

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

"On my word, he shall know it," I replied.

Russians seem to need little in the way of excitement or sensation. Imagine a resort in America without bridge parties, without dancing, without sport tournaments, without automobiles, without even obvious flirtations, and you have Gagri. The few automobiles that one saw were official cars. The other means of conveyance were the Caucasian carriages—buggies with a platform on which one sat sideways, hanging one's legs, protected from the sun by a fringed canopy. In these we sometimes went driving to the next town. There were also a few more hardy souls who went hiking up over the mountains, in the wild passes and on the hills. Gagri used to be a hunters' paradise, but now no one who does not belong to the hunters' union is allowed with a gun.



The Black Sea region, showing Gagri.

The majority of the Russians were satisfied to loaf and to eat and to swim and to play a leisurely game of tennis or billiards and most of all to sing and to talk. Many of the comrades were reading translations of American books. They all had read the novels of Theodore Dreiser and Jennie Gerhardt was their favorite. They liked Dos Passos and Sinclair Lewis, especially Babbitt. The non-Communist group tried to keep up a pretense of elegance and habits as in the European resorts. They did their strolling in the afternoon and the little tea shops were crowded and everybody drank Persian tea and ate jam. The arrival of the steamer from Batum was an event.

WHILE I was there, the old calendar was abolished. But the tradition of Saturday and Sunday lingered. On Saturday nights the dining room in the hotel was furbished up and the stage put in order. We had Viennese operettas with a little tenor in full evening dress and a buxom prima donna with red arms and a long train.

One night there was a concert by a young Russian Communist. He had been a carpenter and his fellow workers had raised funds out of their pockets to send him to Italy. There he had sung in opera. He was young, handsome, and haughty, and sang beautifully. When the hotel guests talked and made a noise, he stopped in the middle of an aria and called them to task. The erstwhile carpenter would stand for no lack of respect from the bourgeoisie.

Around our table were grouped some new faces—most of the men in uniform. "You're in good company tonight," whispered Lallah.

"Who are they?" I asked.

"You're with the G. P. U."

It was hard to imagine that these young men were the representatives of the dreaded secret police.

In spite of all changes wrought by the Revolution, on Sundays in the little Byzantine church in the village the lamps were lit and the incense rose in spirals.

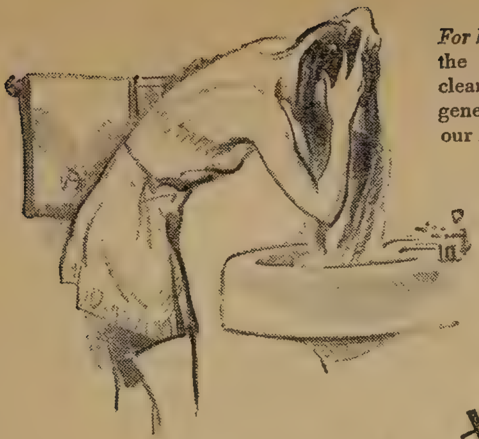
The faithful—a mere handful—still assembled to say their prayers and hear the priest chant. We often stopped at the door and listened, but the Communists regarded the priest and his ceremonies much in the way older children look upon the department-store Santa Claus—with a mixture of mild amusement and tolerant derision.

IF life in Gagri was a lotus-eaters' paradise in the sun, it was desolation in the rain—tropic rain that deluged the damp malarial coast. Everything was cold and wet through. For ten days it rained without cessation. The lack of hot water to wash in, the cotton blankets, the one stringy towel a week, were now felt as privations. The dining room with its muddy floors seemed like a ship's deck in a storm. The smell of sewer gas penetrated even there. The wind blew through the drafty doors in a gale. The limp tablecloths covered with gray paper and the gray paper napkins seemed dirty. One was more than ever aware that the service was on a par with a Second Avenue hash joint. Outside, the sea was one gray smear.

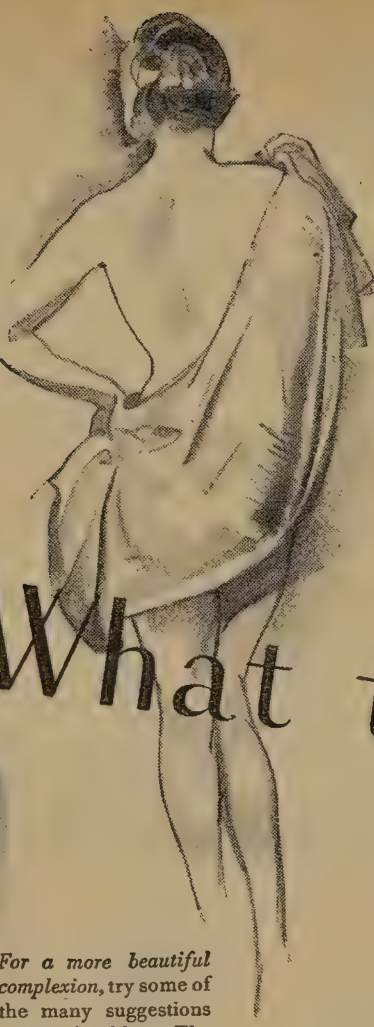
We fled to the House of Rest—a lovely white villa once the home of a rich merchant. There on its veranda we played poker and drank tea. Or else we assembled in Ivan's room to smoke and to drink. Cramped tightly on the beds, in a blue cloud of smoke, the Russians clinked their glasses and out of their throats poured the exquisitely haunting melodies of their race—the patient sadness of the serfs, the yearning cry of the Siberian exiles, the martial music of a revolutionary chorus.

When I look back on that life in Gagri, it seems to me to have been a simple and delightful one—touched but superficially by the decaying European traditions that used to flourish there. There was little or no gossip, no scandal, and absolutely no formality and no social competition, such as we are accustomed to find from the smallest seaside resort to Newport. The relations between the sexes were equally simple and unaffected by conventions or affectations. Men and women came and went together. Many Communists were with their wives. Some obviously had wives for vacation only. There was no objection to this so long as the girls were not too bourgeois. There were no rules in the

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]



For highlights in your hair, the chief requirement is cleanliness . . . frequent, generous shampoos. (See our booklet).



To help keep away wrinkles, and flabby flesh, scrub lustily with your wash cloth, make of your toweling an exercise.

For a new smart look to your clothes, put on *nothing* that isn't crisply clean.

What to do?

What to do?

When elbows are dark and roughened, the remedy is simple: soap-scrub this unloveliness away.

For a more beautiful complexion, try some of the many suggestions in our booklet, "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test."

WHAT TO DO?

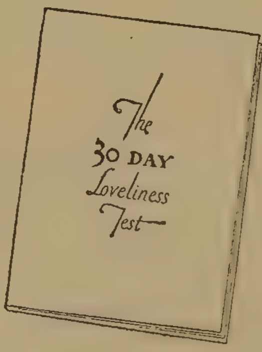
For better times, to look your best, just take a bath. Here's vigor, verve, vivacity; beauty, poise, and charm.

To have beautiful hands, never wash them casually. Scrub them well. Rinse them thoroughly. Dry them completely. (See booklet).

The way to loveliness is in this book

There IS a way to loveliness . . . a way that anyone may take. And its cost . . . only a little effort on your part . . . an earnest wish that you may become a happier, more charming, and better liked person.

What is loveliness? Let's see if we can't list some of the precious ingredients. First, isn't loveliness a quality of "inner spirit," made up, in turn, of things like pride in self, and confidence? (Here, surely, is the truest source of poise and personality).



Next, isn't loveliness better health . . . disclosing itself in many ways, as in skin that is clear and tinted naturally, hair that has a luster, and eyes a sparkle. Third, loveliness undoubtedly is charm of dress . . . style, neatness, immaculacy.

Loveliness is all and principally these things. Don't you agree?

Then possibly you will also hold with us that right in your own home, in your bath tub and basin, in your laundry bag and dresser drawer, are vast possibilities for you of greater loveliness.

But where to start! What, precisely, to do! Isn't that the big problem?

Feeling sure that it is, we urge you to send for "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test," a new and a different kind of beauty booklet. For here are easy instructions . . . and *a definite program to follow.* Mail the coupon promptly, for a free copy of this most unusual booklet.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

Established to promote public welfare by teaching the value of cleanliness

45 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Important: Perhaps you also would be interested in "The Book About Baths," or "A Cleaner House by 12 O'Clock." These, too, are free . . . a part of the wide service of Cleanliness Institute.

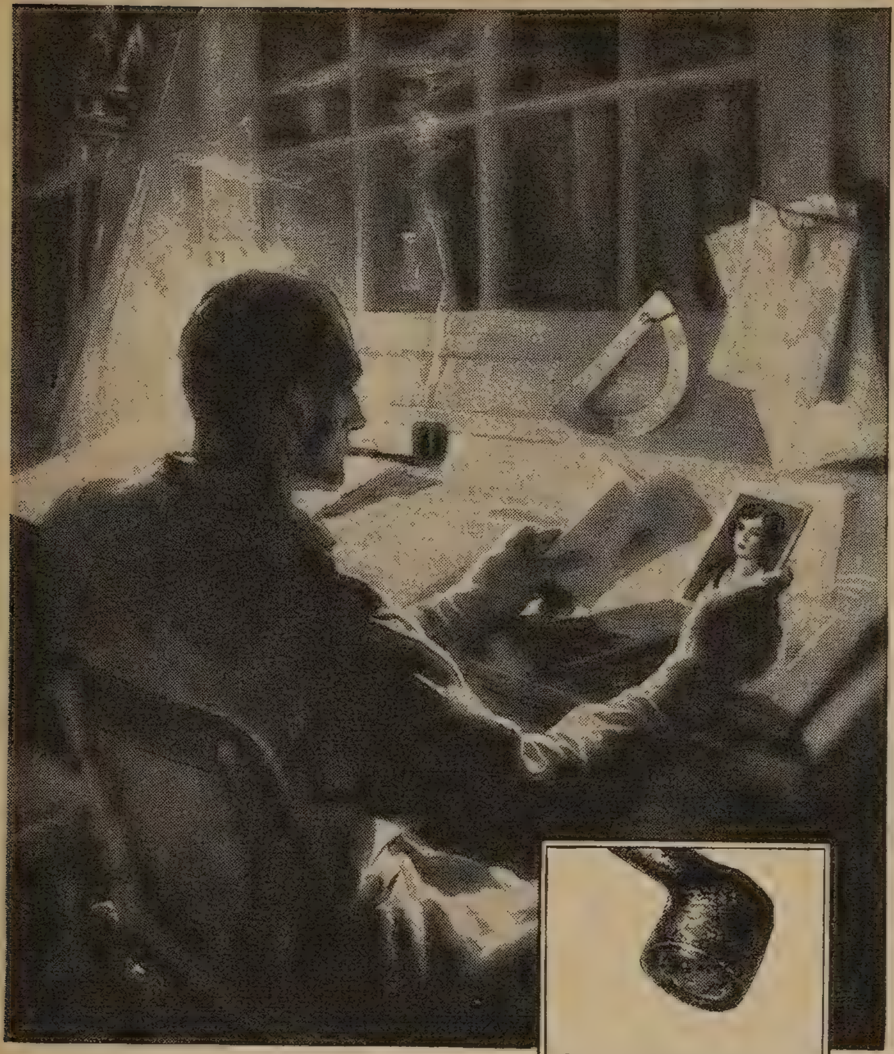
CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, Dept. L-4
45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free of all cost "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test."

Name ....

Street ....

City .... State ....



"And as I watch the smoke clouds rise,
Old thoughts come crowding thru my brain,
I weave the fairest phantasies
And dream my day dreams o'er again"
—R.R.

1 Cut for Pipes Only

2 Made by Wellman's Method . . . An 1870 Tobacco Secret

3 Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool

4 Sweet to the End No Soggy Heel

There's "Home Sweet Home" in each fragrant puff!

A fuller, deeper fragrance . . . a sweeter ripeness and mellowness . . . there's a whole bowlful of memories in each pipeload of Granger!

Granger's rich aroma, its prime "fruity" flavor — that's the result of "Wellman's Method", our priceless old-time tobacco secret that mellows tobacco to just the right balance and body.

Cut the *one* right way for the pipe; big shaggy flakes that burn slow and cool; "Rough Cut" purposely to keep your pipe dry and clean.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER

ROUGH CUT

GRANGER
PIPE TOBACCO
GRANGER
PIPE TOBACCO
GRANGER

A COOLER SMOKE AND A DRIER PIPE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

hotel about men entering the women's rooms or vice versa. An unmarried man and woman could openly live together if they so desired. Everything was quite decorous. But if Russians are not flirtatious, they are more jealous and possessive than Anglo-Saxons. I saw several scenes of open jealousy.

Lallah had a suitor, Comrade Boris. He wore a pince-nez and was so neat and prim that he seemed like a German—until he got jealous. And then his conduct was thoroughly Russian. We were drinking cognac in Ivan's room after dinner. Lallah was gay and sat on Ivan's lap and began to sing. Immediately her admirer turned red as a beet, snapped out a phrase, and flew out of the room.

That night there was a veritable cloudburst. Toward morning I was awakened by a loud knocking and finally opened the door a crack. There stood Comrade Boris with a silly grin on his face and a white mongrel dog under his arm—both wet to the skin. Lallah sat up in bed in amazement, and she scolded him roundly. But he explained that he wanted nothing more to do with such a frivolous woman. Overcome with shame at her conduct, he had walked all the way to the next town and back—six miles—had imbibed freely, and had now come to say good-by forever. It was only with much diplomacy that we got him and his dog out without awakening the hotel. One might have understood his excitement if Lallah had ever encouraged him. But when a Russian is jealous there is the devil to pay.

THIS was merely an incident that the comrades termed bourgeois. Mostly there was a fine sense of comradeship between the men and the women. The attitude of chivalry was lacking, but there was no suggestion of the men retiring to play poker alone or discuss politics, as in our country clubs.

To the Anglo-Saxon the annoying thing was the lack of privacy. We did everything in a group—eating, swimming, singing, and walking. Even to send a telegram, I took along five or six comrades who were anxious to help and who waited patiently for me. Lallah did not mind sharing a room with me at all. Residents of Russia are so used to living close together. She also had little or no sense of possession. She wore my clothes as if they were hers and cheerfully offered me whatever she had.

Compared with that of the outsiders in the hotel, the life of the little group I participated in seemed an innovation. I was seeing the beginnings of a new social world with a definite new social consciousness. Bolshevism is not only building a new economic world but it is gradually forming a new kind of society which has never before existed in history. It may be a generation or two before the new customs will crystallize. There will be experiments and changes. But in that little seaside resort I saw the beginnings of the new social world which is building within the boundaries of U. S. S. R.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—Who were the Goths?

2—Who wrote the Canterbury Tales?

3—Who was Aurora, in classical mythology?

4—What is an heir apparent?

5—What is a reagent?

6—Who was Ham's father?

7—What is dehydrated fruit?

8—What war was terminated by the Treaty of Ghent?

9—How many degrees in a circle?

10—Who was Georges Jacques Danton?

11—What is the source of the expression " the way of a man with a maid "?

12—Where is Dartmouth College?

13—What is meteorology?

14—What is spindrift?

15—What is a *bête noir?*

16—Who won the women's tennis championship of the United States last August?

17—What is a pinto pony?

18—Whose portrait is on the five-cent United States postage stamp?

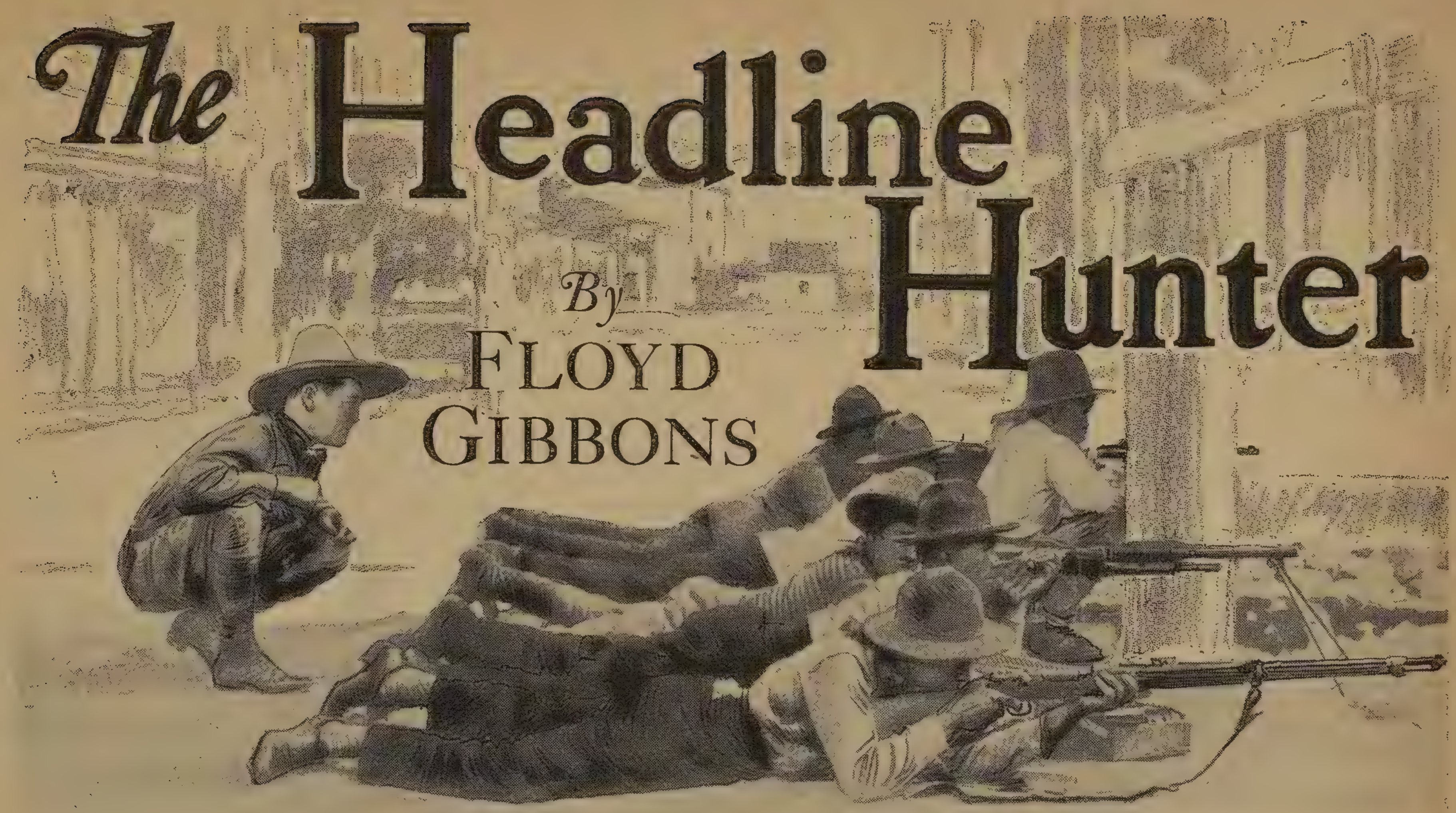
19—What kind of craft is the U. S. S. Saratoga?

20—What do Quakers call Sunday?

(Answers will be found on page 36)

The Headline Hunter

By
FLOYD
GIBBONS



FLOYD GIBBONS . . . noted war correspondent . . . with Villa in Mexico during 1914 . . . back in Mexico with the Pershing punitive expedition . . . torpedoed at sea in 1917 and rescued by a British mine sweeper . . . witnessed Pershing's entrances to England and France . . . lost an eye at Chateau-Thierry . . . Italian and French Croix de Guerre; Legion of Honor . . . one of the first correspondents in Red Russia . . . crossed the Sahara Desert . . . covered the Spanish-Riff war.

For Liberty he wrote The Red Napoleon and The Red Knight of Germany. Now Liberty will print these amazing yarns of his adventures in Headline Hunting.

TOSSED for hours in an open boat after the Laconia was torpedoed . . . sheltered behind a box car full of dynamite while being shelled with Villa in Mexico . . . standing on the saddle of a galloping horse to pull himself through the window of a speeding train . . . facing a drunken colonel who was death to gringos . . . Gibbons went through adventure unscathed until a German bullet pierced his eye at Chateau-Thierry.

13 great adventures—each one a complete story in itself. Floyd Gibbons writes about his exciting life as a newspaper correspondent.

starting
next week in

5¢ Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

Biggest newsdealer circulation of any magazine

All Over the Map

These Pictures Take You to England, Spain, France, and California

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

(Reading time: 8 minutes.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ OLD ENGLISH

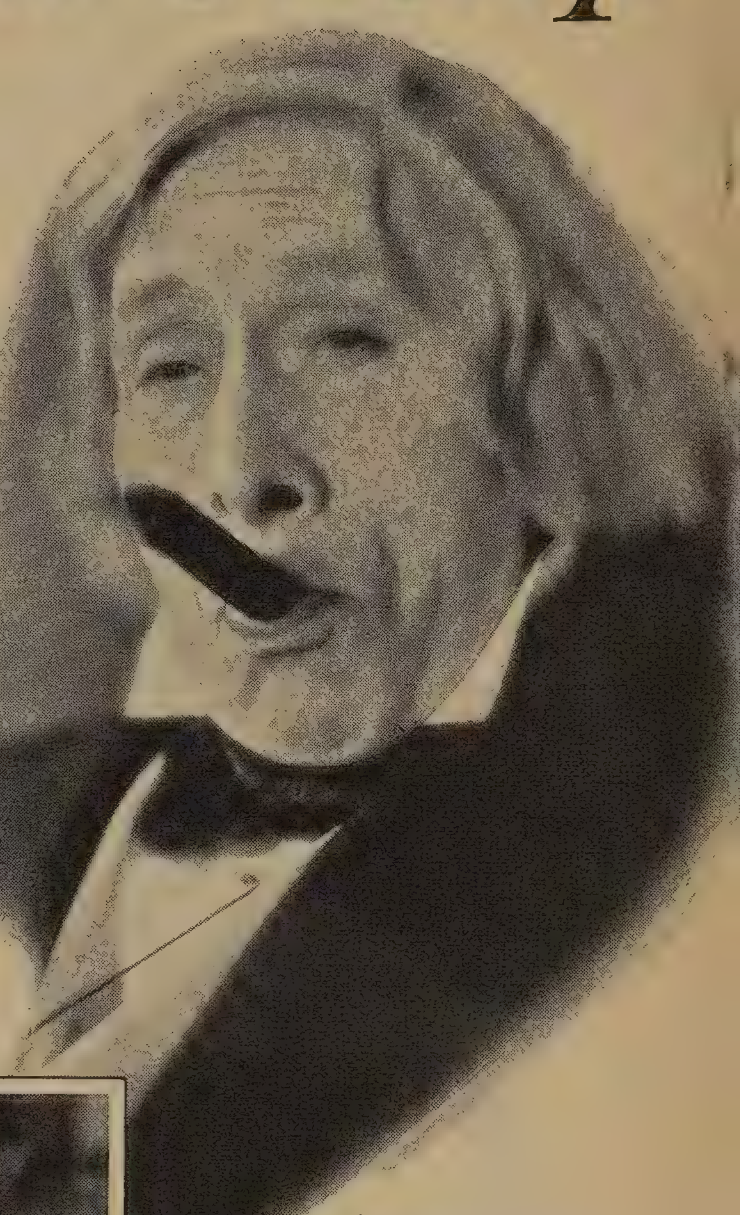
CAST

Sylvanus Heythorp	George Arliss
Jock	Leon Janney
Mrs. Larne	Doris Lloyd
Phyllis Larne	Betty Lawford
Joe Phillin	Ivan Simpson
Farney	Harrington Reynolds
Bob Phillin	Reginald Sheffield
Charles Ventnor	Murray Kinnell
Adela Heythorp	Ethel Griffies

Produced by Warner Brothers.
Directed by Alfred E. Green.

OLD ENGLISH is more of a character study than it is a drama. Galsworthy, who is famous for his interesting delineations, wrote this as a play, and George Arliss has faithfully reproduced the character on the screen for us. He gives a fine performance and he will amuse you, although there is nothing exciting or touching in the film. Even the old man's death, after a too hearty meal and too much liquor, leaves you not deeply moved.

Sylvanus Heythorp is known to most of Liverpool as "Old English" because, having outlived his generation of hard-drinking, heavy beef-eating men of not very rigid moral standards, he finds himself regarded as an anachronism in a generation ruled by the heavy hand of a strictly virtuous queen. The time is the early nineties. The players in support of Arliss were chosen with care and a well rounded-out performance is given by all. Arliss made a hit in the play when it was produced in this country on the stage.



A successful play comes to the screen: George Arliss, in Old English, repeats his portrayal of a bon vivant.

★ ★ ★ CALL OF THE FLESH

CAST

Juan	Ramon Novarro
Maria	Dorothy Jordan
Esteban	Ernest Torrence
Lola	Renee Adoree

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Directed by Charles Brabin.

This is another Novarro-Jordan combination with emphasis on Novarro. It is a love story of old Seville and it furnishes Novarro with a far better opportunity to display his talents than did his picture, In Gay Madrid. The story goes a little incredible in places, but we forgive that for the sake of the entertainment we get from Novarro's singing and dancing—and, girls, the boy can dance!—and because of Dorothy Jordan's appealing beauty. It is the story of a postulant in a convent who is lured away from the cloistered life she was about to enter by the voice of a cantina singer. She becomes cook to Juan, the singer, and his old singing teacher. They all go to Madrid and the boy is given an opportunity to sing in opera. Novarro sings the lament from Pagliacci without destroying the illusion that he is singing in an opera house.

You will not mistake him for Edward Johnson, even through the Pierrot disguise, but he sings with feeling.

The Matrimonial Bed, a French farce, presents Florence Eldridge, Arthur Edmund Carew, and Frank Fay.

★ ★ WAY OUT WEST

CAST

Windy	William Haines
Molly	Leila Hyams
Pansy	Polly Moran
Trilby	Cliff Edwards
Steve	Francis X. Bushman, Jr.
La Belle Rosa	Vera Marsh

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Directed by Fred Niblo.

Way Out West gives us William Haines on a ranch, of all places! He doesn't rightfully belong there, but you'll have a good time watching the cowboys ride herd on him.

If you like Bill Haines you'll laugh with him as he goes through his paces. If you don't like him, you'll laugh at him, so you'll laugh either way. He doesn't get away with much in this outfit because the cowboys ride him hard.

A love story runs through the comedy with Leila Hyams acting as Bill's heart interest. Polly Moran has one of her usual rôles as a comic servant.

Dorothy Jordan and Ramon Novarro in Call of the Flesh.

This scene from Way Out West shows Vera Marsh and William Haines.

★ THE MATRIMONIAL BED

CAST

Adolphe Noblet	Frank Fay
Sylvaine	Lilyan Tashman
Juliette Corton	Florence Eldridge
Gustave Corton	James Gleason
Corrinne	Beryl Mercer
Marianne	Marion Byron
Suzanne Trebel	Vivian Oakland
Chabonnais	James Bradbury
Dr. Friedland	Arthur Edmund Carew

Produced by Warner Brothers.
Directed by Michael Curtiz.

This French farce didn't strike me as funny. Frank Fay is a long way from being my favorite comedian, but he seemed to please many in the audience, so maybe I'm wrong.

He appears as a Parisian hairdresser at the home of his wife who is mourning for him on the fifth anniversary of his death. She has previously consoled herself by marrying his friend Corton.

She recognizes her first husband, but he has no recollection of her until their friend Dr. Friedland brings back the memory Adolphe lost in a railway accident.

Well, you can imagine the complications.

★ THE EYES OF THE WORLD

CAST

Sybil	Una Merkel
Myra	Nance O'Neil
Aaron King	John Holland
Mrs. Taine	Fern Andra
James Rutledge	Hugh Huntley
Conrad La Grange	Frederic Burt
Mr. Taine	Brandon Hurst
Bryan Oakley	William Jeffrey

Produced by United Artists.
Directed by Henry King.

The threat in skirts is Nance O'Neil. The girl is Una Merkel. They're in The Eyes of the World.

This is an adaptation of one of Harold Bell Wright's best-selling novels. If it weren't for the lovely scenery of the California hills and mountain streams which form the background, this story might have been better left between the covers of the book. The quality of the story is old-fashioned, too old-fashioned for the new medium of talking pictures.

Una Merkel, who was the lovely Ann Rutledge of Abraham Lincoln, is here the unsophisticated daughter of the novelist.

She is very appealing in the rôle, but her work doesn't quite justify the story. Its salaciousness is overlaid with a high moral tone.

I'd like to make a suggestion to D. W. Griffith and Stephen Vincent Benet

That they do more photobiographies in the manner of Abraham Lincoln, following up that fine production with one on the life of Andrew Jackson, one of the most picturesque characters in American history: fiery-tempered, great soldier and President.

Do you know that—

Although Mary Pickford has given up the idea of continuing with the production of Forever Yours she has not given up the idea of appearing again in pictures? She is to do Kiki, which Norma Talmadge did in the silents and Lenore Ulric appeared in on the stage? . . . Ann Harding's next picture will be Rebound, by Donald Ogden Stewart? . . . Zasu Pitts arrived at her strange first name by having the last syllable of Liza combined with the first of Susan, both family names?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—Abraham Lincoln.

★★★—Moby Dick, Hell's Angels, Dancing Sweeties, Anybody's Woman, Rain or Shine, Grumpy, Common Clay, Manslaughter.

Corsair

The Love Story of a Modern Buccaneer

By WALTON GREEN

Pictures by HARRY T. FISK

(Reading time: 24 minutes 30 seconds.)

What Has Gone Before:

FOOTBALL was opening the doors of a new world of opulence to Johnny Hawks. As half back on the Hammers College team his swift feet had stolen the game from Yale for his alma mater.

At the dance that followed, Chub Hopping, his pal, saw to it that Johnny danced with Alison Corning, daughter of the great Stephen Corning, international banker, and Hammers' most famous graduate. In her cool, casual way Alison suggested that Johnny drive to Long Island and stop with them for a day or two. He accepted.

For his entertainment, or hers, she took him out in a dinghy and tried to teach him to sail. The dinghy capsized. They were picked up by a Corning launch and conveyed to the great Corning house, where Johnny was fitted out crisply by a valet, in preparation for tea on the Corning yacht.

It was all a revelation to Johnny. He was from an Iowa farm, was working his way through college, and sending money to his mother. But he had self-confidence. He would neither show wonder nor feel awe. But he listened with an attention that was rapt as a Mr. Bentinck, a Britisher in the Corning bank, characterized Mr. Corning as "real and ruthless," and his daughter Alison as "all of that and more."

Moreover, Johnny's interest was intense when Alison herself suggested his coming east after graduation in June. "Steve will give you a job," she said.

And the athlete was shaken, as the heiress, on saying good-by, composedly kissed him on the lips. Now go on with the story.

PART THREE—DISILLUSION

LONG ISLAND SOUND. Cold and crystal-clear November morning. Whitecaps slapping the bulbous forefoot of the Ventura and slipping along her speeding black sides. City Island on the starboard quarter and Hell Gate dead ahead. Two men lingering at breakfast in the dining saloon. Saloon paneled in virgin cork and trimmed with native pine—oiled and brownly soft and restful. Smell of bacon and coffee and marmalade and the pipe of the big hulking man.

"Did my daughter tell you to ask me for a job?" rumbled Mr. Corning.

Johnny flushed.

"No, sir—not exactly. She said you might give me one."

"But she spoke of it?"

"Yes."

"That's settled, then. Out of our hands entirely. You may not want to go into banking—and I may not want you. In point of fact, I don't want you—because you're needed back at Hammers, coaching. But there's nothing you and I can do about it, young man."

"I haven't quite given up the coaching idea yet, Mr. Corning," suggested John.

"You will," said Mr. Corning with finality. "And when you do come east, just report to the director of personnel in the bank. He'll put you through a lot of scientific analysis tests, and then probably give you the one job you're least fitted for. Anything else on your mind, Hawks?"

"No, sir," answered John a trifle stiffly, resentful at the spiritual manhandling of father and daughter. "I—I've had a most pleasant time, and I want to thank you. And if I do decide to come east—and if the job's still open—I'll—"

Mr. Corning, his eyes quizzical beneath the lanuginous brows, waved his hand in dismissal of the subject.

"WE'LL be going ashore in a few minutes now. You can get a taxi at the yacht-club landing—unless you want to ride downtown with me."

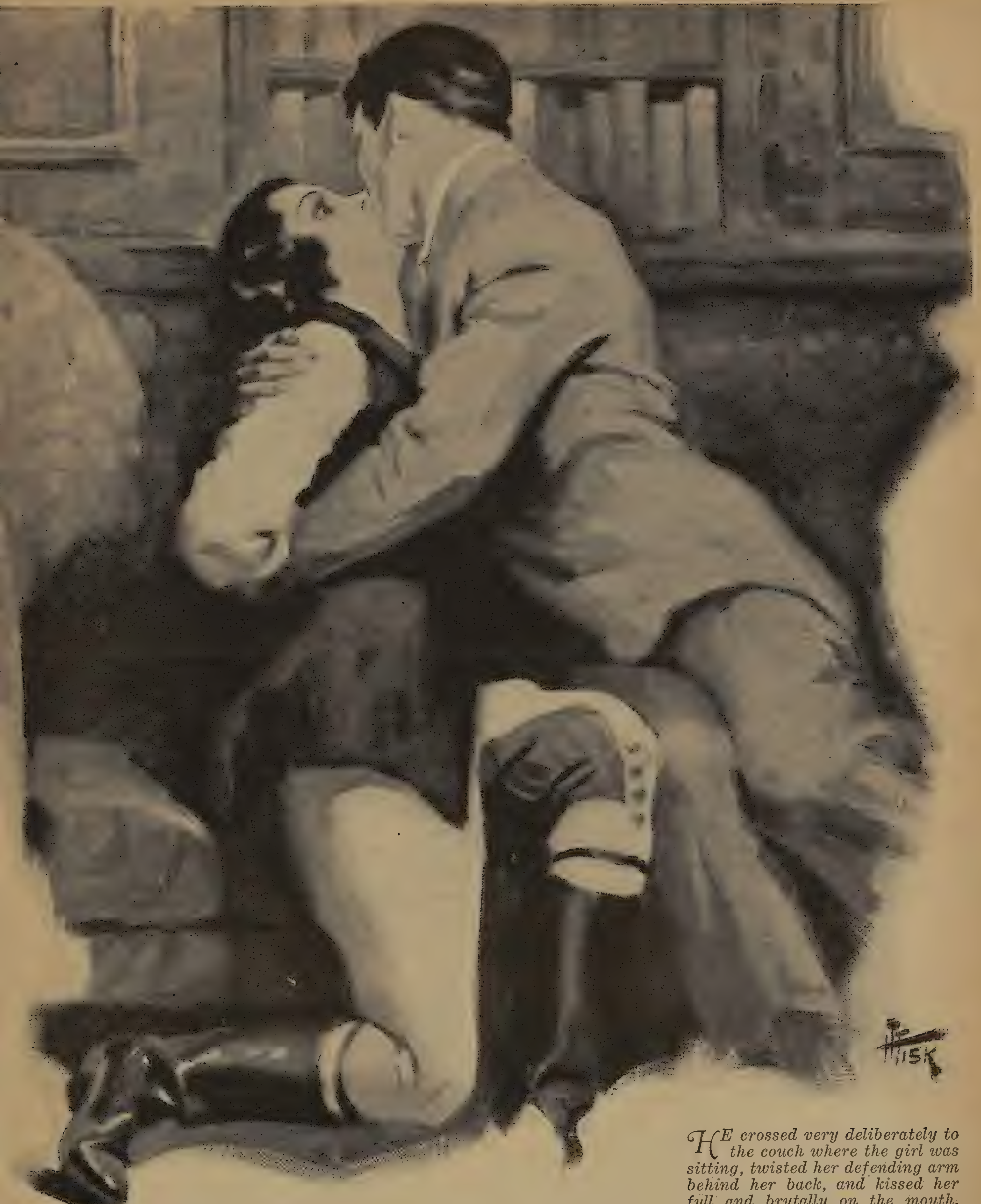
"I'm going to the Grand Central Station," said John.

"That's uptown from where we land at Twenty-sixth Street. Well, good-by, Hawks—nice to have had you down."

John went to the Grand Central, checked his suitcase at the parcel room, and bought his transportation to the west. He would have liked to spend a day or two in the city, but he had promised his mother to stop off at the farm on his way back, and he would not have time for both.

He had two hours to spare before his train. He walked out of the depot and over to Madison Avenue, strolling somewhat aimlessly. It was his first experience of New York. The great buildings of which he had heard so much rather disappointed him, partly because he had no architectural sensitiveness, and partly because no one can encompass the grandeur of a forest by standing and looking eye-high at the tree trunks. But he felt the impact of their mass, tremendous and suffocating at street level; felt the healthy touch of claustrophobia which afflicts the country dweller at his first contact with the rushing hell of sound and smell, of steel and stone and hard remorseless masonry, which is New York. And walking slowly down Park Avenue he noted the new railroad building which straddles the street with indecent architectural exposure, noted its rococo and gilded frightfulness, and admired it inordinately.

He crossed back toward Fifth Avenue, stopping often to window-shop. In front of a side-street confectioner's



HE crossed very deliberately to the couch where the girl was sitting, twisted her defending arm behind her back, and kissed her full and brutally on the mouth.

window he paused a long time and regarded the snob-priced boxes of candy which were on display. Then he went inside, selected a box whose satin-lined furnishings would have brought joy to the soul of an Italian peasant, and ordered it sent to Miss Alison Corning at Sandy Head, Scallop Bay, Long Island. He accomplished the transaction with the composure of experience. Undergraduates the world over—and old men—let their minds run to candy when they wish to register interest in a woman. What did ruffle his equanimity was the price he had to pay.

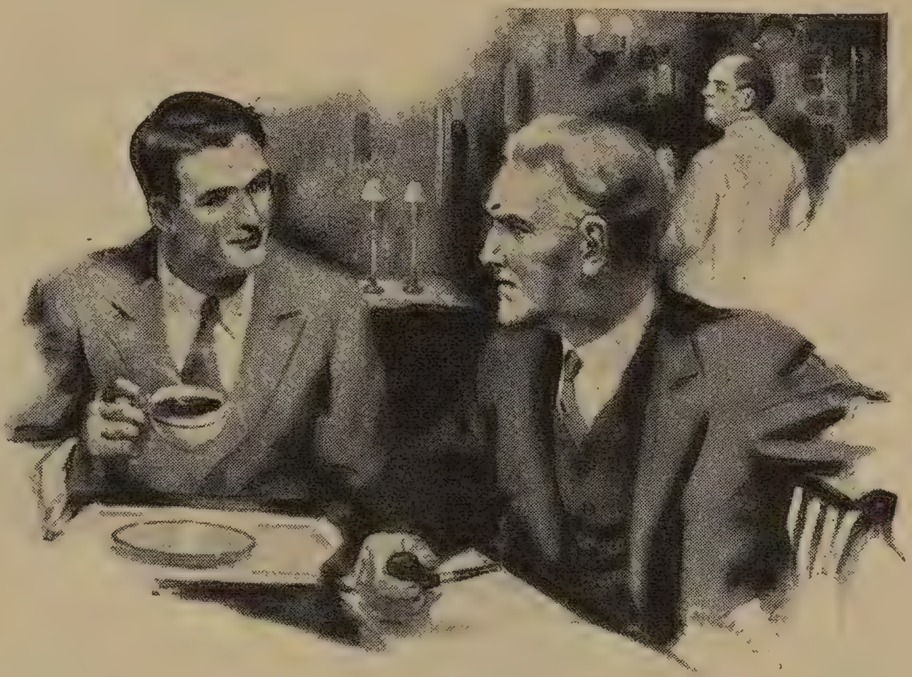
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

He walked back to the station, desperately low in cash. He gained a few odd dollars by turning in his lower berth for an upper. Then he bought some pulp-paper magazines and boarded his train.

He awoke next morning to the dreary flatness of the Indiana farmscape. Shoe-box houses and interminable straight-lined farms—straight-fenced, straight-ditched—mile upon mile, with never a curve to mitigate the fearful monotony of line and angle.

John dressed himself to the waist, pulled his coat over his pyjama top, and made his way to the washroom. The smell of middle-class America at its morning ablutions struck him pleasantly and familiarly—that warmish smell compounded of standardized tooth pastes and shaving soaps and the personal emanations of traveling-men. John waited his turn while a fat salesman damp-wiped the soap from his shaven jowls and neck and then polished the nickel wash-bowl for the next user by swabbing it neatly and dirtily with the same towel. John, in turn, went through the same performance, not omitting the standardized rite of wiping the greasy bowl for his successor. Then he went to breakfast.



"Did my daughter tell you to ask me for a job?" rumbled Mr. Corning.

He dropped off the train late that afternoon alongside a water tank in the state of Iowa. Near the water tank was a small clapboarded station, and drawn up at the platform was a Model T Ford truck with John's younger brother Philip behind the wheel.

"Hey," said Phil.

"Hey, yourself," grinned Johnny, dropping his suitcase over the side rails. "How's every little thing? Mother and Duggy all right?"

"O. K."

"How's the stock?"

"O. K. We stood them Guernsey heifers to Alf Oveson's bull a while back."

"Huh-huh. How are the sheep coming?"

"O. K. But I'm figurin' we gotta trade in them grades and get pure-breds sooner or later. The Coöperative's been rating our wool an' mutton awful low lately. Everything's pure-breds nowadays."

"I suppose so."

"Yeah." Philip relapsed into silence. After a time he spoke again.

"They had your picture in all the papers last Sunday again. Must ha' been cold playing in that mud."

Johnny laughed.

"Not so you'd notice it."

"SHE cuts 'em all out and pastes 'em in her book—mother does," continued Philip mournfully. "Wish't I could go to college."

"Maybe you can, kid—couple of years more—when I'm making big money."

Presently they arrived at the farm. It was like countless other thousands of modern farms—the house boxlike, meagerly utilitarian, and bleakly treeless—a colorless wooden container where people ate and slept. It might stand a hundred years, but it would never achieve either the dignity of age or the mellowness of time. Beyond it, the great farm buildings—the barns and tool sheds and silos and cooling houses—stood in self-justifying and obvious dignity of purpose. They dwarfed the insignificance of the dwelling house. For the soul of farming has passed with the coming of the tractor and the gas engine. The radio squawks where the kettle used to sing, and the canned goods crowd the pie shelves of better and robuster days.

Mrs. Hawks met them at the back door. A purposeful woman, thin-faced, thin-lipped, thin-shouldered, but broad and capably hipped, and with a touch of the sideways smile of her tall son.

After supper John helped wash up. He didn't mind washing—liked swishing the dish mop about and the feel of the hot suds on his hands. But he hated drying, because the towels always got damp and soggy too soon. When the dishes were finished and the oilcloth was mopped up and the oatmeal put on the back of the stove for morning and the range shaken down and coaled, Johnny joined his mother in the front room. The younger boys went to bed.

HIS mother sat in a patent spring rocker made of walnut with turned knobs and flowers embossed on it. There was a center table of walnut with a fine top of pink-mottled marble which was protected by a tapestry-colored art cover with long tassels on it. A few desultory chairs and a fumed-oak mission couch covered with worn imitation leather stood against the walls. There was a shiny red-enameled Sears Roebuck stove, very efficient and air-circulating and shaped to resemble an overgrown phonograph cabinet. On the walls were two pictures in scroll-oak frames, one a photographic enlargement of John's father, and the other a campaign lithograph of the late President Harding. The floor was splendid with a carpet-patterned linoleum rug: the kind of rug the advertisements portray in the process of being trod upon by impeccably dressed and rising young captains of industry surrounded by their beautiful little children and their lovely and rubber-aproned young wives.

Johnny sat by the table and tried to tell his mother about his eastern trip. But she seemed only remotely interested in what he had been doing. Her interest lay in the future—in what he was going to do—in the money he was going to earn. They discussed farm matters and the eternal pressure for cash. He spoke vaguely of the coaching job, but made no mention of his talk with Mr. Corning.

After a time the conversation languished. John picked up Capper's Weekly and ruffled the pages listlessly. Presently he went to bed.

He lay for a long time before he blew out his lamp. The cotton mattress was lumpy and the antiquated braided-wire springs sagged like a hammock. His mind, slow but thorough, ran back forty-eight hours. He had the faculty of visual imagination, the highly sensitized retrospective processes of the true romantic.

John was imaginative but not analytical. He thought of the luxurious box springs he had slept on at Sandy Head, of the crystal-splendid bathroom, the subdued and perfect manservant, the great house and the flowers and the big yacht and the silver plates and goblets and the hearts of chops and the hearts of lettuce and the tips of gigantic hothouse asparagus—thought of all these things—and thought also of dishwashing downstairs, and linoleum and boiled potatoes with flour-grease gravy, and the hot-water kettle without a button on the lid; thought of his home in the same mental breath with Long Island, but as a separate and different thing, without relation to, and in no wise in contrast with, his week-end.

Tired at last, he held his palm over the cracked chimney of his lamp, and blew out the flame. Still he could not sleep. The game at New Haven seemed years ago. So

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

Clean inside-well outside!

© 1930 Stanco Inc.

and they look it!

★

"Thought I had you at that water hole, Bill!"

"Yeah? Well, I'm here to tell you . . ."

Health! Having a grand time with a great game—and they'll have just as much fun tomorrow across the directors' table.

This business of being *well*, which is the thing that makes life worth living, is not as difficult as most people make it. According to the doctors, the rules for most of us are few and simple: eat, exercise, and sleep right; keep yourself internally clean.

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure or inability to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self-poisoning that goes with this failure) is perhaps the most important factor in the production of disease." Just as the doctors agree in blaming this condition for most of our sickness, so they agree also on the safe way to relieve it—keeping clean inside by the Nujol type of treatment. Crystal-clear Nujol is not a medicine at all. It contains no drugs. It is not absorbed, and therefore cannot make you fat. It is colorless and tasteless, and children love it.

The tonic effect of Nujol on the whole body is due to the way it helps you without the weakening effect of drugs. As Nujol is harmless as pure water, many doctors advise taking it as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. Why? Because it's common sense that if you keep as clean inside as you do outside, you increase your chances of keeping in the best of health all the time.

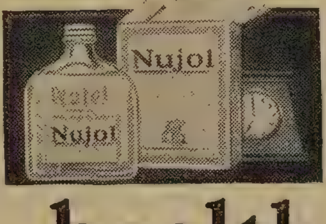
Two things you have to remember if you want to enjoy "Nujol health."

One. Don't expect results overnight. This is nature's own method, and nature is never violent. Your body will respond gratefully and normally and day by day you will feel better as this soothing treatment takes effect.

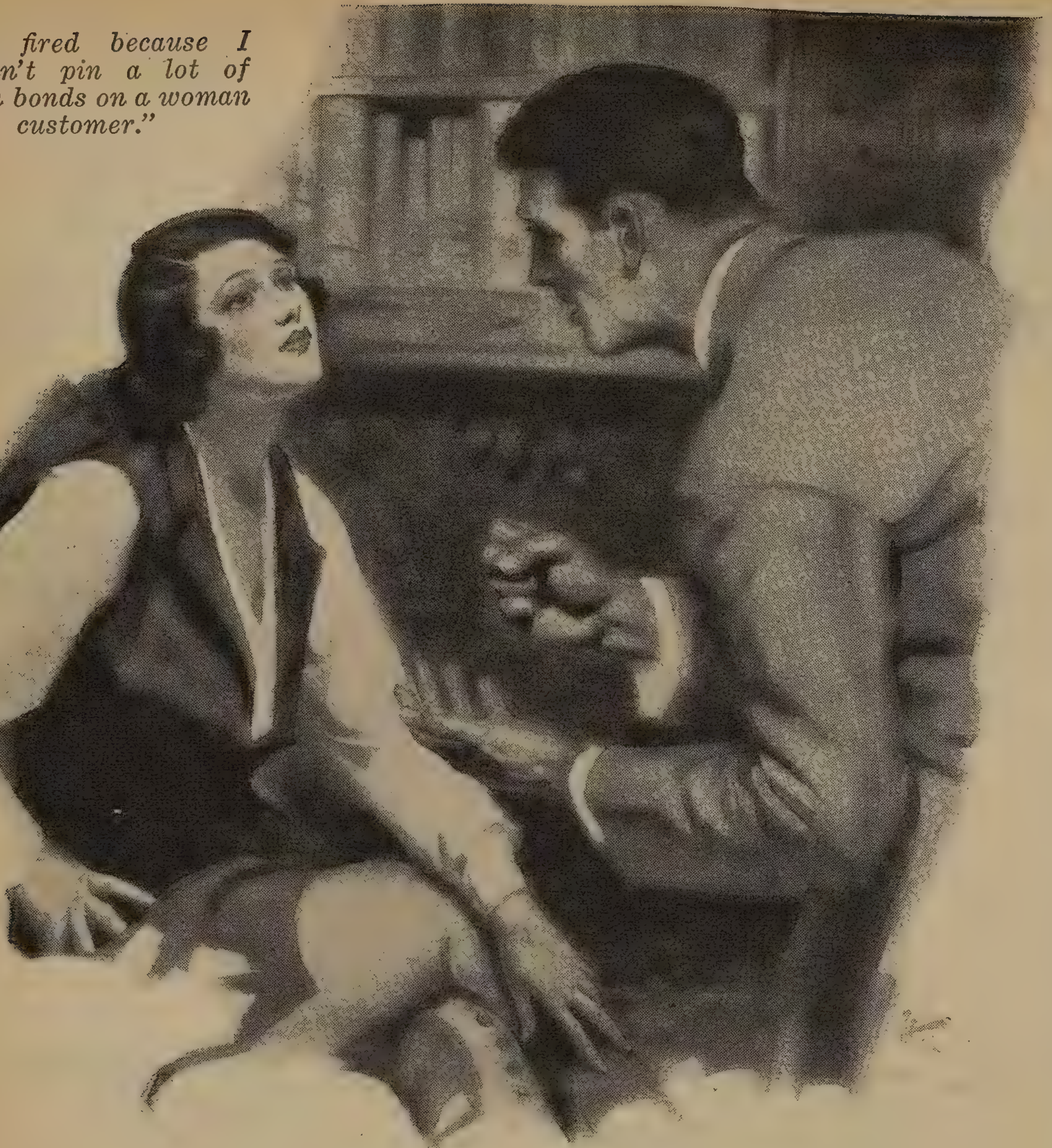
Two. Be sure you get Nujol. Your druggist has this pure and drugless product in a sealed package, trademarked "Nujol" to protect you.

Here's a way to get a result you know is good for you without using drugs you know are bad for you. Why don't you try it?

Nujol



health



"I'm fired because I wouldn't pin a lot of rotten bonds on a woman customer."

[CORSAIR
Continued from page thirty]

did his day and night at Sandy Head. Details he could reconstruct, but the picture as a whole was fading. Except as a calculable fact, he could no longer realize that he had done all those queer and exciting things, talked to all those exciting people from another world. Alison Corning? To his dismay, he could no longer even visualize her. Going up the path—had she really kissed him? And what for? Certainly not as girls usually kissed him.

And the talk with Stephen Corning. Had it actually happened only yesterday morning? Impossible. Only this moment was real. The springs were real, damn them. His mother was real, and the mortgages were real, and Hammers tomorrow would be real again. He'd get back, and talk to good old Chub, and play like hell against State College next Saturday. And he'd see the athletic manager and tie up the coaching job for next season. That was that. To hell with the east. To hell with cold and lovely heiresses.

He rolled over and sighed and pulled the bedraggled comforter around his shoulders and went to sleep.

II

EARLY in the following July, at nine o'clock of a Monday morning, John Hawks presented himself at the offices of Corning & Co. in New York, and sent in his name to the director of personnel.

The director of personnel arrived at nine thirty. At ten o'clock, having finished his morning kidding with the stenographers, this able young man admitted John to the presence. The young man spent a pleasant quarter of an hour telling John about his trouble with his iron shots, and then assigned him to the bond department. He had already assigned him to the bond department two weeks ago, when John's questionnaire had come in. The personnel director could, and did, discourse learnedly on the psychology of fitting men to jobs and jobs to men, but he had two infallible working rules: If a man wore his clothes presentably and was not tongue-tied, he was obviously a born bond salesman. If he wore spectacles, he was sent to the head statistician.

John was given a desk near a window. He could look over the East River. The desk was a small mahoganyized affair, quite battered, and with drawers on one side only. Its visible furnishings consisted of a dial telephone, a monumental set of telephone directories, a book of bond-yield tables, and an exquisitely printed circular of Lead Pipe, Pfd., an issue which Corning & Co. was bringing out that morning.

JOHN sat and stared at the layout. No one had spoken to him since the personnel chap had dumped him at the desk. Presently an alert, gray-haired little man came and sat abstractedly on the edge of John's desk. The little man's eyes were fierce and abstracted, and his hands were full of folders and odds and ends of memoranda. John didn't know whether to stand up or remain seated. The man went on reading a folder, swinging his free leg and pulling petulantly at his lip. Then he looked fiercely at the river. Finally he encompassed John in his field of consciousness—as if he had known him for years, and were merely reiterating something they had already discussed.

"First thing is to get up your prospect list here are some old ones to work on Social Register and club books on the stand over there sales talk on Lead Pipe at eleven o'clock I'm Bassett the sales manager you're football aren't you well you ought to have lots of names of your own and easy *entrée*." He had delivered the entire speech with an absolutely telegraphic lack of pause or punctuation.

"I'm afraid I don't know anything about bonds yet, Mr. Bassett," said John, "but I'll study up."

"Read the Lead Pipe circular read all the circulars of our current offerings on the big table over there listen to my sales talk on Lead Pipe don't listen to the statisticians the other men'll lend you books that'll give you the lingo all you got to know is the selling price and the spread for the house."

He swung his leg off the desk and snapped away in a quick little walk, full of kinetic velocity and fiercely abstracted. John dabbed his handkerchief to his brow and tried not to show his nervousness. Several pleasant-mannered young men from adjoining desks wandered up and introduced themselves.

"Don't let old Bassett get your goat, Mr. Hawks. He's a fine chap when you get to know him. Backs us up right to the limit."

"Thanks," said John simply. "I—Mr. Bassett thought some of you fellows might have some books I could borrow to bone up on."

"Sure," said Mordon, an engaging youth with a Greek profile which carried more than a hint of Semitic. "Sure. I got a lot of junk I read the first two weeks I was on the job." He walked over to his own desk.

"Mordon stroked the Columbia varsity last year," offered another. "He's selling all the Columbia grads in town."

The others drifted away. Mordon came back with an armful of books which he dumped on the desk.

"If you'll come over here, I'll show you how I keep my prospect cards," he suggested. "Y'see, I use the colored tabs for different classes. Red for live prospects, green for old customers, and so on. Then I have a tickler system. Each card comes out of the working tray and drops in the date ahead when I want it called up again. Do you see?"

"Sure," said Johnny, summoning his wide grin to his aid. He felt a little as he did when Chub Hopping was tutoring him. "Sure. Say, that's a fine system—I'll study it up later." He hesitated, and then decided to ask a question.

"Say, Mr. Mordon, do you think I ought to go and speak to Mr. Corning—seeing that he gave me the job, and all that?"

Young Mordon's lower jaw sagged in slow astonishment. Then he recovered himself.

"Why not call him on the phone and ask him out to lunch?" he suggested brightly. And then, with quick remorse, "No, Mr. Hawks. On the whole, I'd wait until you run across him in the office. It would look more natural."

"I guess you're right," agreed John.

BASSETT reappeared at the door, yanked a chair to the middle of the room, and began to speak without preamble. The salesmen who were telephoning kept on telephoning. The others gave him eye attention while they thought of lunch or golf or liquor or women or anything except Lead Pipe, Preferred.

"Here's ten minutes' hooey," whispered Mordon to John. "But you'd better tune in. Got to keep your eyes in the boat to begin with."

John did not answer. He was painfully and inaccurately taking down the facts—which were accurately and clearly set forth in the circular under his hand.

And so it went—for the first few weeks. John found himself in command of a drawing account of fifty dollars a week, with glittering possibilities of bonuses and commissions on sales above a stated minimum. The fifty a week seemed ample to him—until he began to pay for luncheons and cigars of prospects—and to match for drinks at speakeasies on the way uptown.

He had taken a room at a midtown Y. M. C. A. branch. He fell into an easy routine of work and exercise, walking frequently to the office and back.

At the end of two months he found himself in an astonishing position. He had earned more than double his drawing account. The boy who had known himself slow at his books now found himself almost glib in his talk. The patter, once committed to the tongue, was simple.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

OCTOBER
S M T W T F S
1 2 3 4 5
9 10 11 12
16 17 18 19
23 24 25 26
30 31

PLEDGE
to the Public on
USED CAR SALES

1. 5 days' driving trial.
2. 30-day guarantee on certified cars.
3. Lowest price marked in plain figures.

Drive this car five days *to prove your purchase!*

If it does not come up to your expectations, return it. This is the way the Studebaker pledge protects your investment.

UNDER the terms of the famous Studebaker Pledge, you may drive the used car you buy *five days* before you decide. If it does not please you, you may return the car and apply your payment on any car in your Studebaker dealer's stock, new or used.

More than 150,000 thrifty motorists bought Pledge-backed used cars last year. They got good appearance, good performance, and good value with the cars they bought. You will, too, if you buy a pledge-backed used car. And you'll get a 30-day guarantee on Certified cars — plus plainly marked prices on all cars sold on this plan.

See your Studebaker dealer *first*—get Studebaker Pledge protection when you buy *your* used car. It is your assurance of satisfaction.

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions

INVEST 2c
you may save
$200

Spend 2c now for your copy of this interesting and instructive booklet, "How to Judge a Used Car"—it may save you as much as $200 on the used car you buy. Mail the coupon—now!

How to judge a used car

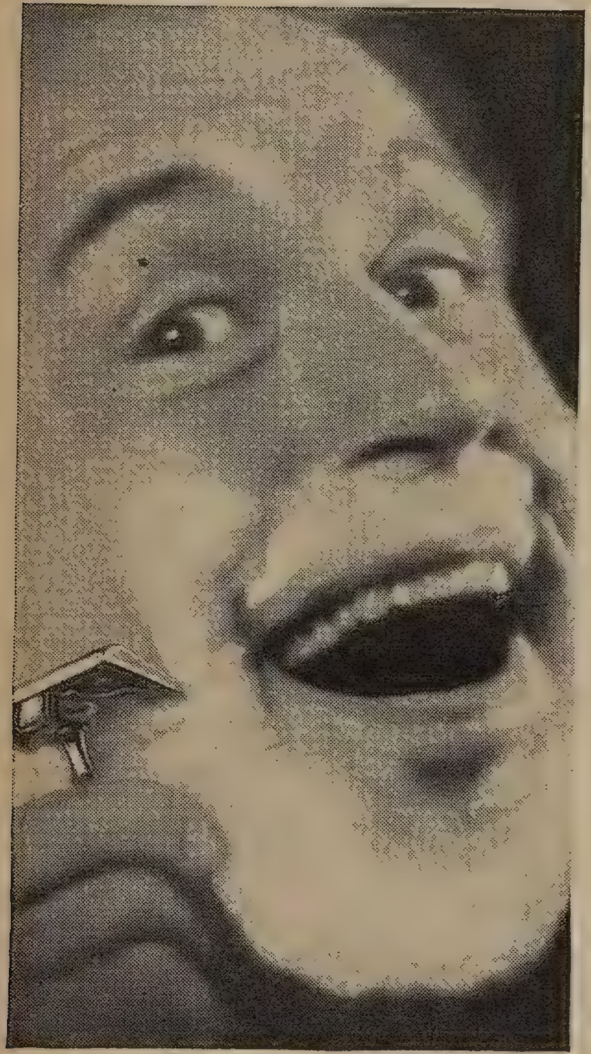
THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA
Div. 1410, South Bend, Indiana
Please send me copy of "How to Judge a Used Car."

Name ....

Street ....

City .... State ....

Singing Shave



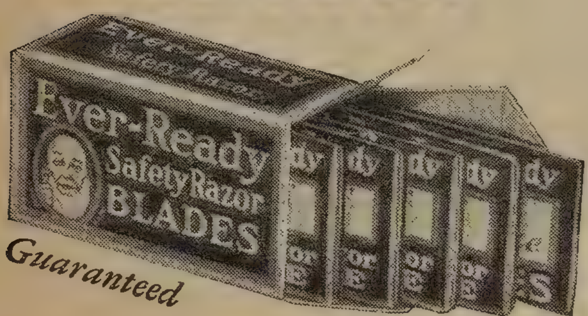
©A. S. R. C., 1930

Why

the sudden singing in the bathroom? It's because dad has discovered the Ever-Ready Blade . . . so keen that it leaves his face clean and happy all day . . . so durable that he gets a lot more shaves from each blade . . . You, too, should be a Singing Shaver. Just say, "Ever-Ready Blades" to your dealer today.

Product of American Safety Razor Corp.
Brooklyn, New York
Also makers of Ever-Ready Shaving Brushes

Ever-Ready
BLADES



[CORSAIR
Continued from page thirty-three]

The street was in one of those recurrent eras of easy-money rates and surplus funds falling all over themselves for quick investment. The card of Corning & Co., with John's name in the lower corner, gave him ready access to places where either name alone might not have been enough.

He learned the basic art of salesmanship—the slick art of propitiating secretaries—especially the male secretaries—of those who are great in bank accounts. He learned that a bond peddler's first duty is to agree with everything that a secretary says, and then to go back to the office and write him a letter thanking him for the advice he has given Corning & Co. He learned that most buyers, especially institutional buyers, knew in advance all about the issues of which he knew so little, and that his primary function was to act as a well dressed messenger boy to lay the circular deferentially on the desk. And he learned that the way to sell a trust-company treasurer is to quote him a quarter above the secret pegged price, and then openly to telephone the sales manager for permission to shave the quarter for the benefit of this particular customer.

He learned, in short, that bonds are not sold by brains, but on the prestige of the house of emission; not by persuasion, but on the personality and listening power and lunch-buying ability of the salesman. And that a man who has stroked a crew, or recovered a punt, or batted a polo ball, can put away half-million-dollar blocks of securities that a Babbitt-trained and factually handicapped statistician couldn't place after a year of argument. And he learned finally—or should have learned—that the bond salesman is the lowest form of life known to the world of finance, and that a man must get out of it before he is deep into it or the future holds nothing but drink, or real estate, or the peddling of life insurance.

JOHN did not learn all these things at once. He only knew that he was making good money, and that people smiled on him. He was tremendously proud of the prestige of his house.

He listened to the technical lectures of the sales manager with avid attention, and to the pious-mouthed pep talks of the junior partners with glowing approval. He believed what they told him; believed in the infallibility of Corning & Co.; believed that each and every issue they brought out was the last and best word as an investment for widows and orphans; believed this even in the face of the fearful licking that Corning took in the purchase of Pan-American Motors, in the face of their universal street reputation for slipping in an occasional hard-selling but highly profitable and craftily oxygenated lame duck—slipping these dubious gentry in among the obviously gilt-edged stuff at every eighth or tenth chance.

Johnny, of course, was something of a romantic, and with a touch, but an inoffensive touch, of the uplifter about him. Otherwise he would not have been Y. M. C. A. president at Hammers, for at that institution, unlike New Haven, public profession of evangelicism is not a preëssential to social preferment. John was good—not too good—because he was innately simple-thinking and not because it paid.

The Corning partners liked this streak. It balanced, shall we say, some of the other salesmen. If Hawks could sell an astonishing amount of bonds for a beginner, and do it by talking and acting like a magazine hero, why, more power to him. He was their white-haired boy.

The white-haired boy of their womenfolks too. Several week-ends he had been asked to Long Island or Westchester, partly because the juniors really liked him; mostly because they thought him a comer and were not unwilling to put him in social touch with the check-book elect whom they themselves cultivated with the easy assiduity of long habit. Hawks, for his part, played up easily and naturally, for he liked people, and liked to be liked.

AND he was finding the easterners less and less difficult as time went on. Not so shrewd and precise and widely informed as the middle west, he would have said. But very human and careless and naïvely unaware of their insularity.

The Cornings he had not seen again. Mr. Corning he had encountered often in the office, of course. The great man had actually remembered him, had crossed the corridor with his arm flung over John's shoulder. That was the day John's drawing account was boosted to a hundred. And John still flushed at the recollection of his first day's impulse to drop in and pay him a visit—this man who was only a trifle more inaccessible than the President of the United States.

As for Alison Corning, she had made no slightest move to ask him down or to keep in touch with him. She had come to the office one day and had been closeted with her father, but John did not learn of this until afterward.

To say that John was miffed would be to put it harshly. If she had forgotten him, certainly he had in equal measure forgotten her. Eight months, and other women, and youth—for male constancy is in inverse ratio to a man's years—had dulled the remembrance of that brilliant day and night at Sandy Head. No; John's nose was not out of joint. But there were moments when he doubted the reality of that queer cold kiss in the dark of the November night.

And while he was doubting, though imperturbably, there came other things to bring him more serious concern. All things have an end, even the bull markets of reconstruction days. And so it was toward the end of this critical summer. For the market, surfeited with cheap money, and supersaturated with the mass of overtouted Continental securities, turned sodden and sullen. Turned sullen—and bit the hands that had fed it the wretched stuff. The preferred-stock era was at an end. Easy selling was at an end. The great houses of origination were desperately put to it to peg their issues at prices short of panic, to fight the inroads of "investment guaranteed" selling by the small distributors. Everything stuck. The lives of selling syndicates were extended week after week, a sure sign of distributive congestion. It was the careful statisticians who sold what little was sold, over the telephone, and not the glib and careless salesmen over the lunch table.

IN August John had reached his high-water mark. September saw him slipping. In October his drawing account was cut to seventy-five dollars. Other men were pushed ahead of him, men with sounder basic training, men able to put away, and to keep put away, the precarious pup issues of the glad days.

John plugged doggedly along, content in the thought that he was cutting his eyeteeth in a hard game. Not for a moment did he relax his standards of salesmanship. By now he was beginning to learn that some Corning securities were less desirable than others. But it was a poor time to have this lesson come home to him. For even the junior partners had abandoned their pretense of financial altruism, and the selling had degenerated into a grim battle to pin securities on anyone, anywhere—and to keep them pinned.

It took character on John's part to resist the temptation to sell overpegged bonds to customers who had come to rely upon his assurances. But he met the challenge squarely—albeit slowly and with much deliberation—until one day he found himself confronted by a direct conflict of interest between his firm and his customer. He resolved the issue in favor of the customer, secure in his sense of probity and fortified by the remembrance of the countless sermons on selling ethics to which he had listened.

The next day he was fired. Fired kindly and pleasantly and with many expressions of admiration for the sterling quality of his character; fired for every given reason in the world except the real reason, but fired nevertheless — incontinently and irrevocably. There is no room for fair-haired boys when the big gang has fallen upon evil days.

John walked out of the sales manager's room a little white around the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Romance rides gaily beside A Face that's Fit

Good to be alive! Morning sunshine. Romance, perhaps. Joy of living reflected in a Face that's Fit.

To look your best begin each day with the Williams Shaving Service.

First, the Williams lather. Standard for ninety years. Cool. Without sting then or thereafter. Quick. Mild. Thick. Moisture laden. Lather for the skin as well as for the beard. "Oh, yes, sometimes they change, ... *but they all come back to Williams!*"

Then, Aqua Velva, for after-shaving. A tingle. A healthful stimulation. A rare coolness. A happy ending.

Aqua Velva helps care for tiny nicks and cuts, seen and unseen. Tones up. Protects. Helps to make tissues firm. Conserves the natural moisture essential to a good complexion. Keeps the skin all day as the Williams lather leaves it, flexible, Fit.

Williams Shaving Service for the Face that would be Fit! See what it will do for *you.*

Have you tried Williams Shaving Liquid? Very quick. Very cool. Very new. Ask your dealer!

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams

SHAVING CREAM—AQUA VELVA

You can't lose this cap
Williams' Luxury Shaving Cream
LARGE SIZE
THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO. GLASTONBURY, CONN., U.S.
Williams Aqua Velva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake some into the hand and apply to the moist face

A COUPON—*For the face that would be Fit!*
THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, DEPT. L60 GLASTONBURY, CONN.
CANADIAN ADDRESS: 3552 ST. PATRICK ST., MONTREAL
Send me Free Trial Sizes of Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva. I will use and observe them.

believe it or not
THERE'S ONE DRY THING In America

No. 42
Smooth
$3.50
Drinkless
KAYWOODIE
YOU CAN'T GET A DRINK from a DRINKLESS-KAYWOODIE

Until you smoke Drinkless Kaywoodie, you don't know the real pleasure of pipe smoking!*
100 Shapes and Styles—Smooth $3.50, Thorn $4, Premier $5, Relief $7
KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, INC.
120 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. *Est. 1851*
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

CORSAIR
Continued from page thirty-five

gills. But his head was cocked jauntily on one side, and the wide and winning grin was properly and firmly in place. In the hallway he met Mr. Corning. Mr. Corning lumbered past him unseeingly.

John went to his desk. A telephone message from Miss Alison Corning to ask if Mr. Hawks would drop in to tea at five-thirty o'clock.

Mr. Hawks laughed harshly, and had trouble in stopping himself. He crumpled the telephone slip into a damp ball and threw it savagely in the wastebasket. Mordon at the next desk was watching him. This would never do. Take it standing up, he would. Take it on the chin. Probably she had no idea, anyway. He brought the grin back to his mouth and picked up the telephone quietly. Then he began to clear out his desk slowly and methodically.

"What a lousy torpedo!"

Floyd Gibbons

war correspondent, radio speaker, and author of The Red Napoleon

tells of his most exciting adventure . . Watch for

The Headline Hunter

in Liberty next week

An hour later he presented his card at the Cornings' town house in East Sixty-second Street. He was ushered into the library. Alison, just in from the park, was in riding breeches. She looked very slight—and very aloof.

"Hello," she said, as though it were yesterday. "I've been meaning to get hold of you for ever so long."

"YOU'RE just in time," said John evenly. "I'm going back to Iowa tomorrow."

"Yes? Vacation? I imagine you deserve one."

"A very long vacation. I'm fired."

"Oh," she said, and then was silent for some time. "Perhaps you'll have a drink. There's whisky there—or would you prefer tea?"

Johnny waved his hand awkwardly.

"I'm fired because I wouldn't pin a lot of rotten bonds on a woman customer; because I wouldn't put a few more dollars into your—into the office."

Alison's face was more than ordinarily composed.

"Yes? And have you only just found out that Steve is a crook—that we're all crooks?"

"I—no—I've tried to play the game straight. I've—"

"Really, my dear boy! I ought to have taken you in hand earlier. But I thought you had guts enough to put it over on your own." Her voice was at its throaty and contemptuous best. "And to think," she went on with slow self-scorn, "to think that I wasted a perfectly good kiss on you."

IT was at this point that John Hawks saw red. He crossed very deliberately to the couch where the girl was sitting, twisted her defending arm behind her back, and kissed her full and brutally on the mouth. Then he pushed her back on the couch, and stood up.

"That's good-by from the horny-handed son of the soil," he rasped, "and you're going to waste a lot more of them before you've done with me. I'll be back inside of a year."

He strode toward the door. Miss Corning picked up a napkin from the tea things and wiped her mouth reflectively.

"I do believe the man is learning," she murmured. She drew a compact from the pocket of her riding coat and proceeded to touch up her lips with careful preoccupation. "But I can't imagine what my fiancé would say."

John has the power to make himself as ruthless as the world about him. In Part Four of the story, next week, he reaches a decision that turns his life upside down, and flings him into breath-taking adventure.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 24

1—A Teutonic people who overran the Roman Empire in the early centuries of the Christian era.
2—Geoffrey Chaucer.
3—Goddess of the morning.
4—One whose right to succession is incontestable if he survives the ancestor.
5—A substance of known qualities used to test other substances.
6—Noah.
7—That from which the water has been removed.
8—The War of 1812.
9—Three hundred and sixty.
10—One of the leaders of the French Revolution.
11—Proverbs xxx. 19.
12—In Hanover, New Hampshire.
13—The branch of physics treating of the atmosphere and its phenomena.
14—Spray blown from waves during a gale at sea.
15—Any object of dread or aversion; literally, black beast.
16—Betty Nuthall of England.
17—One that is mottled or piebald.
18—Theodore Roosevelt's.
19—Airplane carrier.
20—First day.

Our News-Reel Life

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by PETER ARNO

(Reading time: 6 minutes 40 seconds.)

WHENEVER we want to find out what life was like in the days of the Pharaohs (when I say "we," I mean people who go in for that sort of thing. Me, I can take it or leave it alone), we have to go all the way to Egypt and dig and dig and dig. And even then, what do we get? A truckload of old signet rings and scarabs, some shawls, and maybe three very unhealthy-looking mummies.

We of the twentieth century are making it lots easier for archæologists of the future to find out what we were like. Whenever they want to rummage around in the past, all they will have to do will be to go to the vault, pull out a dozen tins of news-reels for 1930, and run them off in a cozy projection room. Then they will know all about what we were doing in the days of the Hoover dynasty, what we wore, and how we talked. The only trouble will be that, if they go entirely by the movie news-reels, they may get an impression like the following:

Report on the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants of America previous to the Great Glacier of 1942-8. Read at a Meeting of the Royal Society of Ultra-Violet Engineers by Prof. Henry Six-Hundred-and-Twelve, custodian of the Motion Picture News-Reels of the British Museum, what there is left of it. Double-April 114th 3738 A. D.

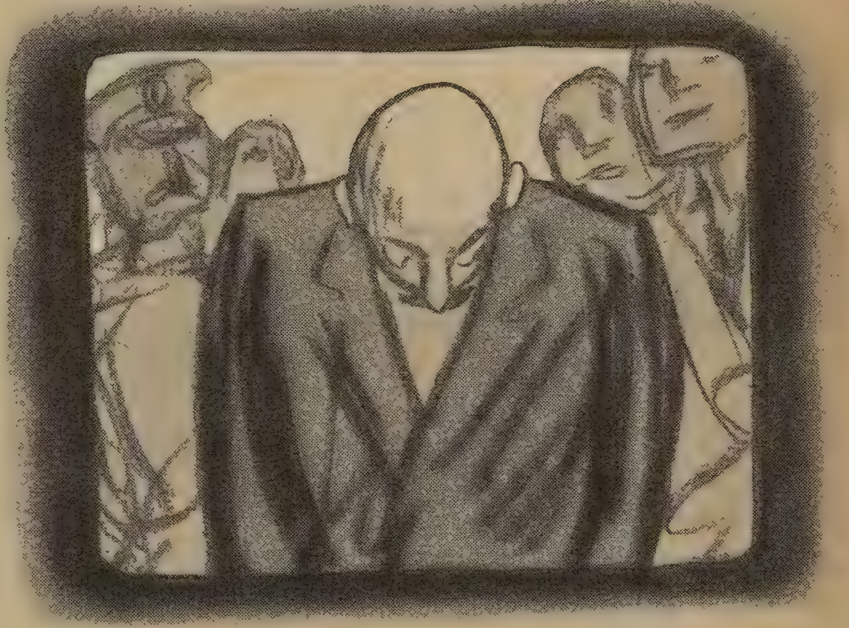
"From the motion-picture news-reels on file in the Museum, it is plain that inhabitants of America in the early decades of the twentieth century were most peculiarly constructed as far as their organs of speech went. Although they moved their lips in talking, as we of today do, the sound cavity or apparatus of articulation seemed to be located somewhere in the region of the collar-bone or even as low as the hip. There was a variation of between two and five seconds from the time the words were formed by the lips until the sound issued from the torso, and then it came with great resonance, as if the megaphone were being used.

"This is all very puzzling, for, in the mummies of that period, we are unable to locate any such misplaced speaking apparatus. We have looked everywhere, under the arms, between the ribs, and even in the joints of the elbow, but so far have been able to discover traces of nothing but arms, ribs, and elbows.

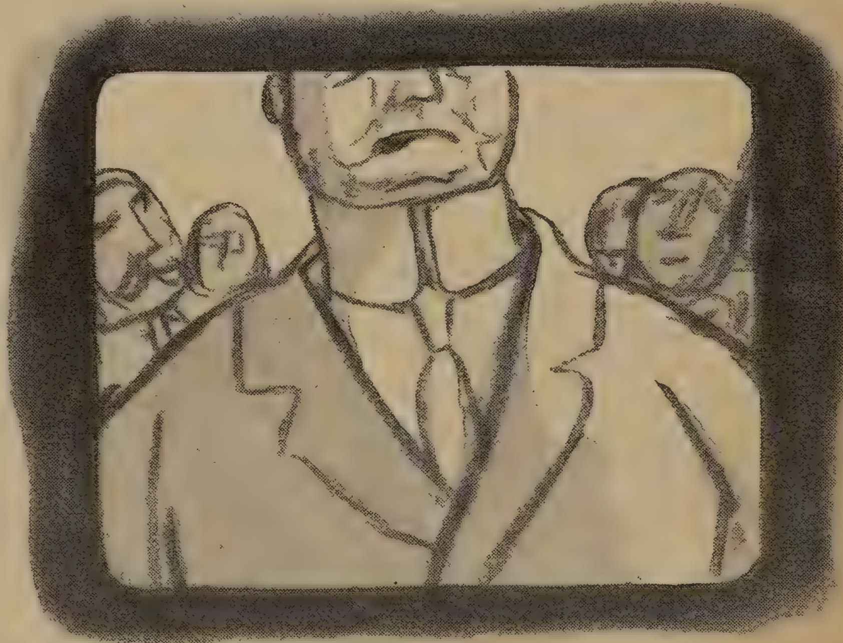
"From the news-reels (and other sound pictures) we are able to gather that inanimate objects of that period had distinctive sounds of their own, now happily toned down through ages of refinement. For example, a small piece of paper, on being folded, gave off a sound comparable to the crashing of one of our giant redwoods. A door, no matter how easily closed, banged like a trench mortar. A button dropping on the floor sounded as if a large, wet seal had flopped in its tracks. Nothing was too small to make a loud noise.

"The people who inhabited North America at the time we are studying seemed always to be diving from springboards, doubtless because of the intense heat of the world at that particular period of its incubation. Practically

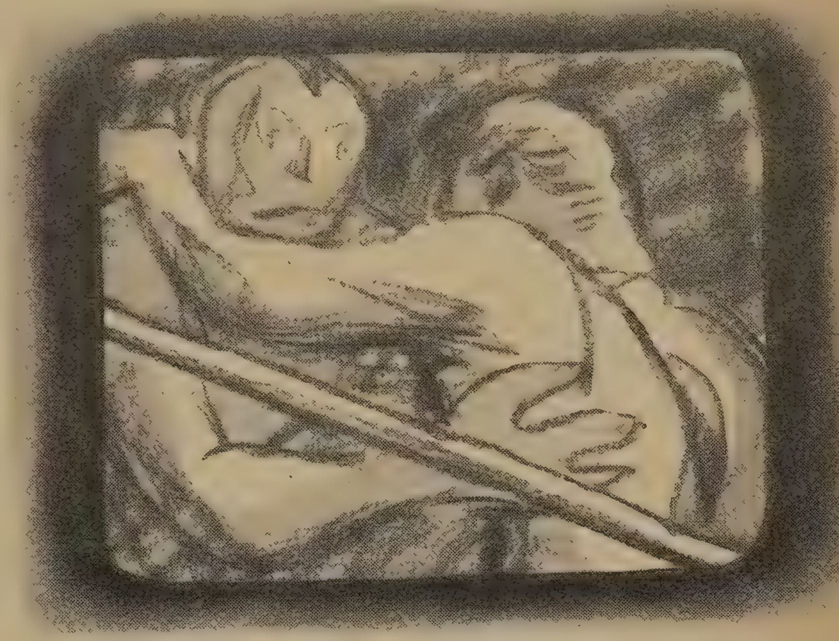
[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



Usually the bald spot on the top of his head was all that was visible.



The turnover collar, which gives every indication of choking the wearer.



This sort of thing may very well have been a form of folk dancing.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

every news-reel shows us one or more unclad citizens leaping from a board into the water, a maneuver which also gave off a horrendous sound much louder than our modern water. A feature of this diving was the stationing of off-stage characters to shout what must have then been considered witty remarks at the divers, such as, 'How's the water, Bill?' One hears the voices but seldom sees the speakers—which is probably just as well.

"Public speakers of that time were not particularly proficient in the art of oratory, or, at any rate, not before the microphone, for they always seemed to be confined to notes which were held just out of view of the camera, somewhere in the vicinity of the speaker's instep. Reading under these difficulties made it necessary for the orator to keep his head down and his eyes lowered, with the result that usually the bald spot on the top of his head was all that was visible. And even then he quite often forgot what he was about to say, or lost his place, making a highly unsatisfactory event of the thing. We would deplore this inaccuracy more if it were not for the fact that the speakers, when they *could* be understood, rarely seemed to be saying anything worth hearing. As historical evidence they are practically worthless.

"While we are on the subject of public speakers of that era, it might be well to point out that, almost without exception, they wore a type of linen collar which, even in 1930, was old-fashioned. The curator of our Collar Department has identified it as a turnover collar of the 1908-10 age, which comes together in a straight up-and-down line in front and gives every indication of choking the wearer. Nobody as late as 1930, except politicians, ever wore them, but, as President Weaver (or Hoever), the Chief Executive at that time, had a penchant for these affairs, it is possible that the rest wore them as a mark of allegiance to the Republican (or Democratic, as it was sometimes called) party.

"For a country as provincial as the United States was at this time, the news-reel displayed a remarkable interest in Japanese and Korean school children. Almost every film that we have in our possession shows Japanese and Korean school children in some form of intellectual activity, such as reciting in unison, 'Out of the window you must go!' or grouping themselves to form the letters of the word, 'WALCOME.'

"WE are also at a loss to understand just how the world's supply of petroleum was ever garnered, for every oil tank or oil well in America was always on fire. There must have been *some* which did not send out great volumes of black smoke at all times, but we have no record of them in the movies. It is barely possible that the quality of oil drawn from the ground in that era was of such a specific gravity that a certain boiling or toasting was necessary before it could be used, but it would seem that this great period of oil conflagration was the prelude to the final exhaustion of the oil supply in the southern part of the country and its discovery under the surface of what was then the island of Manhattan, now happily given over to oil wells.

"The 1930 news-reels are a splendid source of information for the present-day tacticians in their supply of pictures showing the 'floating fort' or 'battleship' of the day. There seems to have been little use for these cumbersome engines of warfare except to shoot off guns in front of movie cameras. There would be a puff of smoke, followed some seconds later by a vague booming sound, with a concurrent blare of band music playing a tune which research leads us to believe was known as Sail, Navy, Down the Field. The crews of these ships trained for warfare by sitting astride the large guns and swaying back and forth in time to the music.

"THE games of that age were evidently concerned more with running in all directions than our present-day games of intensive manual skill. Almost every shred of evidence which we have shows more or less shadowy men dashing back and forth in front of the camera, either after striking in the air with a stick or catching an object about the size of a man's head. At times, two men would get together under brilliant lights and hold each other's shoulders, rocking back and forth until one or the other had smothered his opponent, but this sort of thing may very well have been a form of folk dancing and not a sport. The pictures are very hazy at best, and we are unable to form any accurate judgment of just what the technique of all these games was.

"It was at this time that flying was in its initial stages and we have ample sources from which to draw our conclusions about the manner in which it was done. Hundreds of moving pictures are at our disposal showing a terrifically noisy preliminary agitation in what must have been the motor compartment (motors were used almost exclusively at that time, although there were some motorless planes called gliders which received an abnormal amount of publicity), followed by a flash of more or less formless shadow and something disappearing into the air. It is hard to imagine such public interest in an activity as natural as flying, but great crowds would sometimes assemble at the take-off or landing, and the one who was making the flight would at times deliver a short speech saying that he had every intention of reaching his destination.

"All of these films are readily accessible to those students of archæology who are interested in the period under discussion and, on application at the registrar's office, will be shown gladly: Except to postgraduate students, however, they are not very interesting."

Another article by Mr. Benchley will appear in next week's Liberty.

Poems You Ought to Know

Her Moral

By THOMAS HOOD

[Thomas Hood, a voluminous writer of poetry and prose, was born in London in 1799. He was a friend of Charles Lamb, and founder of Hood's Magazine. His best known verses are The Song of the Shirt and The Bridge of Sighs. Hood died in 1845.]

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mold;
Price of many a crime untold.

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Good or bad a thousandfold!
How widely its agencies vary—
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamped with the image of Good Queen Bess
And now of a Bloody Mary.

Problems of Conduct

What Would You Do?

$100 Each Week for the Best Question

$100 Each Week for the Best Answer

HOW would you answer the question below? Can you suggest a better one, or one as good? Try your hand at either—or both. Each way, you stand a chance to win $100.

Every week Liberty is printing a "problem of conduct" similar to the questions asked by Thomas A. Edison in his famous intelligence tests. To get things started, for the first few weeks we are furnishing the questions ourselves, and paying $100 each for the best answers.

At the same time we are offering $100 each for the best questions suggested by readers of Liberty. As soon as possible we shall use these questions from readers instead of our own.

And as they appear we will offer $100 each for the best answers.

That makes *two* ways to play the game and win some money—$100 each week for the best question suggested, and $100 each week for the best answer.

Here Is This Week's Question

If you could live your life over again, which fate would you prefer?

1—To be rich, even though riches broke up your home and led to a divorce?

2—To be poor all your life, if it made your children have stronger characters?

3—To be always in moderate circumstances, and single?

4—Or the same life you have now?

5—Why?

Answers to this question must reach us before midnight, October 11. They should be as short as possible—brevity will count in their favor. In no case should they contain more than 1,000 words.

Now Read the Rules

1. Liberty invites its readers to submit problems of conduct similar to the problem which appears on this page. One of these will be published each week, and for those published $100 each will be paid to the persons who send them in.

2. Liberty invites its readers also to submit answers to these problems as they are published. For the answer which, in the judgment of the editors, is the best submitted each week, $100 will be paid, and the prize-winning solutions will be published.

3. Problems and answers should be written on one side of the paper only—typewritten if possible—and should be *brief*. Problems stated in 150 words or less are preferred. Answers should not in any case contain more than 1,000 words, and should usually be much shorter than that. Brevity, always, will count in their favor.

4. It is understood that the decision of Liberty's editors will be final, both as to prizes awarded for problems and those paid for answers.

5. Entries—both problems and answers—should bear the sender's full name and address, and should be sent to PROBLEMS, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

The first announcement of prizes will be made in Liberty for October 25.

ONE *will alw*

Chester

sets the pace for **MILDE**

Easy enough to get in front — but it takes a thoroughbred to stay there!

Chesterfield smokers stick to Chesterfield, because here they find those essentials of true smoking enjoyment which never tire, never vary:

ys stand out !

field

and BETTER TASTE

MILDNESS—the wholly natural mildness of tobaccos that are without harshness or bitterness.

BETTER TASTE—such as only a cigarette of wholesome purity and better tobaccos can have.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Chesterfield
Cigarettes
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
CHESTERFIELD
They Satisfy

"DAMN Congress!"

Some Stories of Grover Cleveland

By EDWARD DOHERTY

Photo by G. C. Cox—From Frederick H. Meserve Collection

Cleveland in his second term. At this desk he sometimes spent 18 hours a day. Here he said: "Damn Congress!"

(Reading time: 27 minutes 32 seconds.)

LAST week's Liberty article, Grover Fished on Sunday, which told some few things about President Cleveland, dwelt so much on the fisherman's side of his character that it could only hint at other aspects of the life of the great Democrat and democrat. Therefore it seems appropriate to relate here other incidents that light up his career.

There are scores of books dealing with the life of Cleveland, and there are millions of newspaper clippings. There are also a few old men left who remember him. But there are no autobiographies. Cleveland would write none, although McClure's Magazine offered him $10,000 for a series of articles.

In a letter to Richard Watson Gilder, Cleveland said:

"There is a circle of friends like you, who I hope will believe in me. I am happy in the conviction that they will continue in the faith whether an autobiography is written or not. I want my wife and children to love me now, and hereafter to proudly honor my memory. They will have an autobiography written on their hearts where every day they may turn the pages and read it."

Which proves the man could not only be tender, but he could even split an infinitive and lose no whit of grandeur or simplicity of thought.

Simplicity and grandeur clung to him even in the most trying moments.

During his second term as President he was seated at his desk in the White House when a committee of the House and Senate entered. Cleveland was busy, his pen traveling swiftly over a sheet of paper, making fine, neat letters. He did not look up. The august committee might have been so many flunkies.

Photo Bain

© Bell from Bain

President and Mrs. Cleveland in 1886, the year of their marriage.

They stood for a moment or two, looking at the big round body in the President's chair, the jowled chin, the intense eyes, the bristling mustache, the leonine character of the head, the big hands that made such tiny letters. They were nervous, awed, rather humble in his presence.

"Mr. President," one of the senators said, clearing his throat and wiping his collar, "we have the honor to inform you that Congress is in session, and awaits any communication you may desire to make to it."

Cleveland went on writing for a moment. Then he looked up, a hard light in his eyes, the hair at the back of his neck rising with menace, a scowl spreading over his face and dripping off the ends of his mustache. He had been fighting Congress for years and cordially detested almost every member of the august body.

"Damn Congress!" he said, and went back to his writing.

Simple and grand. No hocus-pocus. No attempts at diplomacy. No thought of conciliation. Just an honest statement of an honest man. It sent the committee silent out of the room.

Mrs. Cleveland awakened her husband one night in the White House, believing she had heard a strange noise.

"Grover," she whispered, "there are burglars in the house."

"Yes," said Grover. "And in the Senate too."

His name was Stephen Grover. Somewhere on his march to the Presidency he dropped the first name; though for years he was known to Buffalo politicians as Big Steve. He wasn't a ruffian by any means, but neither was he timid about anything—unless it were women. He was shy and awkward in the presence of girls and women.

Charles H. Armitage, author of Grover Cleveland as Buffalo Knew Him, tells of a rough-and-tumble fight Cleveland had with Mike Falvey, a fellow lawyer, in Washington Street, Buffalo, "along in the 60s."

"What it started over I don't remember," Armitage writes, quoting Cleveland's friend John C. Level, "but it grew out of Democratic politics. The finish began when Falvey called Cleveland a liar. Cleveland banged him into the gutter near Seneca Street, and they went at it."

© Underwood & Underwood

Cleveland shooting ducks on the game preserve of General E. P. Alexander at South Island, South Carolina, March 16, 1907. This was two days before his seventieth birthday and a day after his wife wrote the birthday letter quoted on page 45.

They battled down to Swan Street, and then shook hands and went into Gillick's for a glass of beer.

Some delightful stories of Cleveland are told by Armitage and others in Buffalo, featuring saloons where you made your own change from a pile of silver on a table near the bar, saloons that had no chairs, saloons that had back rooms for pinochle playing, saloons that served the finest corned beef and cabbage in the world.

Louis Goetz, a fine old German saloonkeeper, was devoted to Grover. He put an upholstered armchair in the back room especially for "Grofer," and "Grofer" played pinochle in Louis' place on many a night. Louis' family lived upstairs, and when the children got too noisy "Grofer" would send up a note to Mrs. Goetz, usually by dumb-waiter, asking her to "tie up those wild horses." Sometimes he sent a piece of string with the note; sometimes he merely sent up the string.

ONE evening when Louis was asleep Grover set the clock hands ahead several hours, and then called a policeman to arrest Louis for keeping open after one o'clock.

The policeman, properly coached, refused to listen to Cleveland's pleas that Louis was all right, had merely made a little mistake. Just as he was leading Louis to jail, however, he "discovered" the clock was wrong. Louis was so happy he opened a bottle of champagne.

Louis was sad when Cleveland was elected President.

"He was a goot gustomer," he said. "But I'm glad he's got such a goot chob."

He borrowed a frock coat and a high hat and visited "Grofer" in the White House, to invite him to go fishing. Cleveland greeted him cordially but could not get away.

"Vell, goot-by, Grofer," Louis said. "I hope some day you get your old chob back again yet, so you can have some fun once more."

When Cleveland was running against his friend Lyman K. Bass for the office of district attorney, he agreed that neither he nor Bass would drink more than four glasses of beer a day until after election. Every night the two rivals met in some saloon to drink their four beers.

Much to their dismay, they found that four glasses were hardly enough; so they began to "anticipate the campaign"—agreeing to make it average four glasses a day. That is, they might drink six glasses tonight, and agree that some other night—in the distant and arid future—they would drink but two glasses apiece. However, the campaign had been fully anticipated before it was well begun. A new agreement was drawn up and gallon tins were substituted for glasses. Grover suffered his first defeat in this election; but his friends shortly made him sheriff, a job that netted him $20,000, the first real money he ever made.

Most every man in Buffalo was Cleveland's friend—until after he was elected President. Gottfried H. Wende, who used to play pinochle with him in Billy Dranger's saloon, once said: "Grover, when you took that oath of office on that little Bible your mother gave you, you held that Bible between you and Buffalo, and you've never been able to see Buffalo since."

"Henceforth I must have no friends," Cleveland said before he took the oath on that worn Bible; and so well did he keep his word that Richard Croker, boss of Tammany Hall, took occasion to say, "We ought to get something out of him. God knows we're no friends of his."

WHEN Congress wanted a war with Spain, Cleveland said there would be no war! He had an idea he could buy Cuba from the Spaniards for $100,000,000 and he wasn't going to have American boys killed without good reason. At the same time he let the world know that "the United States is not a country to which peace is necessary"—you can't play that to the tune of "We are too proud to fight!"

"You seem to forget that Congress has the right to declare war," an angry senator told him.

"But I am commander in chief of the army," Cleveland answered. "And I will not mobilize it."

Cleveland was a bachelor—and almost forty-eight years old—when he first became President, and though his sister Rose acted as White House hostess, he lived most of the time alone in the big house—alone except for a secretary and the servants. There was but one telephone in the place. It rang all day and all night, and Cleveland usually answered it himself. He was at his desk by nine o'clock, although he frequently worked until two or three in the morning.

He cut himself off from everybody. He had no place to go but upstairs to bed, nothing to do but work and write. His house was his office. He was like a grocer who lives in a room or two over his store. He ate alone, in the great dining room—and no doubt wished for the gang and the beer at Billy Dranger's or Louis Goetz'.

Dining alone one evening he became conscious that he was bored with everything, especially the meals in the White House. He went to the window, looked into the gloomy sky—and smelled something delicious, tantalizing, wholly appetizing.

"What's that aroma?" he demanded of the butler.

"I'm afraid it's corned beef and cabbage, Mr. President," the butler said. "It is being served in the servants' quarters. I'm sorry, Mr. President, but—"

"Corned beef and cabbage!" Grover roared. "For heaven's sake take my dinner to the servants, and bring theirs to me. And hurry it. I actually feel like eating."

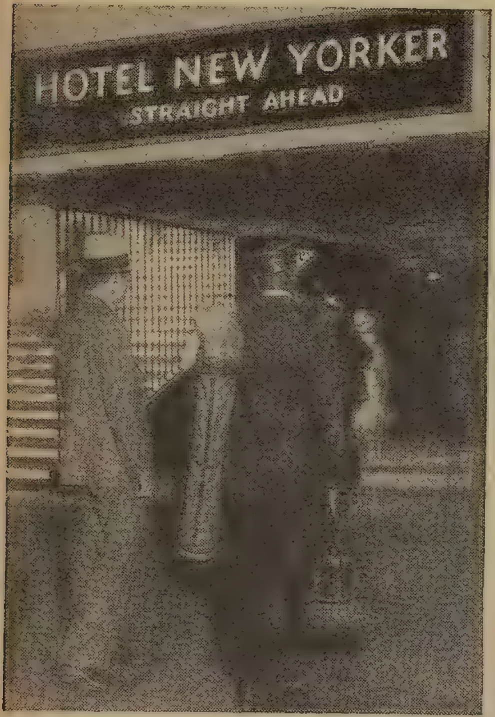
Cleveland had been President little more than a year when he married. He married a girl whom he had known since the day of her birth, and his life with her is one of the most romantic stories that ever involved the White House in the telling.

She was Frances Folsom, daughter of Cleveland's law

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

400,000 GUESTS in nine months

More than 400,000 travelers chose the Hotel New Yorker in the first nine months after it was opened. What an amazing tribute to this new kind of hotel-living in New York! • There's no secret to our success —it's simply providing full value, the most for the money • Next time you come to New York try this great new hotel for yourself. Note the sensible prices in its Coffee Shop and other restaurants; the convenience of its tunnel to the Pennsylvania station and subway and its B. and O. motor coach connection. Enjoy the comfort and luxury that's provided in every one of the 2500 rooms—Stromberg-Carlson radio with speaker; both tub and shower, Servidor, circulating ice water • More than 1000 New Yorker rooms are priced at $3.50 for one person.



A private tunnel takes you from the Pennsylvania Station to your New Yorker room in 3 minutes.

Send $2 today for 1-lb. gift package of New Yorker Bonbonettes, the delicious new candies. Add 15 cents for points west of Rockies and outside the United States. Address Department 3-L.

THE NEW YORKER
Manhattan's Largest and Tallest Hotel
34th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City
RALPH HITZ • Managing Director

"DAMN CONGRESS!"
Continued from page forty-three

partner, and his name was one of the first her baby lips learned to pronounce. "Uncle Cleve," she called him.

They were often seen strolling through the streets and the parks of Buffalo sixty years ago and more, hand in hand, big man and little girl, perfect comrades, laughing and talking, the man glowing with pride in the companion who had so lately learned to walk and to talk.

"Hasn't she the bluest eyes you ever saw? And the prettiest auburn hair? Yessir! Little Frank Folsom. Looks just like her daddy, doesn't she?"

ARMITAGE paints a graphic picture of "little Frank's" father and the old days in Buffalo when Cleveland was unconsciously courting the girl so much younger than himself. Armitage quotes John C. Level more or less as follows:

"I used to own a little trotting mare that could step past anything on the Delaware Avenue speedway. Through Charles King, a Clinton Street grocer, Oscar Folsom bought a Chautauqua County horse, White Cloud by name. We met on the old speedway and brushed up and down, with my mare nosing him out.

"After a few trials Folsom protested he was giving away too much weight. 'You're all alone; I've got my girl here,' he complained. In his cutter was his daughter Frances, about six. In order to equalize weight he took the child to the Sandpit Hotel, at Delaware and Cleveland, and left her with Mrs. Adams, wife of the proprietor. Then the trials of speed were resumed.

"Every time we got up to 'Hard Finish' Clark's Cold Spring Hotel, we'd drop in for a Tom and Jerry, two gentlemen of blessed memory. Finally we decided to take a farewell one at the lower end of the course, Bob Cassidy's, at Niagara and Pearl. Climbing into his cutter to jog homeward, Oscar exclaimed, 'Gosh, where did we leave that child?'

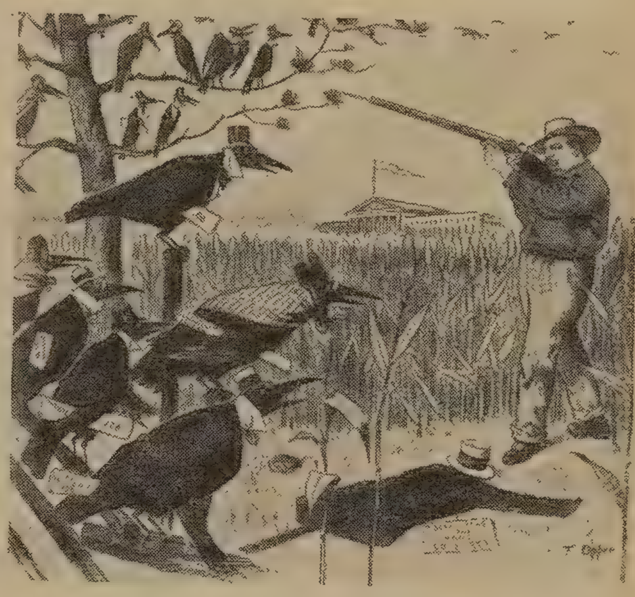
"On the way back to the hotel we passed a hearse, topped by a driver of color, whistling with vigor. Folsom broke into a laugh. 'Hear what that fellow is whistling?' he asked. 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.'"

Light-hearted Folsom went to his death in a minute. His fast-stepping horse turned a corner too suddenly, one day when Frances was eleven; the buggy overturned, and Folsom's skull was fractured.

It was after this tragedy that "Uncle Cleve" came to mean everything to Frances. Though never her legal guardian, he was her guardian in every other sense of the word.

It would be rank sentimentality, of course, to say that Cleveland's adoration of this girl led him to consent to becoming a candidate for the mayoralty of Buffalo, the governorship of New York, and the Presidency.

Yet it does not seem improbable that thoughts of her may have had a little something to do with his obtaining these offices. He did not seek office. He did not want the offices to which he was elected. And yet—and yet he took them. Of course he knew he was aiding the Democratic party by carrying its standards. But isn't it possible he may have thought, "She might like to be the wife of a mayor, or a governor—or the President?" He was such a plain, blunt man, so much older than she, so unlike the romantic figures he knew adorned the dreams of girls. If he could attach a little glamour to himself—


President Cleveland's attitude toward job seekers as reflected on the first page of Puck, New York, August 11, 1886.

At any rate, he was the President of the United States when he asked her to be his wife. And they were married in the Blue Room of the White House when he was forty-nine and she in her early twenties. This was on June 2, 1886.

DURING Cleveland's second campaign the slanderers sent the word through every village and hamlet that the Clevelands "couldn't get along"; that the President treated his wife inhumanly, that he chased her out of the White House in the middle of the night, and that he beat and cursed her. Ministers denounced Cleveland, and told their Sunday-school classes of his "drunken brutality." Even in Congress these lies were uttered as truths.

Mrs. Cleveland said in a letter to a woman who asked her if the stories were true: "I can wish the women of our country no greater blessing than that their homes and lives may be as happy, and their husbands may be as kind, attentive, considerate, and affectionate as mine."

No man and wife were ever so assailed with calumny. No White House couple ever went through such a drenching of vituperation as Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland. But it made little difference in their feeling for each other, unless it was to draw them closer. Here is a letter Mrs. Cleveland wrote her husband in the winter of his life. He was in the South, fishing, hunting, trying to get well, and his seventieth birthday was approaching. Mrs. Cleveland wrote from Princeton, March 15, 1907:

"My dearest: I am so afraid that I will not get your birthday letter to you in time that I suppose it will be a day ahead! And maybe you will reach home anyway and so not get it, but in that case I think I might be able to express my birthday thoughts to you. I hope you will be well on Monday, just as well as you can be, then things will look bright to you, and your new year will begin happily. Then I hope you will keep well, and it will go a long long way toward making your year happy. I hate to have you away on your birthday, but I realize that it will save you some strain—for many people seem to be thinking of you at this time. We all send much much love, and all the deepest best wishes of our hearts—and my heart is full of gratitude for what the years of your life have meant to me. You know how dearly I love you. You do not mind my saying it over, any day, and you won't mind it on this especial day—so I repeat it and repeat it, and I ask God's blessing on you for all the days. Your loving wife, Frank."

The little child he had fathered had grown up to mother him.

"As I look back upon the years that have passed since God in His infinite goodness bestowed upon me the best of all His gifts—a loving and affectionate wife," Cleveland wrote to John Temple Graves, "all else, honor, the opportunity of usefulness and the esteem of my fellow countrymen, are subordinated in every aspiration of gratitude and thankfulness."

Cleveland was a devoted father, too. John Finley, now one of the editors of the New York Times, tells many stories of Cleveland's love for his family, describes the President cutting play boats out of cucumbers and fitting them with toothpick or lucifer masts for one of his children, and describes the father's tenderness toward his son when the latter messed up the fishing tackle.

FINLEY, when he was a professor in Princeton, lived in a house Cleveland owned. He went to his landlord complaining there was water in the basement, and Cleveland growled at him:

"What did you expect? Champagne?"

"I who have just entered the real world," Cleveland wrote shortly after the birth of Ruth, his first daughter, "and see in a small child more of value than I have ever called my own before; who put aside as hardly worth a thought all that has gone before—fame, honor, place, everything—reach out my hand to you and fervently express the wish—the best my great friendship for you yields—that in safety and in joy you may soon reach my estate."

During his third campaign for the Presidency he took time out to write Dr. Wilton Merle Smith that "Ruth lives her sweet little life in the midst of it all, as unconsciously as though it were not history."

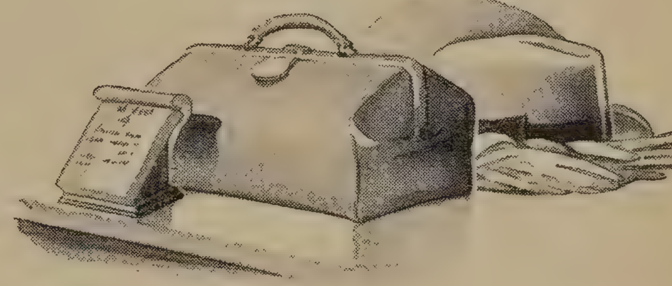
When his fifth and last child, Francis, was born—Cleveland was sixty-six at the time—he wrote to Mrs. John Grier Hibben, whose husband is now the president of Princeton University:

"I sent you a telegram this morning that a tramp boy had trespassed upon our premises. He was first seen and heard at 10 o'clock A. M. (I hear him now) and I sent the dispatch a few moments thereafter. . . . The shameless naked little scoundrel weighed over 9 pounds. Richard was very much tickled as long as he thought it was something in the doll line, and was quite overcome with laughter when he found it was 'a real baby.' He and I have been planning for the amusement of the newcomer when he shall arrive at Richard's present age. He denies with considerable warmth any intention of taking him by the hair and throwing him down. In point of fact we have agreed upon no particular line of conduct, except an engagement on Richard's part to teach the young brother to swim if all goes well.

"The dear Mother is as well, apparently, as possible; and seems to me very self-conceitedly happy—as if she thought she had done a good job."

On January 7, 1904, Ruth died of diphtheria.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



"Too many operations!"

Life for a certain city doctor kept growing more and more strenuous. He was on the staff of a large hospital. He had a rapidly increasing practice.

He had to make time for his surgical operations. He had little time to study investment trends. But he could not afford to neglect his personal investments. How could he attend to them quickly, safely and with full realization of opportunities?

WHAT he will find in National City service

CONVENIENT OFFICES. National City offices throughout the world are at his command.

MARKET CONTACTS. National City offices are in close touch with all investment markets.

INVESTMENT EXPERIENCE. He will be dealing with an organization with a background of over a century of financial experience.

INVESTMENT RANGE. National City's broad lists are made up from the world's finest investment offerings.

Whatever *your* investment problem may be, you will find practical and prompt assistance at your nearest National City office.

The National City Company

NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING, NEW YORK

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

TAR
TEETH
that
OFFEND

STAIN COATS
YOUR TEETH
without
TOBACCO YELLO
HOLDER
with
HOLDER
STAIN
STOPS ON
ATTACHMENT
INSIDE

TOBACCO
YELLO
HOLDER

PROVE THIS FOR YOURSELF!

Smoke the next three packages of cigarettes with a TOBACCO YELLO Holder. Then open the Holder and let your own eyes see the "dark brown" evidence—the sticky TAR on the attachment instead of on your lips, fingers and teeth. Your TOBACCO YELLO Holder is guaranteed to show you! *Or your money will be refunded.*

Don't blame nicotine for cigarette stain. It's *not* nicotine! It's bitter-tasting TAR. By stopping *TAR*, your pleasure is doubled, you feel better, stain is eliminated. 9,000 doctors are using this holder

Sold by Cigar, Drug and Department Stores—In Briar and Colors for men and women $1 To $10

KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, INC.
Est. 1851 120 Fifth Avenue, New York.

["DAMN CONGRESS!" Continued from page forty-five]

"I had a season of great trouble in keeping out of my mind the idea that Ruth was in the cold, cheerless grave instead of in the arms of her Saviour," he wrote. "It seems to me I mourn our darling Ruth's death more and more," he said in a later letter. "So much of the time I can only think of her as dead, not joyfully living in Heaven." Still later: "God has come to my help and I am able to adjust my thought to dear Ruth's death with as much comfort as selfish humanity will permit. One thing I can say: not for a moment since she left us has a rebellious thought entered my mind."

© Underwood & Underwood

Cleveland with his youngest son, Francis, when the boy was three and one-half years old and the father seventy.

At Princeton he made his home; and at Princeton he died, on June 24, 1908, with his wife beside him. He died saying, "I have tried so hard to do right"—an epitome of his whole life.

When he left Washington, Grover Cleveland believed himself the most hated man in America. Only in Princeton, he thought, were there people who liked him. And they did like him there. The students always gave him three loud rahs and a tiger. The faculty honored him, made him a trustee, and gave him an honorary degree. The children of the town used to follow him through the streets in reverence and pride.

WHEN Cleveland first visited Princeton University, to make a speech, the students greeted him with transparencies that read, "Grover, Send Your Sons to Princeton." When he went to live in Princeton he had three daughters, Ruth, born in New York, Esther, the White House baby, and Marion, born at Gray Gables, on Buzzard's Bay. His first son was born in Princeton, and the students formally adopted him. They posted this notice on the bulletin board:

"Grover Cleveland, Jr., arrived today at 12 o'clock. Will enter Princeton with the class of 1919, and will play center rush on the championship football teams of '16, '17, '18, and '19."

The boy was not called Grover—because "so many people have been bothered by the name Grover, and it has been so knocked about I thought it ought to have a rest." He was called Richard Folsom, his paternal grandfather's first name and his maternal grandfather's last. He did go to Princeton, and he was a football star. But he left Princeton in his junior year, 1918, to enlist in the Marine Corps.

Mrs. Cleveland remarried some time after her husband died, but she still dresses in black. Her second husband, Thomas J. Preston, Jr., is a professor at Princeton. They occupy the old Cleveland home.

Mrs. Preston helped her daughter Marion, Mrs. John H. Amen, campaign for Al Smith during the last Presidential election. What memories the torchlight parade through Newark and the cheering crowds must have brought her!

The children are all grown and married. Richard was voted the most respected member of the class of 1919, and the man who had done most for Princeton—this while he was in France with the marines.

Francis was graduated from Harvard, married Alice Erdman of Princeton, and lives with her in his mother's home. Richard's wife was Ellen Douglas Gailor, daughter of Bishop and Mrs. Thomas F. Gailor of Memphis. Esther is the wife of Captain William Sydney B. Bosanquet of Lincolnshire, England.

THE year Ruth was "living her sweet little life" so unconscious of history, her daddy was making it by opposing free silver. He was making his third campaign for the Presidency, and everybody told him he was killing his chances. He retorted he would do what he felt he should do, "and the Presidency can go to hell."

New York Democrats disowned him. William Jennings Bryan cried out against him in the West. The South seemed to be slipping away. But he kept on fighting silver.

When the delegates poured into Chicago for the convention Cleveland was politically dead and buried. Yet the convention had hardly begun before he was resurrected. The machine men were incredulous.

"What was the explanation?" asks McElroy. "They had played the dead march over him. But now, ears to the ground, they heard the sound of the 'master's voice'—the people were speaking the name, Grover Cleveland. Why? They could not tell. He lacked the magic personality which had at times made antimachine men irresistible. He could not be looked upon as a campaigner, for he was opposed to the idea of a candidate for the Presidency pleading his own cause from the stump. He never spoke unless compelled by a sense of duty, and then with few of the arts of the orator. He promised no favors, courted no leaders, conciliated no mobs. Why such a man should defy the laws of politics, long accepted as immutable, and rise from his political grave to the discomfiture of the regulars, no regular could understand. But that he was to be the controlling force in that convention few doubted after the first few hours of preliminary skirmishing."

Cleveland was nominated on the first ballot, New York voting solidly against him.

He had a telegraph instrument in the gun room of his summer home at Gray Gables, and while the returns were coming in he left the room. He had forgotten to dry his fishing lines.

The notification ceremony was held in Madison Square Garden, and the Philadelphia Public Ledger thus describes Cleveland on that occcasion:

"Whatever may have been his feelings, Grover Cleveland's face looked painfully sad as he stood on the platform and looked over the vast audience gathered to do him honor. Perhaps no other man ever experienced a greater triumph than he did at that time. Against all political precedent, and against bitter personal opposition, he had been nominated for the third time to the highest office in the world, and there he stood, in the biggest hall of the greatest city of the state which had voted against him at Chicago, and in the presence of his enemies as well as of his friends, and amid the plaudits of 20,000 people—he did not smile once—but surveyed the scene of triumph with a face that showed more humility than pride, more sadness than joy. At one time indeed it seemed as if he were going to break down and shed tears—this man of iron will and nerves of oak."

He was troubled about New York. "Fishing or eating," he wrote Bissell, "reading or drinking, asleep or awake, my mind has been on one thing constantly, and that is the situation politically in the city, county, and state of New York. The thing is not right—that is, in my judgment. I believe there is a lot of lying and cheating going on, and unless the complexion changes we shall wake up, I think, the morning after election and find we have been fooled by as base a set of cutthroats as ever scuttled a ship."

HIS campaign manager, William C. Whitney, was trying to conciliate the Tammany bosses, Croker, Hill, Murphy, and Sheehan—Cleveland's bitterest enemies. But Cleveland called it "truckling conciliation."

"A frontiersman had occasion to leave his cabin and his wife and children for a number of days and nights," he wrote Bissell. "When he returned he found that his house had been burned and the mutilated and charred remains of his family were scattered about the ground. He leaned upon his gun in silence for a moment, and then remarked with earnestness: 'Well, I'll be damned, if this ain't too ridiculous!' I felt like saying just that when I read in the paper yesterday morning that Sheehan had been appointed chairman of the state campaign committee. My condition is not improved by receiving a letter from Whitney today in which he suggests the form of a most abject and humble letter for me to write to Murphy, amounting to a prayer for his support. I'll see the whole outfit to the devil before I'll do it."

Cleveland at last consented to leave off fishing and come to New York to meet the Tammany chiefs at a dinner in the Victoria Hotel. But would he kotow to them? He would not. Sheehan demanded that Cleveland give him pledges in exchange for Tammany's support. Cleveland banged the table with his fist and roared, "I'll be damned if I will!"

He threatened to withdraw from the ticket, to tell the people that he would give no secret pledges to Tammany or anybody else, let the people name another candidate.

"But I'll tell you one thing, Mr. Sheehan," he said. "In my opinion, public indignation will snow you and your organization out of sight before the end of a week."

Croker brought peace, saying that Cleveland was right. Cleveland left, pledged to nothing, and in the election carried New York by more than 45,000. He was elected by an overwhelming majority.

AFTER his tempestuous career Cleveland enjoyed the life of a private citizen. He felt "like a locomotive hitched to a little boy's wagon." He might be an outcast, a man without a party, yet there was plenty to do, fishing, hunting, and the business of the university trusteeship.

He lived long enough to have the politicians and the people clamor for him to run once more for the Presidency, and to have them honor and esteem him as the "Grand Old Man." His last few birthdays were almost national holidays.

The hobos in New York were perhaps the only men who did not love him. Tired of being pestered by them, he had a number of cards printed, and he gave one to every whining loafer who approached him.

"Charity Organization Society," these cards read. "Admit Bearer to Woodpile."

Cleveland wrote from the Executive Mansion, Washington, on November 20, 1896, to his friend Gilder: "There are now three projects on foot to serve me up and help people to breast or dark meat, with or without stuffing. The one I have heard the most of, was, when I last got a sight of it, running toward Prof.—I've forgotten his name. I don't know in the shuffle what will become of me and my poor old battered name, but I think perhaps I ought to look after it a little."

The professor whose name he did not remember was Woodrow Wilson. The projects to serve him up have grown in number, and will grow as the years grow, for the Cleveland dish is a popular one.

THE END

"As gentle and refreshing as rain in spring, is the

Velvetskin
TRADE MARK REG.
PATTER

Joan Crawford

"Those who have been out-of-doors on a cool misty morning will remember this exhilarating experience when using the **Velvetskin Patter,** for it has the same crisp, life-giving feeling," says Joan Crawford, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's popular young star.

"Waking up sleeping pores and bringing life to the skin, the **VELVETSKIN PATTER** should become a morning and evening ritual of all beauty seekers."

The benefits of regular facial patting, as advised by Miss Crawford, have been generally acknowledged but all too seldom practiced because of the difficulty of hand patting. Now comes this newest of beauty aids, making a genuine pleasure of a former task.

For your complexion's sake you can't afford to be without a **Velvetskin Patter.** Its rapidly moving fingers work in creams and lotions . . . stimulate nourishing circulation and accomplish pore-deep cleansing, so necessary for the perfect complexion.

Select your **Velvetskin Patter** to match your boudoir. Available in Orchid, Jade Green, and Primrose, with electrical cord to match. The handle is of a new material (non-metal) that resists heat and electricity.

For sale at the better shops and stores. Send coupon for interesting new booklet, "Velvetize Your Skin." Learn this new method of making an exhilarating pleasure of your daily facial.

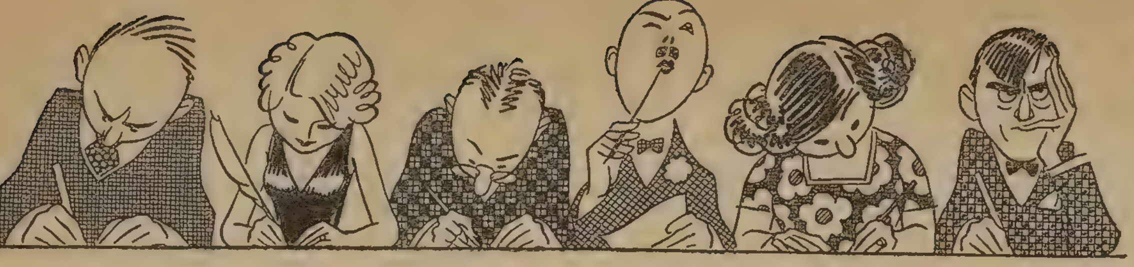
CONNECTICUT TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC CORPORATION
(Division of Commercial Instrument Corp.)
Meriden, Conn.

Connecticut Telephone & Electric Corporation
74 Britannia Street, Meriden, Connecticut

Enclosed find check or money order for which please send one **Velvetskin Patter** with privilege of return for refund within 30 days.

Mark X here ☐ for Alternating Current, $5.00.
Mark X here ☐ for Direct Current, $7.50.
Mark X here ☐ for free Beauty Booklet only.
Color wanted: ☐ Orchid, ☐ Jade Green, ☐ Primrose.

Name..........
Street and No..........
City.......... State..........
My dealer's name..........



Vox

That's Real Nice

LUBBOCK, TEXAS—I just wanted to thank you for your course given in Liberty in safe cracking, hijacking, bank robbing, etc., et al.

Before reading your "Heist Guy" articles by Professor Roy Chadwick, I couldn't steal my grandma's false teeth, but after reading the latest lesson I am so good I could steal a prohibition enforcement agent's hip flask without his knowledge, and if your course continues, I can get the gin right out of his mouth and get away with it.—*Black Jack Dooley.*

The Genesis of Genius

SPOKANE, WASH.—I have read your editorial, in the August 30 issue of Liberty, on Sex, etc. In this connection would like to say a few words that may throw a little more light on the subject.

I agree with you very heartily that the qualities of the male are more apt to be carried down than that of the female, and especially is this true in the case of older men. In reading Elbert Hubbard's "Little Journey to the Home of Confucius," I noted that he said that Confucius' father was seventy years old and his mother seventeen when he was born. And it occurred to me that perhaps this was the genesis of genius: a brainy old man and a healthy young woman.

Following up this lead I looked up the origin of a large number of the outstanding men of history, and I found that almost without exception the same combination of parentage holds true. The lesson to be learned from these observations is that mentality is not transmitted until it has been acquired by the sire. In other words, the father cannot and does not transmit something that he does not possess. The children of children make the rabble, and the mentality of the race is transmitted by fathers with matured minds.

In the case of Confucius, Dante, the younger Pitt, Washington, Hamilton, Alexander, to say nothing of the Bible names of David, Solomon, Joseph, and, if you will, Jesus of Nazareth—these all were the product of a mature father of advanced age and a young mother. Many more names could be added, including our own Mrs. Aimee S. McPherson.—*J. F. Arnold.*

In Which Mr. Ecks Explains a Couple of Things that May Have Puzzled You

TAMPA, FLA.—Why all this talk about sex? My observations lead me to believe that it is a one-sided question. The average adult female takes just one lively interest in the matter: it looks to her like a good artificial minnow.

Very young girls may have a little spark of sexual urge. Nature gives her that as a starter, just as she gives a dog a nose and a cat claws. She marries and in six months or six weeks the spark has expired, and she phones her lawyer for his latest quotation on divorces. Oh, yes, she does. See your morning paper, and check the number of divorces against marriage licenses issued.

Grin and bear it, fellows. And don't blame her for telling you that she gets an electric thrill when you touch her, and that she's having *such* a struggle with herself—oh, my, yes, you have no idea what she has to contend with. Just take all this baloney and look serious. Nature gives her a license to tell such things, as a matter of self-preservation, like a chameleon's colors and a hedgehog's quills (see Schopenhauer).

And when you get wised up to most of her tricks, don't be a poor sport and throw rocks into the water where she's casting. Let the poor fish get his; nobody tipped you off. She's got to eat.—*Jay Ecks.*

Are There Any More Like Them?

WORCESTER, MASS.—Believe me, Mr. Editor, you're not going to hold on to your two and a quarter millions by filling your mag. full of articles written by women.

Women can write romantic and even sensual articles, but, mind you, your circulation was built up of people whose taste ran to stories like "War Birds," etc.

Now look at your table of contents for August 23, with its five women and five men writers.

And August 30 with its five women and only four men. What is this fiction world coming to?

However, I am grateful to Robert Benchley and Roy Chadwick; Liberty would be the Eighteenth Amendment without them.

Dig up some more like them or I'll cut you dead.—*Disgruntled Reader.*

Yes, and the Prison Riots

ASTORIA, N. Y.—At last you have decided to give us two cross word puzzles again. Fine!

You ask about the discontinuation of the "What's Wrong Here" picture. By all means discontinue it.

As soon as that piece of tripe is cut from the pages of your magazine it will return to its normal level.

The Vox Poppers will return to normal, business conditions will return to normal, and the country itself will be better off.

Was it not about the time that Liberty left out one of the cross word puzzles that the stock market crash took place?—*J. Gerard Ottmann.*

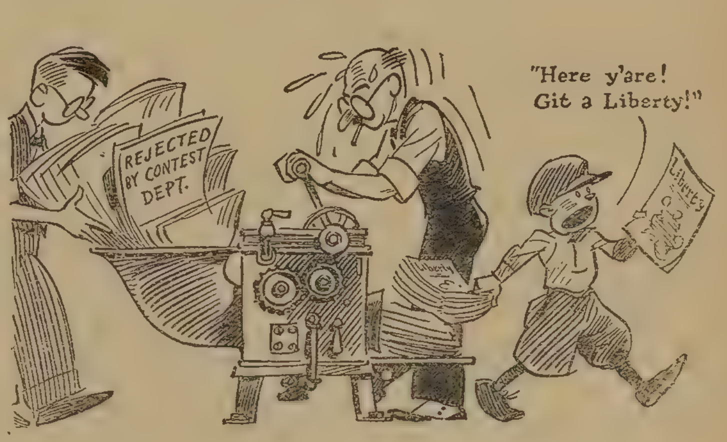
At Least It's Not Indifferent

PETERSBURG, VA.—Your magazine is like an interesting woman: good and bad.—*(Miss) Jane S. Davis.*

Aw, Why?

NEW LONDON, CONN.—I have at last discovered why these contests are operated by Liberty.

Paper pulp is becoming rarer and more costly each year, so Liberty devised a scheme to get paper for nothing: Simply run contests, and use the two million replies to make more pulp and make more Libertys to run more contests to make more suckers send in more answers, and make more pulp to make more Libertys to—aw, you finish it.—*O. F. Lincoln.*


REJECTED BY CONTEST DEPT.
"Here y'are! Git a Liberty!"
LIBERTY

Heh, heh

SYLVANIA, OHIO—Why not start a new contest?

For instance, give prizes to those who can find thrilling, uplifting reading in Liberty.—*Vernon Lee.*

Does It Matter?

CINCINNATI, OHIO—What calls forth this note is a story by a Vox Popper who tells of the man who left his two tots in care of two police dogs and returned one night to find a pile of bones.

Whose bones were they—the dogs' or the kids'?—*J. W. McQuiston.*

Pop

Name and Address in Full

SEATTLE, WASH.—For the first time in forty-three years I am ashamed of the fact that I have nothing but English and American blood.

In your issue of August 23, a Canadian, P. Caldwell of Winnipeg, saw fit to sneer at bereaved American mothers.

For the sake of argument, let us grant that Canada won the war. Let us grant that France won the war. Let us grant that P. Caldwell won the war.

Further, for the sake of argument, let us grant that one American soldier, and one only, lost his life in that war, and who gives a damn who won it?

What right has any man, be he German, Austrian, Belgian, French, American, English, or Canadian, to sneer at a mother who, grief-stricken at the loss of her son, visits the grave of a man who, right or wrong, ally or foe, was nevertheless her son?

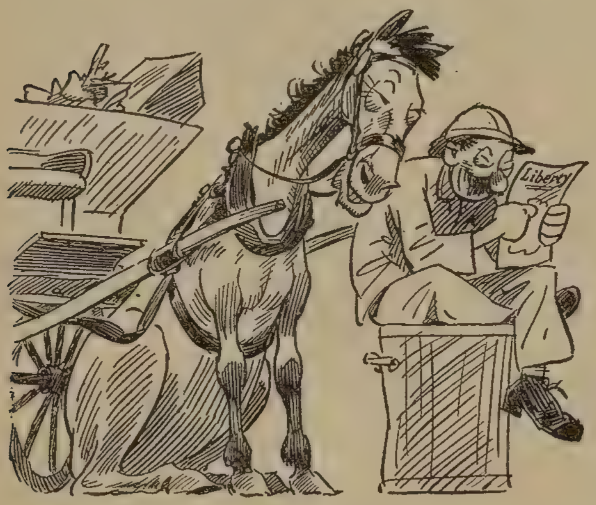
For the benefit of Caldwell (I purposely omit the usual title of Mister) I give my name and address in full.—*Causten Browne, Route 4, Box 746.*

Home Life in the U. S. A.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—I reach the highest state of contentment when, after a hearty supper, I begin to unfold Liberty as I repose in my cushioned chair by the fireplace.

According to my wife's accurate timing, I am in dreamland within three and one-half minutes, and if, forgetfully, I start with one of your biographies, the time is cut by another minute.

I shall continue to oblige our street cleaner every Friday morning. He spends a good hour of the city's time sitting on the trash can and perusing the contents of your magazine, to the accompaniment of the chuckles and smiles of his horse.



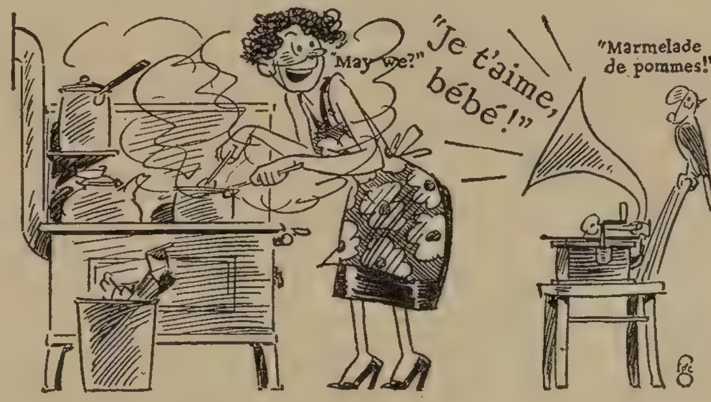
I, therefore, express their (the horse's and street cleaner's) keen appreciation of your intellectual efforts to supply them with a pleasant hour.

Hoping that you will continue to merit their esteem and approval—*George Berke.*

Would It Be Discourteous to Ask If You Can Wiggle Your Ears?

NEWBURGH, N. Y.—I almost boiled over when I read that letter from a man signing himself Disillusioned, in your August 30 Vox Pop. He had the nerve to say that women like to be played around with, and then forgotten.

Also, he asked how many girls could put together a meal that's eatable. I can not only do that, but while doing it I can accomplish many other useful things.


"May we?"
"Je t'aime, bébé!"
"Marmelade de pommes!"

Several times I have cooked the most delicious meals—roast leg of lamb with mint sauce, French fried potatoes, corn on the cob, chocolate cake, etc.—while taking a French lesson by listening to a record on a phonograph. When the meal was ready I had also added to my French vocabulary.

I doubt if Disillusioned is any more efficient than that.—*An Angry Wife.*

Two for Mr. Carroll

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Richard Carroll forgot to interview the other half of the navy—the marines.

The navy couldn't do without them. They don't send sailors to stop some little "banana revolution."

The sailors stay aboard the ship, while the leathernecks take all the "lead poisoning."

Carroll mentions the high pay of part of the navy—while the marine doesn't even draw enough to take out life insurance.—*Ex-Devil Dog.*

ATHENS, GA.—I read Richard Carroll's article, "Outside Looping with Al Williams." It was a pip. After finishing it I was dizzy, and had to sit a few minutes before I could steady myself. I felt as though I was doing an outside loop with Williams myself.

Carroll wrote that story wonderfully well.

I not only got a thrill out of it, but was enlightened considerably on aviation.—*F. W. Thomas.*

We'll Join You

SAUGUS, MASS.—Hurray! But listen here, Lib., aren't you departing from ordinary, marked-out customs by publishing a story, a real honest-to-goodness story, in which the heroine was just a plain, awkward girl, who hadn't the good fortune of possessing those "deep eyes like the lazy waters of a lagoon," that "finely chiseled nose," and those "red, beautifully carved lips"?

It's almost incredible, but there 'tis—Mollie Panter-Downes' story, "Hotel Love."

"Let's all applaud.—*R. Thomas.*

Spoken Like a Man

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Surely glad to see that Grace Robinson—witness her article, "How Many Homes Did It Wreck?"—has found out that women can vote.

Such being the case for the past ten years I'm sure that no one but a woman would be out crowing about it!

Man gave woman her vote and no matter how much he regrets it, being a man, he doesn't howl about it.—*A. C. J.*

Was It for This We Printed Mr. Thrasher's Photograph?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—After seeing L. Thrasher's picture in your worthy magazine, I can understand his antipathy towards the noble and intelligent-looking German police dog.

His envy must be well nigh unbearable.—*Mrs. Henry Hallam.*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Please show us Leslie Thrasher's real picture and don't be picking out any more comics to fool your readers.

I thank you.—*D. C.*

Thanks

ERIE, PA.—Why not rate your authors in the Kate Cameron style? Here are some of mine:

★★★★—Robert W. Chambers, Floyd Gibbons, Walton Green, Viña Delmar.

★★★—Robert Benchley, Fred MacIsaac, Elliott White Springs.

★★—Bert Green, Lawrence Saunders, Rita Weiman, Beatrice Grimshaw, Thyra Samter Winslow.

★—Adela Rogers St. Johns, Elisabeth Sanxay Holding, Cosmo Hamilton.

No stars—Vox Pop editor.—*O. O. M.*

That's What He Thought

MEMPHIS, TENN.—George Trevor's yarn, "Speed," was the best yet.

Only thing wrong with it was that he ended it about 3,000 words too soon.—*W. R. T.*

Or How About Noah?

CHICAGO, ILL.—Why litter up Liberty with the life histories of Jeanne Eagels, Mabel Normand, etc.?

If you're going into the past, why not Charlemagne or Julius Caesar?—*Gene K. Johnson.*

SQUARE All Round

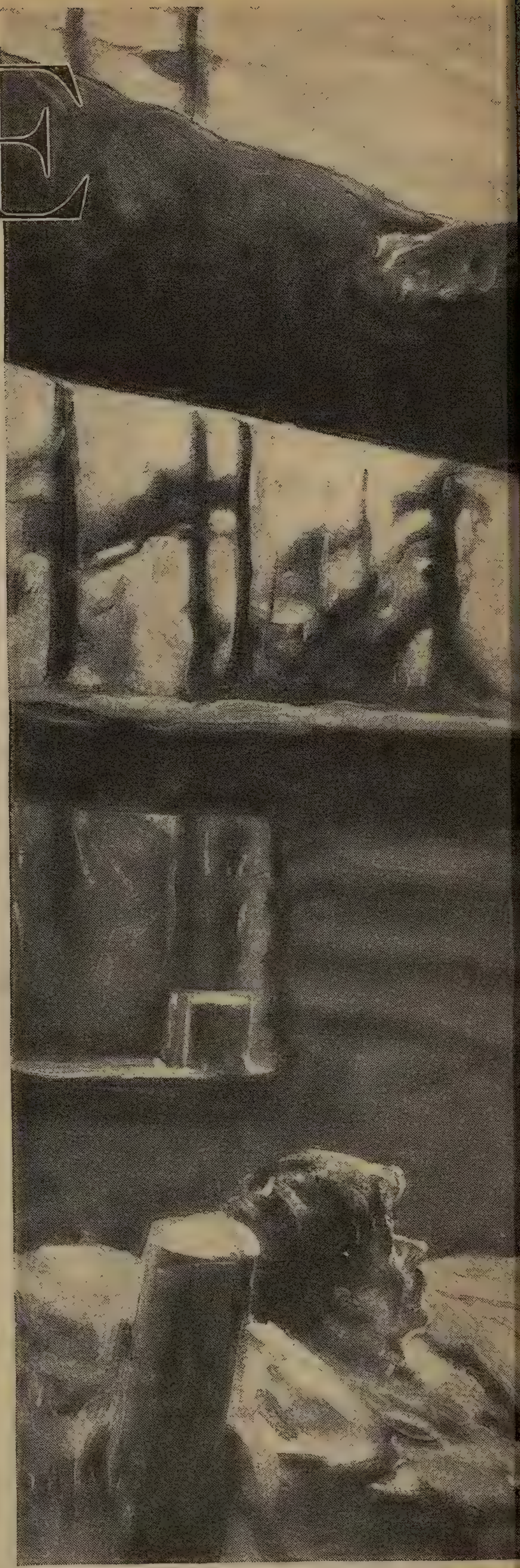
A Story of Fate in the Forest

By

PAUL ANNIXTER

whose first story, written in 1916, was about animals. He has written a good many human stories since, but says animal stories always intrigued him most. He was born in Minnesota and lives in California.

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER



The big cat was stretched out.

(Reading time: 8 minutes 45 seconds.)

FOR the second successive night Luke Thompson, the trapper, was awakened by the sound of lusty gnawing at the wall or floor of his new cabin. At first he had laid it to wood rats investigating his food supply, but tonight, as the sounds continued, he banished that idea. No rat, nor family of rats, he knew, could general such a bombardment.

He lay still for a space, wondering with a tingle of excitement if a wolverine, that rarest and slyest of all the fur bearers, could have seen fit to visit him. He knew that animal's devilish proclivity for entering and robbing human dwellings. When for the third time the barrage dragged him back from sleep he rose wrathfully and groped for his rifle.

Then, seeing that the first salmon tints of dawn were beginning to pulsate in the east, Luke decided to wait quietly until the light grew strong enough for him to distinguish the intruder. If it were indeed a wolverine he might be lucky enough to secure a shot that would rid the vicinity, as well as his own trap line, of an incurable wastrel, thief, and outlaw.

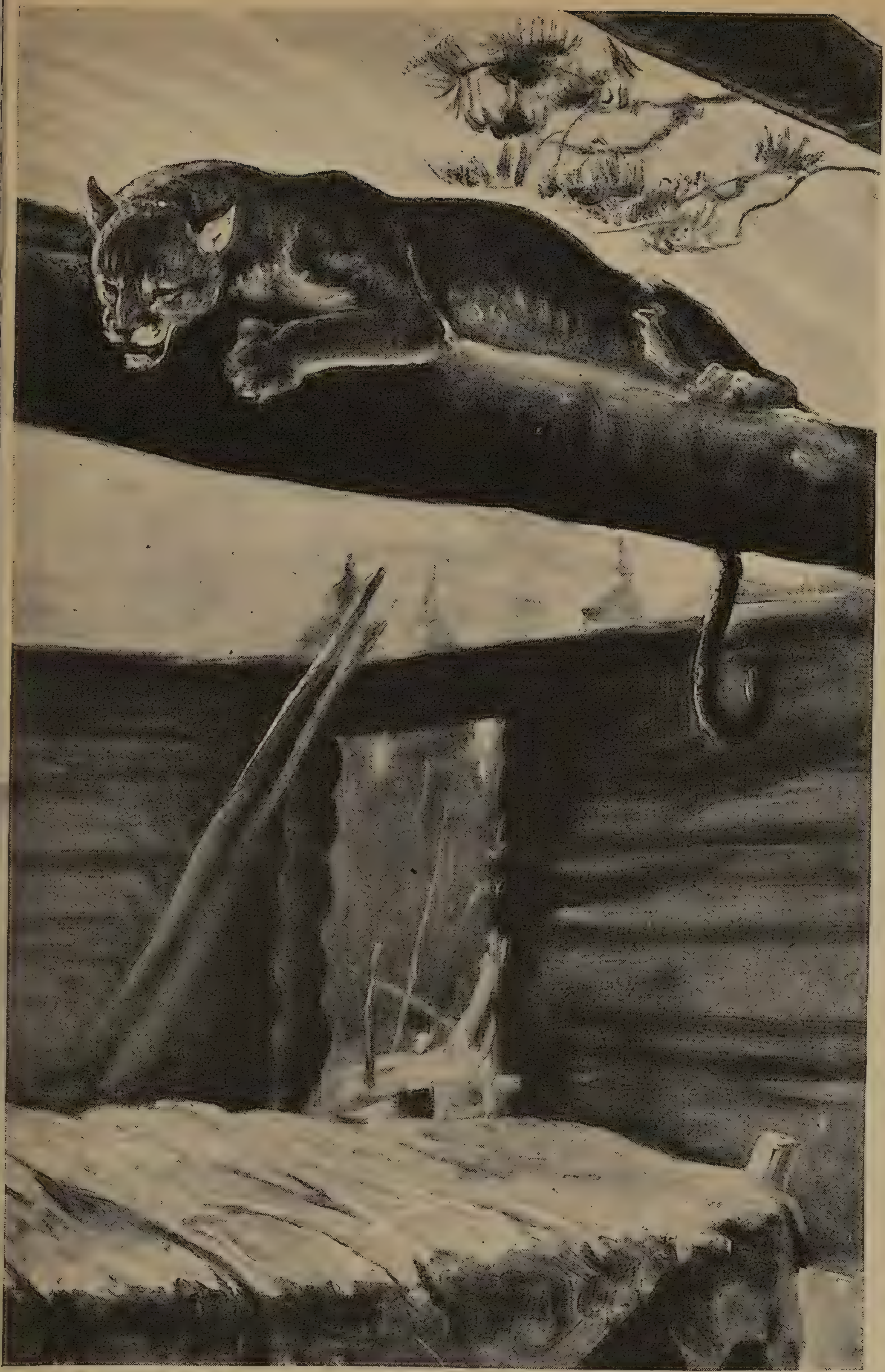
As he waited, the man carefully located the sounds. They came from under the floor at the far corner of the cabin directly beneath his wood stove. Interspersed with the racket of gnawing came sounds of lusty chewing and an occasional subdued grunt or squeak of pleasure.

A slow grin overspread the old woodsman's wizened features as the identity of the prowler became plain to him. Despite the cruel calling by which he made a living in the winter months, Luke was more naturalist than hunter. Paradoxically enough, he loved the wild things, and of them all none was more admirable and inoffensive than Quills, the phlegmatic porcupine.

One of these self-contained little creatures had been drawn by some elusive odor to investigate the cabin he was building on the Upsalquitch. Luke knew beyond doubt by the rattle of quills. He rose and put his rifle back in its corner.

As if his step on the floor were a signal, the activity of the porcupine ceased abruptly. There were a few snuffling, petulant sounds, a slight rasping as of someone rubbing two dry sticks together. A minute later Luke glimpsed the intruder emerging from beneath the cabin floor and making off across the clearing.

As usual Quills went at his own rate, which was about two miles per hour, or possibly three in a straightaway. He was one of the philosophers of the forest. Of all the wild folk he was unique in that he dispensed with both speed and caution in his life. He had no need of them, for he lived upon the most innocent of fare—buds, leaves, and roots—the curds and whey of wilderness diet; and because of the fearsome panoply of needlelike quills which covered his body from his very eyes to the tip of his blunt tail, no killer, whether wolf, bear, or cougar, dared come within reach of that dreadful armored tail or attempt to crush him with a blow on his pincushion of a back. Benign of aspect he was, hurrying for nothing, calm with the immutable calm of the forest itself. On his gray-black gnomelike face was an expression at once mild and ludicrously petulant; about him also, if one were sensitive enough to get it, was the sense that this little beast was as mystically attuned to nature as the silent, ineffable march of the forest trees.



Its powerful foreclaws were gripping the timber.

Luke Thompson was no mystic, but a woodsman, yet he had always felt that way about porcupines, and never harmed them. Anyway, the "porkies," he knew, were protected by law.

Luke examined the floor to discover the source of the feast. As he had expected, the point of attack was in front of the stove, where two of the rough floor planks were saturated with the grease which had dropped from several weeks of cooking and had accumulated on the rough planks. Already a small hole had been cut through the floor by the porcupine's powerful orange-colored chisels. The animal had masticated splinters and all in the quest of the one chief abandonment of his mind—bacon grease.

It was a bit too thick, Luke opined, and, breakfast over, he barred the openings beneath the cabin floor with heavy blocks of firewood. The remainder of the day the surrounding woods echoed to the ring of his ax as he notched and flattened timbers for the completion of his winter cabin.

Luke turned in late and tired that night, all set for an undisturbed rest, but he had underrated the greed and persistence of the quill-pig. Toward morning he was aroused as on the previous night by sounds of gnawing. The feaster on the floor had returned, after having tunneled his way laboriously around and under the obstacles placed in his path.

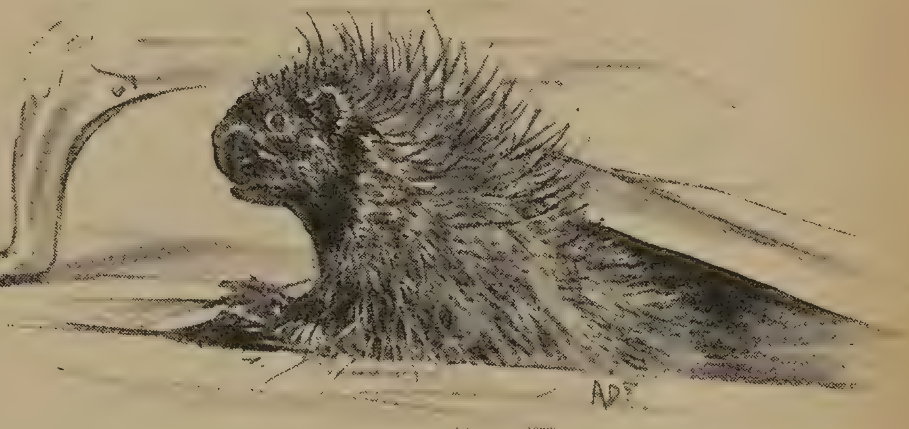
THE average man would have reached by this time a killing rage, but twenty years spent in the open had instilled in old Luke something of the forbearing patience of the forest itself. For a second time he withheld his hand and as on the previous dawn watched the banqueter depart to its secret home in the woods.

By now a sizable hole had been gnawed through the floor. The two planks directly in front of the stove appeared to be the center of attack. With a wry grimace old Luke decided to surrender them to the enemy, lock, stock, and barrel. He could replace them at his leisure. Forthwith he pried them up and carried them forth to the edge of the woods where the porcupine could smell them out on his evening rounds and devour them at his leisure. Old Luke grinned the following morning on awakening from a sleep that had been sound and undisturbed.

He had quite banished the episode of the porcupine from mind when four days later he returned at dusk from a trip to the settlement for supplies. It was a still, cold night with the first of the November frosts on the ground. Snow might come any time now. High time, Luke thought, that he had his cabin finished. The walls were completed, but the roof had still to go on. He lay in his bunk, looking up between the beams at the cold sky pollened with stars, until he finally drowsed off.

How long afterward it was he awakened he never knew, nor what it was that had seemed to cry out a sharp warning through the mists of unconsciousness. Something certainly, akin

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

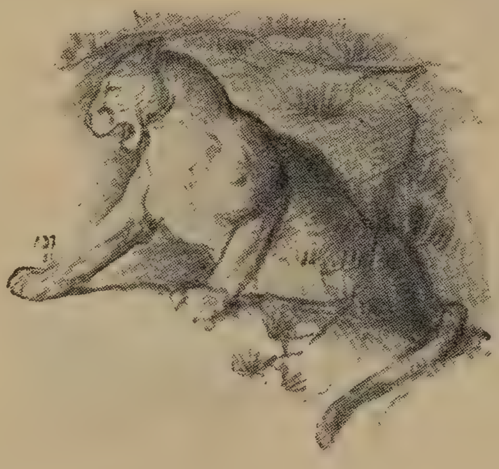


The porcupine thrust his inquiring head and shoulders into the room.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

to those guardian instincts animals know, and without which all wild things would soon become extinct. Animal-like he was whipped back to consciousness instantly, yet so subtly that no slightest jerk or start accompanied it. And almost before his eyelids parted he was telepathically aware of the nature of the danger that threatened.

Overhead the stars were almost obliterated. A thin segment of waning moon shone feebly through a veil of cloud. In the faint light Luke half doubted the testimony of his eyes, though at the same time something within him did not. Something about the outline of the heavy beam directly above his bunk had instantly drawn and fixed his attention. Instinct kept his gaze riveted upon it and all at once he knew it was a huge puma crouching up there; that it had been the dread intensity of the beast's regard that had jerked him out of sleep.



The beam was no more than nine feet above the bunk. The puma had reached it by dropping from the stout limb of a pine which stretched out to within six feet of the cabin wall. Even in the midst of shock and amazement old Luke figured that out.

The big cat was stretched out along the beam, its powerful foreclaws unsheathed and gripping the timber in a tense but silent ferocity. Green-yellow eyes glowed lambently from the middle of the flat, downthrust head. By the fixity of those eyes and by every contour of the crouching form Luke knew that had he made a single abrupt movement on awakening it would have been his last.

He knew pumas. He knew their natures to be ninety per cent ferocity, which is just another name for cowardice, and that under any ordinary circumstances man had nothing to fear from them. But there were certain times under certain conditions when there was no more terrible foe in all the wilderness. Let a man be wounded or fall ill in the wild, or let a woman or child be lost, and it is ever the puma who will sense his predicament and hang for days on the trail. This was one of those times. In the great cat's eyes, burning like live coals in the darkness, fear and murder were struggling for mastery, and murder had all but won.

Still Luke lost track of none of his woods training in those grim moments. He kept his eyes but partially open, that the beast might not catch their gleam in the shadows; his whole body remained still in a semblance of sleep. No failure anywhere in his coördination; every nerve and muscle was adjusted to the emergency. So long as he feigned sleep the cat would not spring, he felt. The creature was a murderer, pure and simple, yet it was its very ingrained cruelty that kept it from pouncing until its victim should move or attempt escape.

SLOWLY the minutes dragged by with no change in the grimly silent situation; no slightest shifting in the basilisk fixity of the puma's concentration. Old Luke's limbs grew cramped and numb with tension. Had the light been stronger it would have been noticeable how his breathing slowed down at intervals, began rapidly and spasmodically again, then weakened anew, while the sweat broke out about the set mouth and eyes. He had located the exact position of his rifle leaning against the wall, but he knew that a single move to reach it would precipitate a lightning attack.

Suddenly something smote upon his overstretched nerves—an abrupt sound, slight, but magnified like the report of a rifle by the cavelike silence of the forest. He saw a tremor pass over the lithe form above him and for a bated moment held his breath. The slightest thing, he knew, might draw a hurtling attack now. Then the air left his lungs in a silent gasp of relief. He had located the sound. So had the puma. He saw the flat head shift slightly in attention.

Quills the porcupine, having devoured the feast so mysteriously laid out for him at the edge of the clearing to the last salty, greasy sliver, had returned to the cabin in search of more. Beneath the stove and the fresh-cut planks Luke had laid in place of the old, he was sniffing and rummaging. A whole minute passed, pregnant with listening. Short grunts and faint rodentlike chatterings attested to the ill success of the porcupine's search.

Luke had run out of nails before his trip to the settlement, and the new planks in front of the stove were loose. Presently one of them stirred and lifted, and the porcupine thrust his inquiring head and shoulders into the room. Never an intrusion more blundering or self-advertised; never one more fatefully opportune.

LUKE saw the puma quiver and stiffen throughout in tension; its tail lashed softly. Catlike the creature's whole purpose was diffused for the moment in its concentration upon movement, its shallow, emotional brain being capable of but one focalization at a time. Its head strained forward and downward, but on the opposite side of the beam.

Soundlessly and so slowly that it was hardly perceptible, old Luke had raised himself on one elbow and was lifting the blankets free of his limbs, eyes riveted meanwhile on the beast above him. He was playing upon the element of surprise.

A single padded lunge and the man had snatched up his gun and flung himself into the corner of the cabin with the weapon at point. He had one glimpse as he whirled of the puma teetering upon the high beam, ember-eyed and terrible, swearing horrible things beneath its whiskers in rage and frustration.

Had the man been still on the bunk his death would have been instantaneous. As it was, the killer could not quite gather his scattered brains in time. The heavy smashing report of Luke's rifle filled and shattered the instant of pause between with a roar of sound, the impact of the bullet pitching the big cat off his perch. Immediately thereafter the breathless silence of the night and the forest fell once more upon the clearing.

Old Luke continued to stand there, trembling with a cold that was more than the frost. His eye was drawn to the squat form of the porcupine huddled close to the stove, faintly limned in a patch of milky moonlight.

Quills, being nearsighted and in no way given to nerves, had fancied himself alone when he entered the cabin. At the abrupt commotion, punctuated by the deafening roar of the rifle, he had quickly doubled up in self-defense, erecting every spine on his body until he looked like an enormous pincushion. He had the appearance of having actually paled with rage, for the raising of his quills had brought the lighter fur beneath them into view.

Through Luke Thompson's mind a host of grim finalities was surging. Had he shot the quill-pig a week before, as most men would have done, he knew what the night's inevitable outcome would have been. Unwittingly, by his tolerance, he had invoked protection from the equivocal gods of wilderness affairs, who had for a space been objectified in this meddlesome little beast. Nature's laws, he saw, though harsh and cruel at times, were infinitely just and far-reaching in the balancing of scores. By a little act of tolerance he had been saved a fearful end.

In the weeks that followed before he went into seclusion for the winter, a mild astonishment permeated even the stolid brain of Quills the porcupine at the altogether unbelievable results of his foraging round and about the new cabin on the Upsalquitch. Where formerly he had been edified over scraps of refuse, he now came upon generous strips of salt pork or bacon lying upon the ground in the most unexpected places.

Doubtless to the porcupine's dim reasoning, all this tallied with those other idiocies to which the two-legged creature who dwelt in the cabin seemed prone—such as wasting good bacon grease upon planks of wood and shattering the peace and quiet of midnight by shooting off guns and other unseemly commotions.

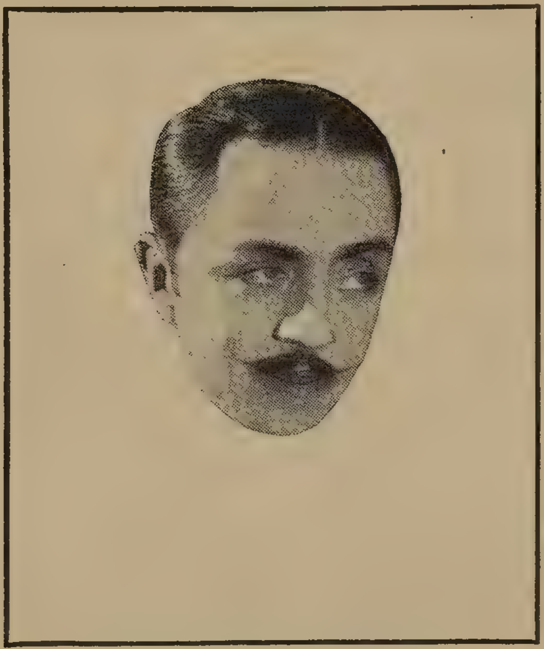
THE END

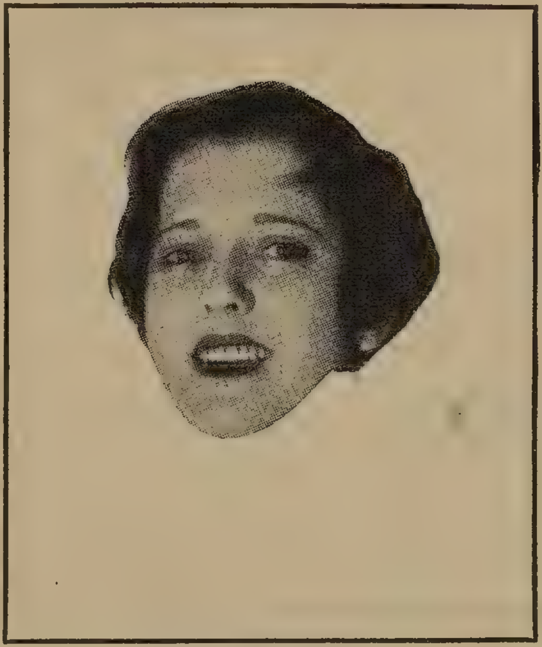
Funny Faces! *Can You Make Them?*

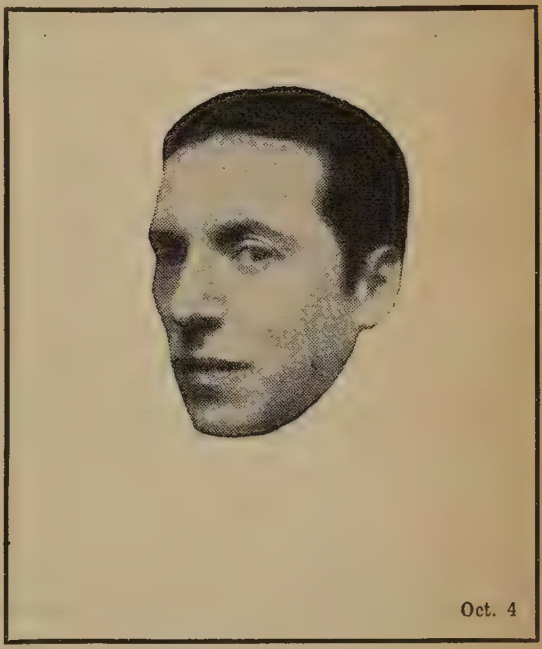
Liberty is offering One Hundred Fins a Week

For the funniest faces—distributed as follows:

First Prize $200 — Second Prize $100 — Third Prize $50
and 30 prizes of One Fin ($5) each—Grand Total $500


WILLIAM POWELL


JEAN ARTHUR

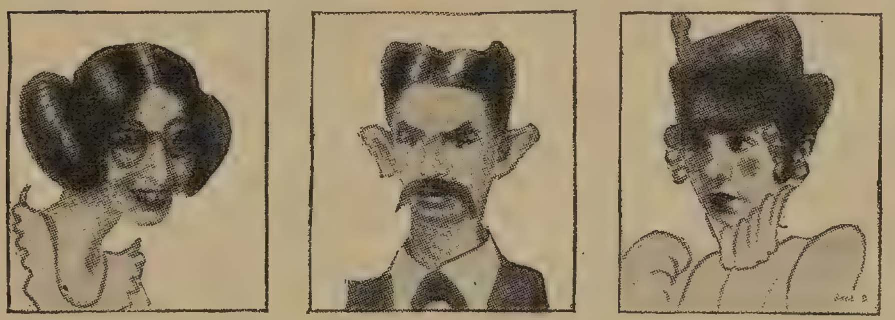


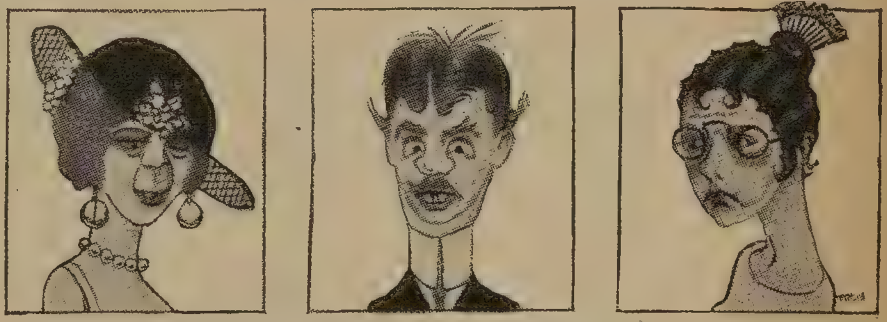
RALPH BARTON

See what you can do to these pictures with a pen or pencil, making them look as funny as you can. Then mail them, as directed in the rules below, so that they will reach us before midnight, October 11. That's all there is to it!

HERE ARE THIS WEEK'S PRIZE AWARDS

for the funniest faces made from the pictures of Mary Brian, Leslie Thrasher, and Bebe Daniels, in our September 6 issue


FIRST PRIZE, $200—For these faces by Frances Camp,
1710 Vincent Street, Brownwood, Texas


SECOND PRIZE, $100—For these faces by Laura Churchill,
6034 Ingleside Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

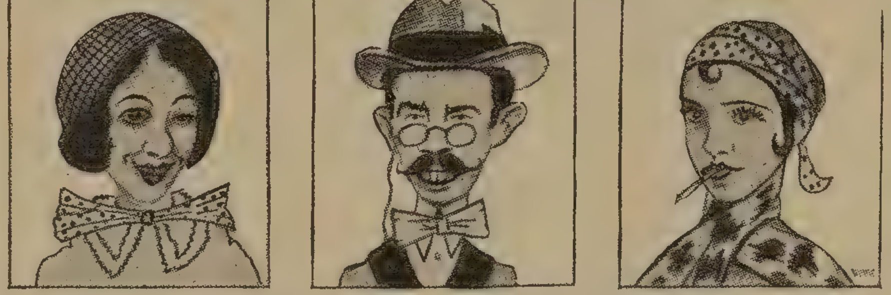
THE RULES

Each week Liberty will publish a set of photographs under the heading FUNNY FACES. You are invited to mark them up—all of them—in any way you see fit, and send them, with your name and full address, to FUNNY FACES, P. O. Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

For the funniest sets of faces received each week, $500 will be paid, the prizes to be divided as indicated above.

You don't have to use the pictures on this page unless you want to. They may be copied or traced on another sheet of paper. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. The editors of Liberty will be the judges, and their decision will be final. Prize awards for the pictures in each issue will be announced four weeks later, and the pictures that win the first three prizes will be published. We cannot undertake to return any entries or enter into correspondence concerning these Funny Faces.


THIRD PRIZE, $50—For these faces by George A. Chase,
4231 Colfax Avenue, North, Minneapolis, Minnesota

$5 PRIZES

for the week have been awarded to Margaret Barksdale, Macon, Ga.; Evelyn H. Beall, Charleston, W. Va.; Joseph A. Becker, Batesville, Ind.; Paul C. Belt, Portland, Ore.; M. J. Buckner, Lebanon, Ky.; Madelin Chase, Winthrop, Mass.; Herman Collins, Superior, Wis.; Brandon Craig, Nashville, Tenn.; Mrs. E. O. Crain, Shreveport, La.; Marie Dunne, San Diego, Calif.; Guy Elden, Jr., Waynesboro, Pa.; James Feeney, Providence, R. I.; Grace Olive Helb, West Orange, N. J.; Hazel K. Hopkind, St. Augustine, Fla.; Floyd H. Lynn, Kansas City, Kan.; Glen F. Marr, Niagara, Wis.; Whitmore Melcher, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. Malcolm Nickerson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dorothy E. Perry, Jamaica, N. Y.; Mrs. E. A. Philipp, Baltic, Conn.; Irene Preusse, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Kathryn Prill, Aberdeen, Wash.; Paul E. Reidy, Tulsa, Okla.; Kathryn Louise Reitz, Little Rock, Ark.; Mrs. Ray Saunders, Mobile, Ala.; Margaret Smith, Randallstown, Md.; Sam Stewart, Joplin, Mo.; Marguerite Teke, Cleveland, O.; Gladys H. Thomas, Charlotte, N. C.; Manetto L. Volk, Sandwich, Ont.

Those Frequent Headaches may be caused by an ACID CONDITION

Whenever an over-acid condition casts its shadow upon you, you must force yourself to work, and pleasures are too great an effort. Appetite lags; the digestion is poor. The whole system suffers.

Laboratory tests show an acid condition is due to errors in the present-day diet of most people. But you need not wait to diet your way out:

Take a tablespoonful of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

This will quickly neutralize the excess acid. From the hour you relieve an acid-soaked stomach with this creamy, pleasant-tasting remedy, you'll feel like a different person.

Take a little whenever a sick headache, nausea, heartburn, flatulence, indigestion, or biliousness, show the digestive system is too acid. Whenever you are taking cold; or sluggishness shows the bowels are clogged. Phillips' Milk of Magnesia has a gentle laxative action.

This wonderful anti-acid is most pleasant to take. It is widely prescribed for men, women and children. According to leading medical authority, it is magnesia in the very best form. It's a liquid—not a tablet; bottle and wrapper of the genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia bear Chas. H. Phillips' signature, for your protection.

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

Along with this ideal anti-acid, dentists advise Phillips' Dental Magnesia, a tooth-paste that corrects acid mouth.

GENUINE
PHILLIPS
MILK OF MAGNESIA

"Over the Fence is OUT"

A New For the Love o' Lil

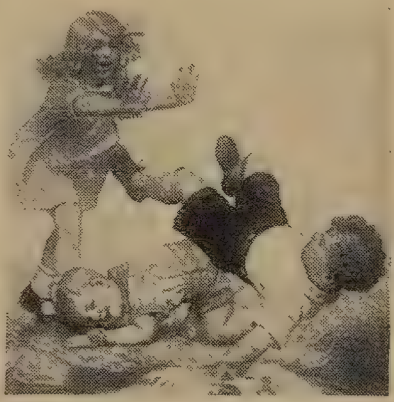
"HOW many kids are yelling out there in that lot?" Mrs. Smithers groaned from her chaise longue. "There's so much racket I can't keep my mind on this movie magazine." And she skimmed it over the rug. "Stick your head out and look!"

Tess set down the vase of cards, old letters, and bills which she had picked up to dust, and leaned the top of her two hundred pounds out of the side window. Then she glanced beyond the lawn, over the garage, and off to the vacant field graced by a tempting sign which offered choice lots for $95 down.

"I can't see that far," she said. "I left me specs down on the bread board." And she squeezed her shoulders indoors again.

"Well, you can hear that far, can't you?" Mrs. S. asked. "Stick your ears out and listen."

Tess knew that her ears stuck out anyway.



This week's cover picture.

"I hear Gwen yellin'," she said. "Perhaps other kids are yellin', too, but she'd drown out a lion."

"If they don't quit yelling by four o'clock," Mrs. S. said, "take out some jelly buns to 'em. They can't make so much racket when they chew."

She settled back with a sigh. She'd eaten two meals that day, received the fall mail-order catalogue, had a shampoo (egg), and discovered four kittens in Mr. Smithers' carpet slippers. Now she was ready for a nap.

"Let's catch grasshoppers," Gwen shouted to Jack Hancock and little Ulysses. "Whoever gets ten first can whack each of us ten times. U. can scare 'em up in the air and we can gather 'em like—like fleas."

"Didja ever try to catch fleas?" Jack asked.

"Did I ever try to catch fleas?" Gwen laughed the way she'd heard her mother laugh over the phone when she owed money to the person at the other end of the line. And she launched right off on a big flea story while U. ran off to scare the grasshoppers out of the grass. "I caught seventy once," she began. "My dog had 'em."

"What didja do with 'em?" Jack wanted to know.

"I trained 'em," Gwen fibbed. "I trained one to dance, one to turn somersaults, two to stand on toothpicks, and five to—to—swim in milk."

"That makes nine," said Jack. "What didja do with the other sixty-one?" He was chewing a stalk of grass.

"Say, do you think you're in school?" she flared. "How can I remember what I did with so many fleas?"

"Well, you caught 'em an' you ought to know," he told her. And then he laughed. "Look at that gink still scaring up grasshoppers!"

"Hey, gink!" they called over the field to Ulysses.

"Gink?" U. called back. "Who's a gink?"

"You're a gink," Gwen told him when he panted back. "But only a little one. I know a big gink. He lives over there!" And she pointed to Jack Hancock's house.

"Where does he live?" Jack asked, turning around.

"Crawl the other side of him," she whispered to U., "and see that you keep your head down." Then she shouted, "The gink I mean lives at Ten Watson Place."

"Say, I live there!" Jack said, flourishing a fist.

"My land!" Gwen laughed, giving him a good shove right over U.'s back and into a handy mud puddle. "Don't give me any argument! Over the fence is out."

(Next week's cover adventure: The Fight)

Mabel Normand and one of the bear cubs in Suzanna, which taught her that claws hurt.

Madcap Mabel Normand

The True Story of a Great Comédienne

By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

(Reading time: 16 mins. 35 secs.)

AT the hour when friends of Mabel Normand expected her winsomeness and comic spirit to carry her to new heights in motion pictures, she was caught in the maelstrom of the William Desmond Taylor murder mystery. She had visited the famous director the night he was shot, on February 1, 1922, Mr. Sutherland related in the previous installment of her life story. Now she describes her grief and disillusionment of the days following the tragedy.

PART FIVE
LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE

"I HAD donned the Spanish costume I was using in Suzanna and was seated before my mirror finishing my makeup, when Edna Purviance telephoned me that Bill Taylor had been shot to death," Mabel Normand went on with the story of the most tragic moment in her crowded, colorful career.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MADCAP MABEL NORMAND
Continued from page fifty-five

"I was incredulous, then stunned, and then I almost went to pieces. I phoned Dick Jones at the studio; and John Waldron, Sennett's manager, who was to send a car to take me out on location, hurried to my apartment. He seemed worried when I told him that another phone call from the murder scene indicated that I had been the last person known to have been with Taylor a few moments before he was slain.

"And then the roof of the world tumbled in on me. There was a wild ringing at my doorbell and a wilder clamor outside, and when the door was opened the wildest mob I ever saw tumbled into my living room—detectives and newspaper men and press photographers and curious strangers, a swarm that eddied around me, still in my Suzanna costume, and hurled a million questions that I couldn't understand, much less answer coherently.

"Then it dawned on me, hours after they had raided my apartment, that it might be in the minds of some of them that I had murdered my friend! That ghastly possibility made me even more frantic, and I imagine the more I talked the less sense I made out of what was, and what was soon proved to be, a perfectly innocent coincidence, that I happened to have been the last person who saw Taylor alive, except the man in the bungalow who saw him returning to his cottage—and the person who hid behind his door in his absence and shot him in the back.

"And the afternoon papers! God, it is a fearful thing to see one's name smeared in huge letters all the way across the top of a newspaper! I never read a paper for a year after the excitement quieted down.

"Well, they certainly kept hounding me, newspaper men and cameramen from all over the United States. The police couldn't find a single clue; and I was thankful that I had not written any letters to Taylor into whose contents the detectives could read anything significant.

"AND what a break I got that those nightgowns had three Ms on them! One of the reasons the officials and press beagles were put on my track, the innocent quarry, was a subtle one that we did not discover until long after. There was a huge sum tied up in Mary Miles Minter's pictures and it was feared the finding of her effects and letters in Taylor's rooms might affect the release of those pictures. There was less money involved in me; and the only bitter thought that I have ever entertained in all my life is the thought that I was tossed to the lions to save another actress, even if she was as guiltless of the murder as I was.

"And what a commentary the scandal was on the word friendship! Not that my friends, and their name is Multitude, doubted my innocence, but the turmoil and oceans of printer's ink were so notoriously involving me that they feared to come too near the besmirched Normand. I like to be charitable, and I do not blame them. We all knew what had happened to Fatty Arbuckle and his career, and the industry simply had to wait and let the storm subside.

Mabel and George Nichols in Sennett's *The Extra Girl*

Director Dick Jones and Miss Normand discussing a Suzanna scene.

"But I cherish above all memories of my life this one—that while hundreds of men and women sent me cryptic messages of love and confidence and succor, and while dozens called at my apartment, even if they did leave their motors a few blocks away, out of sight of the cordon of newspaper men and detectives around my premises while they came inconspicuously on foot to see me, there was one woman, a famous actress, who drove boldly to my front door, strode proudly through the crowd, and pressed my bell, the bell whose endless ringing terrified me all day long where I crouched against my wall while the tempest of innuendo and suspicion and frightful publicity howled and raged and swirled and thundered around my door.

"I MYSELF desperately flung the door wide, and there stood Norma Talmadge. In full view of the throng, and the world which was to learn of the visit a few hours later in their newspapers, she held out her arms and I crept into them.

"'Don't cry, Mabel,' my old friend said, patting my shoulder. 'I know you had nothing to do with it, my dear. And I came as quickly as I could to tell you that I love you and that I'm your friend and that you can count on me for anything on earth I have.'

"The price of all that undeserved publicity was a dear one, but not too dear if it brought to me the reassurance of Norma Talmadge's love and confidence; and I glory in this chance publicly to acknowledge the debt I owe her for her friendship.

"Everybody who knew me or knew Bill Taylor was questioned again and again by the authorities. As the years have slipped past, some of the nightmare seems silly, but you may be sure everything was very important and very ominous and very mysterious in that horrible period.

"Peavey and Mrs. Douglas McLean told, respectively, of leaving me alone with Taylor and finding his body the next morning, and of seeing the never-identified assassin leaving Bill's front door after murdering him. Pressed to describe this individual, Mrs. McLean found it difficult, since he had a muffler around his neck and his cap was pulled down over his eyes.

" But she knew Sands and she said it wasn't he—and she seemed startled when some astute questioner in the district attorney's office suggested that the slayer might have been a woman dressed in man's clothing. She reflected a moment and acknowledged that the killer *was* built more like a woman than a man. But on this tenuous supposition the authorities could not proceed, since no other tangible clue supported this theory.

" I don't know who killed William Desmond Taylor. I don't believe it was Sands, because he had everything to gain by keeping out of the way of Bill Taylor's retributive animosity.

" I cannot know, of course, but I firmly believe that some day the murderer will be discovered, and I am one with the rest of Los Angeles when I say that I think it will be found that the guilty person was a woman dressed as a man!

" Well, though the newspaper boys still needed copy, I was tired of being it, and I finally collapsed. So Sennett halted work on Suzanna and smuggled me away to a little cottage in Altadena, a suburb of Pasadena. There I stayed for a month or so, until the chase died down and my health was restored.

" THEN I went back to work. Suzanna was written by Sennett and Ray Griffith, later a Paramount star. Winifred Bryson was the heavy woman; George Nichols, who has since died, was my father, as he was in so many other films; Leon Barry was the heavy man; Walter McGrail was the hero, and Eric Mayne was his father. The picture ran seven reels, and I got hurt in it, as usual.

" It was Dick Jones' fault, also as usual! There were two little bears in the original play, and I used to wear a wide leather belt which we covered with honey. The bears soon learned to toddle along beside me, licking at my waist and pawing at the heavy belt. One day one of them got his claws inside the belt and almost tore me to pieces. I screamed to Dick:

" ' Dick, your bears are killing me! ' and leaped frantically around, trying to break that agonizing, clawing clinch.

" Instead of gallantly rushing out to rescue me, Dick yelled through the megaphone: ' Be brave, my girl! Don't weaken. It's the best shot of the picture! '

" So I had to lay off for a week till the scratches healed. Suzanna made a lot of money, part of which I got, and the Taylor case notoriety didn't seem to hurt it at the box office, while Mary Miles Minter and her company finally broke her contract after a settlement. It was said at the time that they gave her three hundred and fifty thousand dollars for her million-dollar contract.

" After Suzanna was finished I went to Europe for a long rest. I returned completely cured of the things that had broken me physically and were threatening to wreck my mind.

" Over there friends introduced me to celebrities in England and on the Continent, and I had a fine time. Among the persons whose friendship began in the late summer of 1922 were George Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells.

" At Deauville I met Prince Ibrahim, nephew of the Khedive of Egypt, and he gave me many a laugh. When he called at my suite in Paris, whither he followed me, he was always preceded by four turbaned messengers bearing charming gifts—gold scarabs and strangely wrought perfume bottles and gorgeous shawls and rugs and talismans of costly stones.

" These voiceless chaperons would stand stiffly, arms folded, in the four corners of the room while the prince and I sat on a divan in the middle and conversed. They didn't seem to cramp his style much; but the ship reporters back in New York read into our acquaintance a romance that never existed.

" I returned from Europe on the Majestic about the middle of September and stayed around New York a few weeks, visiting friends and seeing the new shows and pictures. Then I went on to Hollywood, Sennett having telephoned me that he had a fine comedy for me.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"10 Minutes for *breakfast*

but our coffee is *always Good"*

"Just before we were married I made an amazing discovery—coffee that can be made *in the cup* . . . Coffee that tastes *perfect* every day of the week, no matter how much of a hurry you're in when you cook breakfast!"

Think what it means to get better coffee—without pots or percolators, without throwing out grounds or cleaning strainers! Without worry or waiting!

The new G. Washington's is actually fine, pure coffee with all grounds removed. It is scientifically prepared to dissolve instantly in either hot or cold water—to give you fine, fresh-flavored coffee quickly and easily.

Try this modern cup-made coffee for breakfast tomorrow. At your grocer's, in a convenient moisture-proof container that makes fully as many cups as a large can of ordinary coffee. For FREE SAMPLE, write the G. Washington Coffee Refining Co., 207 Hanover Ave., Morris Plains, N. J.

G Washington's
COFFEE
the coffee *part of the coffee bean*

MADCAP MABEL NORMAND
Continued from page fifty-seven

"It was a good picture, all right, and called The Extra Girl; but I soon found that he hadn't sent for me until he had spent an awful lot of money trying to find another comédienne to take my place. So I made him give me three thousand dollars a week and a percentage of the profits.

"Nappy had tried exactly six girls in the rôle before he sent for me. They were Priscilla Bonner, Sigrid Holmquist, Evelyn Brent, Betty Francisco, Virginia Browne Fair, and Phyllis Haver, all excellent actresses, but not just fitted for the rôle The Extra Girl required. Sennett had written it himself.

"Again George Nichols was my father. Anna Hernandez was the mother, and Ralph Graves had the part of my bold and dashing hero.

"In The Extra Girl, Dick directed for me and once more he was responsible for my being hurt. The play called for a lion, and Dick and I went out to the famous animal farm where wild beasts are trained for the movies. The man pointed out a couple of lions, but they looked moth-eaten and feeble-minded to me. I kept looking around till I found Duke, a magnificent young animal. The trainer shook his head, saying that Duke was a terror, too young and not sufficiently educated for picture duty.

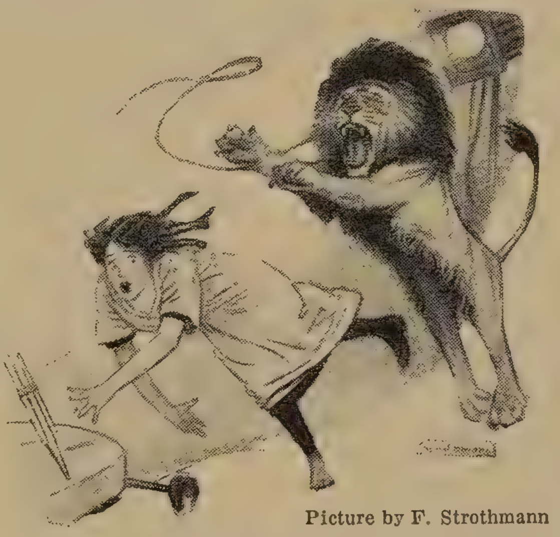
"But I insisted Dick hire Duke, because we were going to use a double for the beast most of the time, dressing Teddy, Sennett's famous great Dane, in a lion's skin, and because I felt the lion tamer ought to earn his money by making his charge behave around the studio.

"I was a seamstress and slavey in the early part of the picture, and I had to associate a lot with the lion.

"ONE day Dick was taking a scene of the trainer leading Duke across the set. Duke seemed so docile that Dick conceived the snappy idea of having me lead him around. We had a great argument about it, but I gave in. Dick was to get a pitchfork and crouch near the camera tripod while I was to take hold of the rope and lead Duke toward him. Joe Bordeau, who once was Fatty Arbuckle's chauffeur, and was now one of our property men, had another pitchfork and stood on the other side of the camera. It was agreed that under no circumstances was I to look back at the lion, but was to watch Dick's face and when he motioned to me, if anything happened, to leap toward him—and he would leap toward the onrushing lion!

"I took the rope from the trainer, who had a club, and put it over my shoulder and started dragging the lion toward the camera. He followed as peacefully as a big cat slithering toward a bowl of milk. When I got close enough, Dick whispered, 'Cut,' and the scene ended. But Dick wasn't satisfied. He wouldn't be!

"'Mabel,' he said, 'the lion's going great and so are you. So we'll do it again, but this time we'll put the camera on a traveling platform and you can follow us all around the set. Joe and I will walk backward beside the camera and see you don't get hurt. Wait till we rearrange the props for a running shot.'



Picture by F. Strothmann

"I let out one wild whoop and bounded forward like a wounded deer."

"We had another argument, but Dick pointed at the lazy-eyed, snout-licking brute and finally persuaded me that all was well.

"When we were all set I got the rope again and began to follow the camera around the studio. Everything probably would have gone all right, but Dick, walking backward with the pitchfork poised, had to stumble over a box and fall on his shoulder blades. The sudden movement and the clatter startled Duke, and to my horror I felt the slack in the rope taken up and there I was tugging at a crouching lion I didn't dare look back at!

"BUT I could see in Dick's face what was happening as he scrambled to his feet and everybody on the set started running for ladders and behind scenery—and I never want to see another face like Dick's as he screamed to me to jump and lunged forward with his fork.

"Before I could drop the rope and move, I felt the lion's hot breath just below the small of my back and heard him cough. That terrible breath was as hot as a furnace blast. I let out one wild whoop and bounded forward like a wounded deer. Just as I hit the floor, all sprawled out near the camera platform, I felt the lion's great claws tearing at the most prominent curves of my body! Then I fainted.

"When I came to, a bit later, everybody was standing looking down at me, laughing, and making no effort at all to pick me up. I was furious, and more so when Dick, the big bromide, explained that instead of the lion's tearing the bottom out of my skirt, it was the tines of the pitchfork which he had stuck into me when he missed the confounded lion. The lion, Dick went on, had crouched the moment he saw him fall, his eyes turned green, his tail began to lash, and he fastened those narrowed eyes on the par[illegible]f my body where he'd have to bite [illegible]pest

Keeps Hair Neat

Rich-looking—Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice a week . . . or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like—whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

Glostora

before reaching any bones! The trainer had leaped out with his club and clouted Duke back of the ear, and they had led him to his cage.

"The Extra Girl was finished and ready for release just before Christmas, 1922. I had been feeling quite ill during the latter part of the picture and resolved to go to a hospital for an operation immediately after the holidays. Those festive days passed pleasantly and excitingly enough, and I received many beautiful presents.

"A day or so before Christmas Edna Purviance and Cortland S. Dines came to my house. Dines was the son of a Denver millionaire oil man, and he was having a great time frolicking around the movie colony. We had met at a party some time before, and I had joined him and Edna and the other guests on his yacht and at several parties.

"When they dropped in that afternoon I was ashamed to remember that I hadn't bought a gift for him. I had a lovely big Christmas tree, and people had been coming in all day with their things for me and taking my gifts for them off the tree. So I whispered to Mamie Owens, my maid, to send Joe Kelly, my driver, across the street to a drug store to buy Dines a couple of military brushes.

"When she handed them to me I surreptitiously put them on the tree and told Dines to stop scolding me for failing to get him something, but to look carefully again. He found the package and started to open it, but changed his mind.

"I wish he had opened it, for on so trivial a thing as his failure to do so hinged the second big scandal of my life!

"But he didn't open the package. He put it on a radiator near the tree, and when he and Edna went away after a while, he forgot it. I never thought of it till later.

"NEW YEAR'S EVE Sennett gave a beautiful dinner at his home, and I was one of the guests. The next day I awoke about noon, and Mamie told me that, among others, Edna had telephoned and said she'd call again. A couple of hours later she phoned and asked me to run over to Dines' apartment, at 325-B North Vermont Street, for a New Year's cup. At first I said I had other things on for the day, and reminded her that I was going to the hospital the next morning for my operation.

"But she said she and Dines had been at a wild party in the Ambassador Hotel the night before, and were feeling pretty low, and for heaven's sake to dash over and cheer them up. So, about five o'clock I had Kelly drive me up there. I told him to go back home and I'd phone Mamie when I wanted him to come for me.

"I found Dines and Edna needed cheering, and that the flat needed a lot of cleaning. So while he mixed a drink I took off my coat and grabbed a broom and a mop and a vacuum cleaner and fixed up the place. There were a lot of dishes in the sink, so I heated some water and washed them; and I emptied the ash trays and otherwise did a great maid act.

"Before long everybody felt better, and Dines began to kid me about giving him a Christmas present and then stealing it back to give somebody else. I remembered he had left it on the radiator, so I called up Mamie and told her to send Kelly over with the package. She suggested I come on home and get a good sleep because I had to go to the hospital quite early. But I told her not to worry, that I'd be home early enough as there wasn't to be a party that night. Dines got on the phone also and spoofed her a bit.

"It came out later that this chauffeur of mine was standing at the foot of the stairs while Mamie was talking to me. He went into the living room and got the package all right, but he also sneaked upstairs to my bedroom and got a little twenty-five caliber automatic pistol out of a dresser drawer. He testified later he knew it was there because he'd seen the drawer open once when he came up to fix the connection on my electric curling iron.

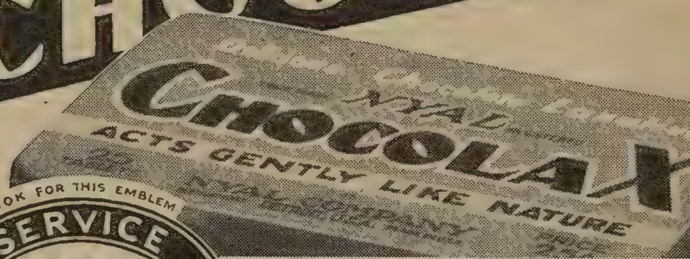
"I had had this pistol for several years. Dick Jones gave it to me while we were out on location making Mickey, and they used to play a lot of jokes on me. They'd put bottles and cans on a little ledge on the side of a mountain and tell me to shoot at them. I would close my eyes, aim, and pull the trigger. There'd be a loud report and I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

DON'T
BE
CROSS

When nature is slow and constipation spoils your disposition, it's time to take Chocolax. Delicious chocolate laxative, gentle as nature, perfectly safe. Children love it. 25 doses, 25c. Sold only at Nyal Stores.

CHOCOLAX



LOOK FOR THIS EMBLEM
SERVICE NYAL DRUG STORE

NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORES

The Nyal Emblem identifies your "home-owned" prescription drug store, where you always find a willingness to serve—an eagerness to please.

Body Beauty is returning Excess Fat is doomed

That evidence is everywhere. In every circle you see slim figures coming back in an amazing way. They are coming without abnormal exercise or diet, without harmful drugs.

Medical science has found that a weak gland is a great cause of obesity. It has learned how to repair the deficiency—by feeding the gland. Doctors the world over now employ this method. It has become a standard treatment. A new era has come to people who wish to keep their beauty, health and vim.

Marmola prescription tablets embody this new factor—thyroid. A world-famous laboratory prepares them to fit the average case. Every box contains the formula and the reasons for results. You and your doctor can know exactly what you are taking. So you need not worry about harm. Modern doctors—everywhere—fight excess fat in this way.

Marmola has a remarkable record. It has been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. Users have told others, and the use has grown and grown. Now it is time-tested, and it stands supreme in its field, while false helps have disappeared by scores.

Marmola feeds the system a gland factor which largely controls nutrition. Its great purpose is to help turn food into fuel and energy rather than to fat. It also excites other glands to activity. Obese people usually lack that factor.

Try Marmola. Price $1.00. Read the book in the box, learn the reasons for results. Then, when the pounds drop away, tell your friends who should know. Don't wait longer. Excess fat robs life of half its joy.

MARMOLA
PRESCRIPTION TABLETS
The Right Way to Reduce

BRAND NEW
GENUINE *Model 3*
CORONA
LOWEST PRICE EVER OFFERED

$2.00 DOWN
BALANCE EASY TERMS

HERE'S your chance to own that *brand new* Genuine Model 3 Corona you've wanted—on the easiest terms ever offered—at LOWEST PRICE ever offered! Complete in every detail; back spacer, etc., MANUFACTURER'S GUARANTEE. Recognized the world over to be as fine, strong and sturdy as any portable built. Try this wonderful portable typewriter—the same machine that has satisfied 500,000 users.

Yours for 10 Days FREE—Send No Money

Experience the joy this personal writing portable typewriter can give you! Use it 10 days free! See how easy it is to run and the splendidly typed letters it turns out. Ideal for the office desk, home, traveling. Small, compact, light, convenient. Don't send out letters, reports, bills in poor handwriting when you can have this Corona at such a low price or on such easy terms. Remember these are *brand new* machines right out of the Corona factory.

Carrying Case Included

Leatheroid carrying case, oiler, instructions free on this offer. Send no money—just the coupon. Without delay or red tape we will send you the Corona. Try it 10 days. If you decide to keep it, send us only $2—then $3 a month until our special price of $39.90 is paid. Now is the time to buy. Mail coupon today!

MONEY SAVED
By Using This Coupon

Smith Typewriter Sales Corp.
[Corona Division]
469 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Dept. A-26

Ship me the Corona, F. O. B. Chicago. On arrival I'll deposit $2 with express agent. If I keep machine, I'll send you $3 a month until the $37.90 balance of $39.90 price is paid: the title to remain with you until then. I am to have 10 days to try the typewriter. If I decide not to keep it, I will repack and return to express agent, and get my money back. You are to give your standard guarantee.

Name ....
Address ....
Employed by ....

WALKER'S RED HOT CHILE CON CARNE
WALKER'S RED HOT TAMALES
WALKER'S BEANS
MEXENE

Eat WALKER'S

Red Hot Texas
CHILE
TAMALES
BEANS
and
MEXENE
CHILE
POWDER
SEASONING

Trial Offer—

Special "Treat From Texas" Package contains full size No. 1 can Walker's Red Hot Chile; No. 1 can Walker's Red Hot Tamales; 1½ oz. can Red Devil Mexene Chile Powder Seasoning; Kitchen Bill Hook and Booklet of Mexican Recipes.

All for Only 49¢

If your Grocer cannot supply you, send 49¢ in stamps for this package postpaid.

WALKER PROPERTIES ASSOCIATION
Dept. L2 Austin, Texas

"A Can's a Meal for Two"

MADCAP MABEL NORMAND
Continued from page fifty-nine

would open my eyes to find I had broken a bottle.

"I didn't understand why they always laughed, until after the thing had gone on for several days Dick explained that my gun wasn't even loaded, but that while I was aiming and pulling the trigger one of our cowboys would be standing behind me and he'd shoot the bottle just as I crooked my finger. And I had thought I was a great pistol shot! When they did load the gun and let me shoot, all I ever hit was the side of the mountain.

"Well, a little after I had talked to Mamie, Edna went into the next room to change her dress, and Dines and I sat talking about this and that. There was a knock at the door and Dines asked who it was. Kelly answered. Dines let him in. He handed the package to Dines and walked over to where I was sitting on a couch.

"'Miss Normand,' he said, 'Mamie's worried about you. Don't you think you'd better come on home?'

"'I told Mamie I'd be home a little later,' I replied. 'Go on down and wait in the car for me.'

"Just then Dines spoke up. He was a rather hot-tempered individual.

"'Say, Kelly,' he said, 'where do you get that stuff, asking my guests to leave my house? Get out of here and down in that machine where you belong.'

"Kelly had evidently been celebrating the New Year or something after leaving me earlier, because, before I could say anything, he turned on Dines with an oath, berating him for keeping me there when I was going to the hospital the next day, and swearing he wouldn't leave till I did. I started to scold him, when there was a confused lurching of bodies toward each other, an oath or two, and then three pistol shots that sounded like firecrackers.

"Kelly turned and ran, just as Edna appeared in the doorway, and Dines staggered back against the table and then fell on the floor.

"'My God, Mabel!' he cried, clutching his stomach, blood running between his fingers. 'Can you imagine — that hophead shot me! For God's sake, you and Edna get out of here quick as lightning. Go on. Never mind me, either of you. Get out of here before the law arrives.'

"Even if we had wanted to we couldn't have, for I never saw so much law in my life as showed up a second later, it seemed to me. Edna and I were trying to do something for Dines when they crashed the door in, a million plainclothes men and uniformed policemen. Kelly had raced down to the Wilshire Boulevard police station in my car, and they had covered the thirteen blocks back to the apartment in the fastest time I ever heard of."

The last big scenes of Miss Normand's career, her marriage to Lew Cody, and her final illness, will be recounted in next week's concluding installment of this biography.

Liberty is offering $100 Apiece *for* Short Short Stories

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 220 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

The Laughing Hens

Betty was in the yard with her mother when the hens started to cackle. She turned to her mother and said:

"Oh, mama, listen to the chickens giggling!"—S. K. Gilkerson, 613 N. 4th St., Springfield, Ill.

A Well Trained Grandparent

Our little daughter asked to go over to grandma's. Her mother asked her why she wanted to be over at grandma's so much. "She minds me better than you do," the child replied.—Paul Ward, 619 Helm St., Logansport, Ind.

Born to Be

A Short Short Story

Anonymous

When we accepted the story, the author stipulated his name should not be used.

(Reading time: 4 minutes 17 seconds.)

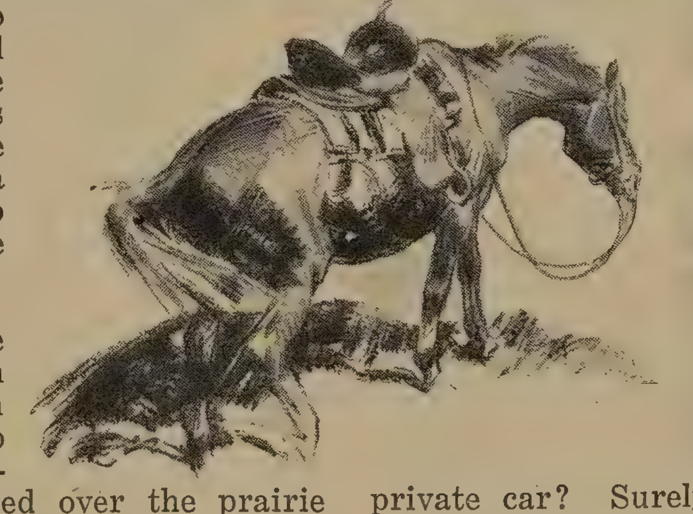
THREE generations of money was a sorry handicap for a girl like Rita Norbeck. Shrewd, dominant, cash-piling ancestors had given her wealth enough to finance kingdoms, and God had given her dissatisfaction. Now, in the ratio that those born to work reached for wealth, Rita, born to riches, desired above all the right to work—work with her hands for a living.

She was glad to leave the luxuriously appointed special that had brought her to this Arizona dude ranch, where she hoped to lose herself for glorious weeks, to become a Norbeck of the telephone directory, not The Norbeck of the private exchange.

And two days in the cow country, and one day with Bill Horan, cow hand, had convinced her it could be done. Bill was everything she wanted. Tall, rough, hard-bitten and poor, careless in speech and careless in dress. Bill, who worked because he had to and talked to her in an insolent drawl that angered, insulted, and fascinated her.

Rita rode with him, worked with him, got in his way, angered him, and finally fell in love with him. And Bill, reading that love in the ever-questioning brown eyes that followed his every move, took it for granted as something to which all his life he had been accustomed.

No one was more surprised than Rita when he first kissed her. Bill did it one evening after they had ridden in from the range. During the ride he had talked of his present status and what the future held. Blankly he had warned her that any wife of his could prepare for hard work and children. He was through with the cow country and in the fall was going to the city to try to find work. After that he asked her to marry him. Then the Bill she had known changed. He became gentle with her, protective. Finer streaks in his character cropped out. He seemed almost visibly to acquire a certain polish, and Rita thrilled to the thought of what life would be with him.



RITA walked in a dream until the day came for their departure. In a dream she boarded the train with him—Mrs. Bill now, according to the wandering parson who had married them—and as the train rolled over the prairie country toward the hills of the east, she dreamed of what this new life meant for her. She would work, wash clothes, if necessary. There would be babies—she didn't care how many. No one would ever again call her The Norbeck. She would be Mrs. Bill, the mother of Mr. Bill's children and the cook for his meals.

She decided she would break the news gently to her new mate. Bill, she knew, would be at first astounded, then angry; then, because he loved her, forgiving. It was a satisfaction to her to know that he had taken her for what she was, for the girl she was, not knowing she was a Norbeck of The Norbecks. To him she had been a girl who had saved enough money for a vacation on a ranch. No whisper of her real status had been dropped. But it would take time for Bill himself to remember this. Realizing that on this, their adventuring honeymoon, he would be angry with her, she postponed her revelation.

Rita, luxuriating in the thought that her old life was done, that the drudgery of riches would be no more, that the days of boring social rounds, of catering servants, of wealth that obtained any desired object without the satisfaction of personal effort, that all this was gone, and that in its place would be mornings that would waken her to new and delightful duties, days of planning and scheming for necessities, children to anger her, to scare her when they fell, to delight her all the while—Rita, remembering all these would be hers, and she would know that the world throve by the efforts of men and women, and that her slim shoulder would be pushing along, scarcely heard Bill as he leaned close to her to kiss her and whisper:

"Think you'll like it, dear?"

"Love it, Bill. I can't wait to start. We'll get a two-room flat to start with. You'll have to pick the location. I—I don't know much about flats."

Bill grinned.

"You'll not have to worry that beautiful head of yours so much about that."

BUT Rita wanted to worry and told him so. In a torrent of words she told him how much it meant to her that she should have to worry, to worry over Bill. And Bill took it as love of him, and kissed her for her anxiety.

Rita, anxious that she might not spoil this first night of their new lives, switched the conversation. For the first time she became conscious of their surroundings. The observation car in which they were sitting seemed funny. Except themselves there was no one in it except two porters, a chef, and a maid. Private rooms with brass beds, a private bath for each bedroom—Bill must have squandered his last cent to pay for this honeymoon car. Gently enough she chided him.

"Darling, why did you engage a private car? Surely just an ordinary drawing-room would have satisfied us. And we will need the money to start. I don't want to be critical, darling, and especially at this time, but—well, we have each other and all this doesn't matter."

Bill laughed again.

"Guess you've got to know it sometime, sweetheart, but dad and his brothers own the railroad line. I was just out here prospecting for a girl who would love me without seeing the ancestral tag on my neck marked Horan. You see— Why, what's the matter, darling? What's the difference if we are rich? You still love me, don't you?"

Rita pushed the tender Bill aside, ran to her own room, and slammed the door.

THE END

RENTON'S

Hydrocin TABLETS

A Uric Acid Solvent which has done much to relieve muscular pain, lower fevers and aid in the treatment of ailments resulting from excessive uric acid such as rheumatism, arthritis, neuritis gout and allied afflictions.

Analgesic and antipyretic. Its use has met with such success that in California alone, more than a half million tablets a month are used. Renton's Hydrocin Tablets are prescribed by many physicians and enthusiastically endorsed by many druggists and users. At your druggist, or send $5 for month's trial treatment to the

RENTON CO., Dept. 26
Pasadena, California

GIFTS

50% Commission to Agents

Wanted: Women of good standing to represent us in showing one of the most remarkable gift catalogs ever published. 50% *commission.* This superb catalog consists of more than 100 color pages of costume jewelry, handbags, silverware, leather goods, electrical appliances, vanities, and many other attractive gift novelties, made by the world's foremost manufacturers. The merchandise and novelties shown in our gift catalog are exactly the same as now offered by *wholesale* houses to retail stores. *Your commission is 50% off retail list price.* Beautiful pictures make it easy to take orders.

Free Gift Book Send today for our big FREE gift book and details of our liberal offer to agents (part or full time). Earn 50% cash commission.

The NATIONAL WHOLESALE Corporation
1039-1045 W. 35th St., Dept. 2557, Chicago, Ill.

On Your Feet All Day?

All day long on hard concrete—endless hours behind a counter—why suffer any longer the constant pain and loss of efficiency due to corns?

Ask any drug store for this sure, old remedy in convenient, modern 35c packages.

Sold through the country's drug stores for fifty years.

KOHLER ONE-NIGHT CORN CURE

KOHLER
ONE NIGHT
CORN CURE

"Removes - not only relieves pain"

AGENTS New Kind of Can Opener

WORKS LIKE MAGIC!

AT LAST! An **automatic**, simple little can opening machine for the home! For now an amazing, lifetime device holds the can and cuts out the top leaving can rim slick, smooth and clean. Just turn a crank, that's all. Approved by Good Housekeeping Inst. No wonder agents make up to $6 and $8 in an hour full or spare time. Write today for Free Test Offer.

CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO., Dept M-994, 4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

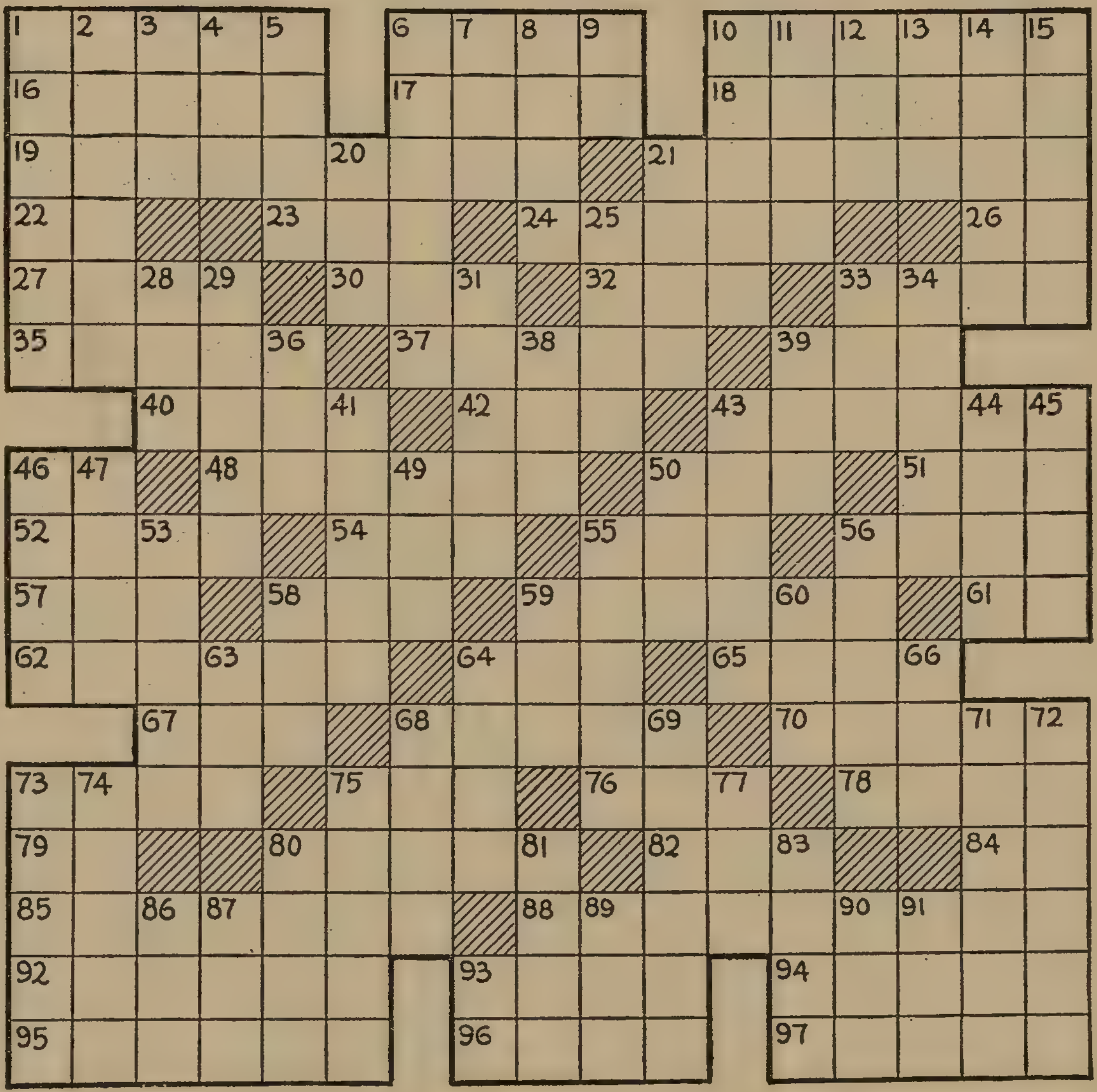
LUCKY TIGER

For Hair and Scalp!

A single application stops that miserable itching. A single bottle corrects scalp irritations. A Proven Germicide, delicately perfumed, safe for both adults and children. World's largest seller at Druggists, Barbers, Beauty Parlors.

GUARANTEED

Two Puzzles for



HORIZONTAL

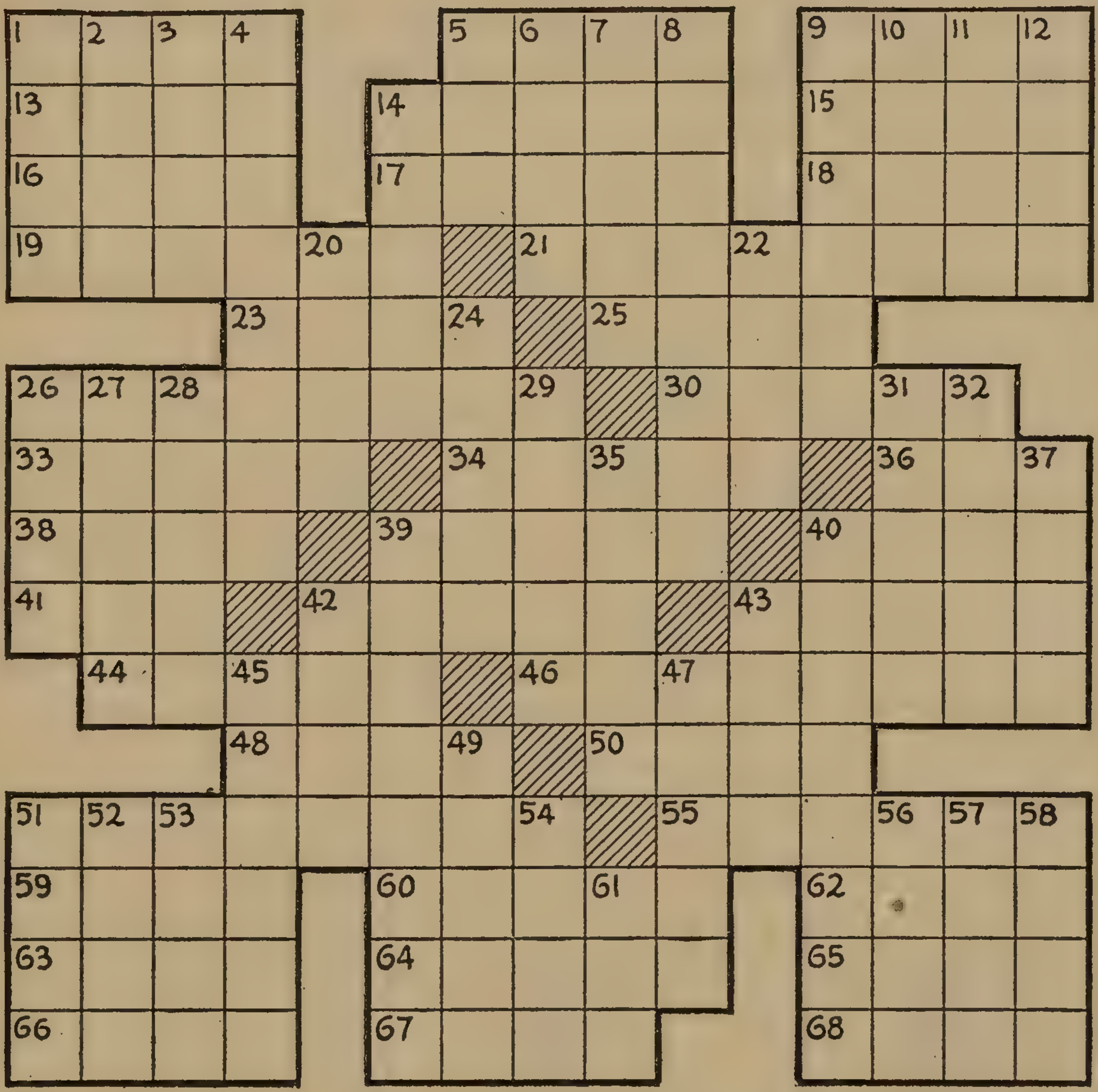
1 Article of men's clothing (plural)
6 To scorch
10 Scents
16 Poet of ancient Greece
17 An assistant
18 Buccaneer
19 Functioned as a commander
21 Part of a ship's log
22 Like
23 Cooking vessel
24 Alarm
26 An element (symbol)
27 Nipple
30 Man's nickname
32 Strike
33 Reclines
35 Margins
37 Obliterated
39 Coin of Japan
40 Compass point
42 Unrefined
43 Pointed weapons
46 Form of to be
48 Sat
50 Chinese sauce
51 No
52 Collection of things belonging together
54 Help
55 Also
56 Apportion
57 A constellation
58 Exist
59 Liquidate; pay
61 Printer's measure
62 Ants
64 Large cask
65 Period of time
67 Before
68 Vegetable (plural)
70 Watchful
73 City in Italy
75 Female rabbit
76 Perched
78 Prophet
79 Into
80 To rent
82 Large wave
84 Letter of the Greek alphabet
85 European rustic
88 Makes firm again
92 Wandering
93 Feminine name
94 Substance used in perfume manufacture
95 Bone of the ear
96 Couches
97 Unimportant quarrels

VERTICAL

1 Make vacant
2 Expunged
3 To sup
4 Small child
5 Break suddenly
6 Moderate gallop
7 Hasten
8 Augments
9 Note of the scale
10 Toward the left side of a ship
11 Ceremonial
12 Anglo-Saxon coin
13 Entangle
14 Expiate
15 Withers
20 Electrified particle
21 An incursion
25 Masticate
28 Grow old
29 Rips
31 Defied
33 Shelter
34 Vapid; foolish
36 Compass point
38 Downcast
39 Inspect secretly
41 Autocratic rulers
43 Smutty
44 Routine
45 Stalk
46 Island
47 Appear
49 Bind
50 Drunkard
53 Large volumes
55 Surgeon's probes
56 Repasts
58 Devoured
59 Entreat
60 Meadow
63 Period
64 Mounds
66 Sandpiper
68 Craft
69 Girdles
71 Substance used for curdling milk
72 Relies on
73 Tubes
74 Inactive
75 Hollows
77 A beverage
80 Country road
81 Eagle
83 Part of a circle (pl.)
86 A constellation
87 Undermine
89 Termination
90 To steep
91 Woman's name
93 Month of the Jewish ecclesiastical year

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-six

Cross Word Fans



HORIZONTAL

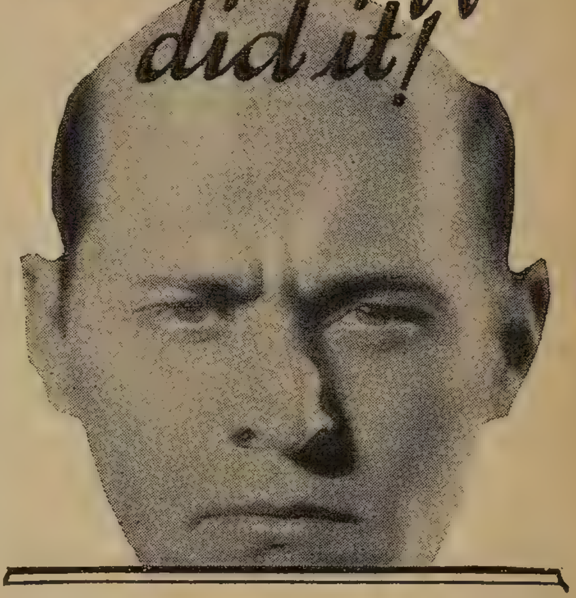
1 A poet of ancient Persia
5 Small mass, as of butter (plural)
9 Imitator
13 One of the faces of an object
14 An island in the Bay of Naples
15 Put freight in a vessel
16 On the highest part of anything
17 Dish of many ingredients (plural)
18 Bird of prey
19 Reclose tightly and securely
21 Of or pertaining to salvation
23 River in England
25 Indecorously free or presuming
26 Verb form indicating past
30 Flowers
33 One who wanders about on land or sea
34 Maidens
36 Edge or margin of a hollow vessel
38 Imitated
39 Prolong the time of or before
40 A hill or ridge of sand
41 A coin of Japan
42 An oil can with a long spout
43 Assistants to military officers
44 Self-luminous heavenly bodies
46 Reclothe, as with the insignia of office
48 Cymbals used in religious services (pl.)
50 Ascended
51 A feminine personal name
55 Covered with a certain thick, viscous substance
59 So be it!
60 Territory of Japan
62 Narrative
63 Prong
64 Silkworms
65 Greek letter (pl.)
66 Inequality
67 Printer's term
68 Disagreeably moist or wet

VERTICAL

1 Ridges of gravelly and sandy drift
2 Minute object, person, or creature
3 Troublesome business (plural)
4 Caused to occur or appear again
5 Comrade
6 Sacred bull worshiped by Egyptians
7 Division of a cavalry unit
8 Like or becoming a certain relative
9 Warning signal for a guard (plural)
10 Combining form signifying equal
11 Feminine personal name
12 To turn or move round and round
14 Shade; hue
20 Declare in a positive manner
22 Greek equivalent of Cupid
24 Titular character in a Scott novel
26 Ask earnestly for; supplicate
27 Heavy cords
28 Incident
29 Doorkeeper in a Freemasons' lodge
31 To avoid by artifice or stratagem
32 Trigonometrical ratio (plural)
35 Scarcer
37 That which is troublesome
39 Regards with disapproval
40 Turned off from an intended course
42 Verbal
43 Loop or looplike structure (anatomy)
45 Expiates
47 Greek letter (pl.)
49 Noise made by forcing air through nose
51 Early Roman philosopher
52 Surrounded by
53 Tear
54 American Indian
56 New Zealand tree
57 Ardor; dash
58 Unit in the equipment of an office
61 Corrode

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-six

Dandruff did it!



End dandruff before dandruff ends your hair. Remove every speck of it easily, quickly, with a single application of Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo. This remarkable preparation has never failed in 37 years of increasing sales. It is endorsed by doctors and nurses the world over and is used professionally in thousands of barber shops and beauty parlors.

You must wash your hair regularly anyway—why not use a shampoo that removes dandruff at the same time? Buy a retail size at your nearest drug or department store today and tomorrow enjoy the sensation of a really clean and healthy scalp.

The coupon below will bring a generous free sample.

F. W. FITCH CO., Des Moines, Iowa.
Please send me a generous free sample of Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo.

Name__________
Address__________

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Lovely Complexion *that nothing* will remove

WOULD you like a lovely skin? A complexion that won't come off—a radiant color all your own? If constipation is the cause of your troubles give your system the little calcium that it needs—and note the immediate improvement.

Five days will very often transform a muddy, blotchy, sallow complexion resulting from this condition. From the very first day, you should see and feel the difference.

Tiny, gentle, Stuart's Calcium Wafers help Nature to quickly rid the system of impurities and poisonous wastes that cause pimples, blotches, acne and other skin blemishes. A week-end's use will frequently work a wondrous change.

Bright, sparkling eyes! Clear, satin-smooth skin free from faults! Nails and hair alive and glossy with sound growth! And a warm flush of natural color radiating from within—refreshingly lovely color that no rouge can imitate, and nothing can remove. Try this week-end test.

At All Drug Stores: 10c and 60c sizes

FULL BOX FREE

Enough for full test—ample to prove the value to you of Stuart's calcium wafers—will be sent you, if you mail this coupon to the Stuart Co., Dept. 1321-A, Marshall, Mich.
Name..........
Address..........
Town..........

The Biggest Fish

By

FRED FLETCHER

Hal Phyfe photo

who not only writes but catches a good fish. He has angled along the Atlantic seaboard from Maine to Florida and has fished most of the important fresh waters east of the Rockies. His column, "With Rod and Gun," in The News, New York, is a meeting place of both big and little fishermen.

Photos from Tales of the Angler's Eldorado, New Zealand, by Zane Grey; published by Harper & Brothers; copyright, 1926, by Zane Grey.

(Reading time: 11 min. 22 sec.)

A HUGE tuna or swordfish, measuring more than twice the length of an average man, dashing madly across the surface of the sea, twisting, turning, leaping. A few inches of curved, pointed steel, embedded in its jaws, is the cause of the agonizing antics of the fish. A line, of gossamer thinness in comparison to the giant it holds, is taut as the fish struggles furiously to snap it.

A rod bends like a sapling in a hurricane. Man—puny indeed, in comparison with his quarry—is being pulled from his seat repeatedly by the powerful rushes of the angry fish.

Rush after rush, leap after leap, continue with unabated vigor. Neither the fish nor his tormentor expect quarter—nor is it given. Each respects the other's fighting qualities. The snap at the luscious bait was the declaration of war—and war it is to the finish, with two enthusiastic combatants pitted against each other.

Each is on the *qui vive* for a slip-up on the part of the other. There are the thrusts and parries of the fencing art, in different form. The fish doubles on his tracks and heads for the boat at breakneck speed, only to pull up suddenly and head out to sea. He seems to know that if a slack line is jerked without warning it will part easily. But the wily angler is prepared for all such subterfuges.

Hauling the monster out of the deep.

The big-fish hunter's heart is pounding against his ribs, but outwardly he must maintain his calm. He needs all his wits in this seemingly unequal struggle against an opponent ten times as powerful. He knows his frail outfit is endangered with each new rush, leap, or trick. But he remains on the defensive until the fish shows signs of tiring.

And when these symptoms appear, the man's offensive begins. The overwhelming handicap Nature has placed on the big-fish hunter has gradually been cut down. But the fight is by no means over. The angler's muscles are worn, his nerves are becoming ragged under the strain, and general exhaustion is approaching. Oh, to avoid that lethargic feeling that conquers many, bringing defeat!

Even after many futile hours of struggling, when the monster seems to have arrived at a state of exhaustion, and appears to be a lifeless, listless thing, the nerve strain continues. During the reeling-in process the hunter must be alert for the last maddened breaks for liberty. Whether fish think or not, it is not to be doubted that the monster of the deep realizes, as the intolerable hook keeps pulling at its jaws, drawing it closer and closer to the boat, that man is conquering. What then?

A final vicious lunge straight at the boat.

In some instances the sword has penetrated the vessel, and I know of one instance where, after tearing a hole in the bottom of the boat, the fish still retained enough vigor to fight for another hour.

Big-fish hunting—the sport of fighting and catching denizens of the deep weighing as much as 1,000 pounds with only rod, reel, and line—began about fifteen years ago. It had its origin about the time Captain Laurie D. Mitchell electrified the angling world by landing with rod and reel a tuna weighing more than 500 pounds. This fish was caught at Port Medway, Nova Scotia, and the following year, Commander J. K. L. Ross, Canadian sportsman, landed one of 600 pounds.

A few years ago, Zane Grey, well known novelist, caught from these same waters a tuna of 758 pounds, the present world's record fish of this kind to be taken via rod and reel.

To give the layman an idea of the terrific struggle in capturing a fish of this size, let me say that Captain Mitchell, when he caught a 710-pound tuna, was fast to the fish more than eight hours and his boat was towed thirty miles.

It is difficult to believe that a fish weighing more than 700 pounds can be caught on a line guaranteed to break at a dead weight of seventy pounds, but American ingenuity has devised reels with brakes that can be set at any tension, which slowly but surely wear down the fish, provided they are properly manipulated. One unskillful move on the part of the angler, however, will cause a broken line or rod and give the fish its freedom.

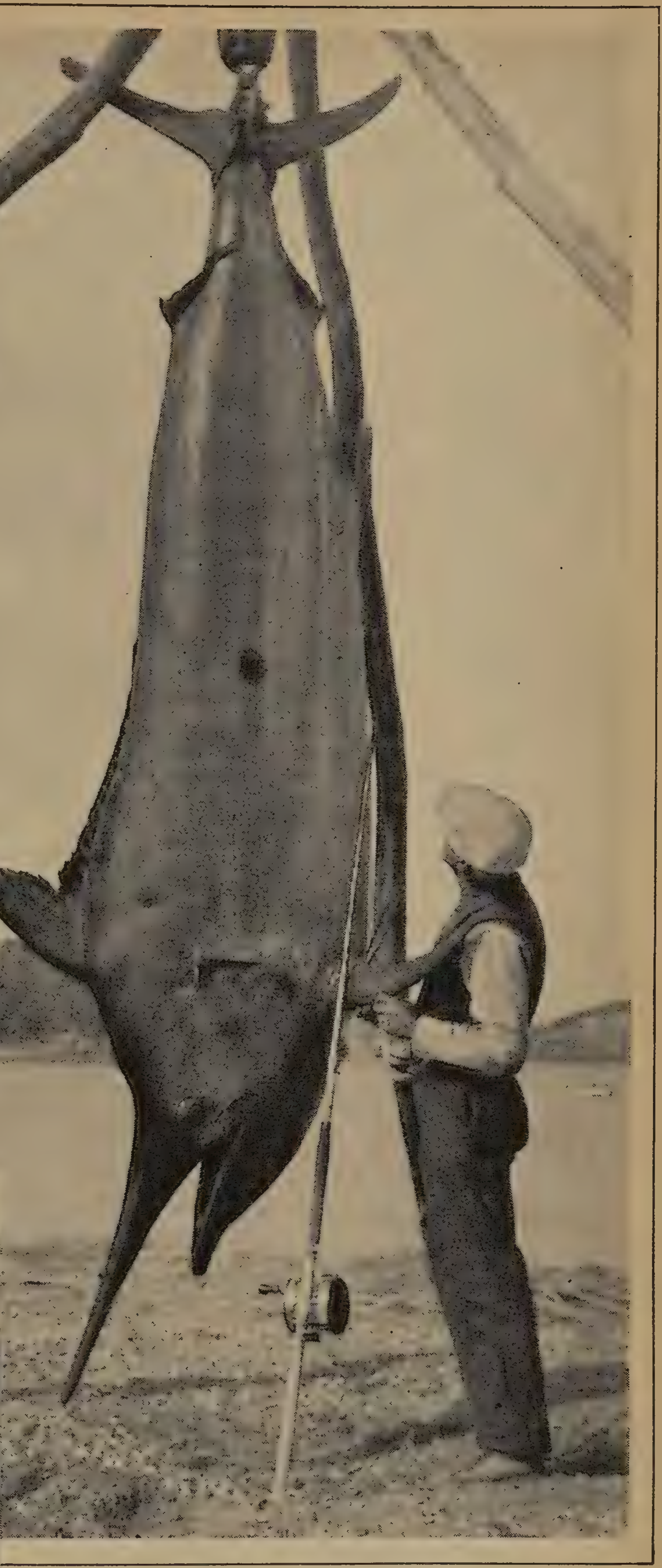
WE have no doubt that the average layman's diet and living habits are not sufficient to equip him, physically, to engage in fights with monsters of this character. Big-fish hunters, before they embark on an expedition, train as carefully as do boxers before a championship bout. For theirs is a fight that, once begun, offers no rest periods. If he is a good sport—and he always is—he will not hand his rod over to a companion while he gets his second wind.

This new sport, which can hardly be called "the gentle art of Izaak Walton," has many devoted adherents among the great and near great in our country's life. Such celebrities as Zane Grey, Charlie Chaplin, W. K. Vanderbilt, John Barrymore, Gifford Pinchot, Commander J. K. L. Ross, Keith Spaulding, Bernard Gimbel, and many others brave the dangers of big-fish fighting for the thrill.

Big-fish hunting, like going after big game, is not a poor man's sport. The power craft, upon which the angler depends for agile maneuvering, costs many thousands of dollars. At certain spots along the east and west coasts, however, there are a few boat captains who have rigged their speed boats with special equipment and hire them out for thirty to fifty dollars a day.

Ever Caught with Rod *and* Reel

Some of the best places in the United States to seek tuna or swordfish are off the Long Island and Jersey coasts, or around Catalina Island and the southern coast of California. But not until recent years have anglers, with rod and reel, landed broadbill swordfish on the east coast. In September, 1927, O. C. Grinnell of New York startled the eastern angling world by landing the first broadbill swordfish ever captured via rod and reel on the Atlantic seaboard. The catch was made off Montauk, Long Island. This fish weighed 193 pounds and was more than ten feet in length.



Hung up at last, is the biggest fish ever caught with rod and reel. Compare the monster killer with the slender rod which made him a prisoner. Captain Laurie D. Mitchell appraises his prize.

Yo, heave, ho! and up goes 1,100 pounds.

A FEW tuna have been taken off New Jersey weighing 300 and 400 pounds, and the pound nets in this same district often catch them weighing up to 1,000 pounds. The professional swordfishermen of Block Island, Rhode Island, and Montauk bring in monsters taken by harpooning that weigh from 600 to 900 pounds. This all shows the possibilities of landing a prize specimen fairly close to the largest city in the world.

The crowning achievement of big-fish hunting was the feat of Captain Laurie D. Mitchell, who in 1926 was Zane Grey's fishing companion on a nine months' cruise in the practically virgin fish waters off southern California, the west coast of Mexico, the South Sea Isles, and, last, the big-fish hunting ground supreme—New Zealand. In May, 1926, Captain Mitchell captured, with the aid of his rod and reel only, a black marlin swordfish which, when weighed officially, tipped the scales at 976 pounds.

I have known Captain Mitchell for many years and have never had occasion to doubt his veracity. But seeing is believing, and the writer saw the hooking, fighting, and landing of this fish in a moving picture of the fight, shown at a special screening in the American Museum of Natural History.

Captain Mitchell, the hero of Fishdom's Battle of the Century, has an interesting tale to tell of the capture.

"You must know, first off," the captain said, "that all my tackle was made in America. The reel was specially

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-FIVE]

constructed and, in angling parlance, is a 12-0 size, weighing about seven pounds, and capable of holding five hundred yards of number thirty-six thread line, which has a breaking strain of seventy-two pounds dead weight. The hook was designed by Zane Grey, my companion, and was just slightly smaller than the hook on the average coat hanger.

“ Attached to this was a leader, twenty feet long, made of airplane wire.

“ My rod was about seven feet long, of hickory wood, and weighed fourteen ounces. Six guides, through which the line ran, were lashed to the rod at even distances apart along its length, to distribute the strain evenly.

“ In fighting big-game fish,” the captain continued, “ it is necessary for one to wear a rod harness. Mine is made of leather and resembles the back of a vest, with straps coming over the shoulders joined to those coming from beneath, to which are attached snaps. These fit to two rings on the top of the reel. The butt of the rod fits into a leather socket screwed to the seat of a swivel chair, with a stool-like bottom, securely fastened to the deck of the boat.

Captain Laurie D. Mitchell

“ It was a bright day in May, 1926. We were cruising in a bay in New Zealand. My boat carried a captain, an engineer, and a movie cameraman. My attention was attracted by the telltale fin of a big fish, ahead of which was a school of kahawai, a fish resembling a salmon.

“ I had one bait left, a small yellowtail weighing about four pounds.

“ I made haste in putting the hook through both lips, and the captain accelerated his speed to get the craft closer to where we'd seen the big fellow. Overboard went my baited hook.

“ In a few seconds I felt a strike, and then another strike, as my line ran slowly off the reel. I let him take about two hundred yards and set the brake of the reel, and struck heavily five or six times. The fish made a terrific lunge and started out to sea.

“ By this time I'd set the brake of the reel to a pull of thirty pounds and he whisked it off at such a terrific rate that it fairly seemed to smoke.

“ Just try with one finger to pull down a spring scale to thirty pounds, and you will realize what strength a big fish must have to rip out three or four hundred yards of line at express rate speed. Not only the thirty-pound drag of the reel was pulling on his jaw, but at least a ten-pound strain of rod, and another ten pounds of stretching line.

“ My fish fought deeply for the first twenty minutes and then showed, for the first time, part of his head and body, about three hundred yards from the boat. I did not know then that I had a world's record fish hooked, but I knew I was into a big black marlin swordfish.

“ The monster was fighting every second. And I fought him just as hard as he was fighting me, for I knew that if I allowed him to sound in the five hundred to a thousand feet we were fishing in I would stand little chance of bringing him up.

“ BUT now the fish was thoroughly aroused, and would throw himself clear out of the water, time and time again, shaking his huge head to dislodge the hook, and veritably walking across the water on his tail for distances of from thirty to fifty feet.

“ All the time I was fighting him from three hundred to four hundred yards from the boat. As the hours slipped by I was not bringing him any closer, but knew his wild antics would make me the victor quicker than anything else.

“ Although I was bracing myself in the boat with both feet up against the gunwale, and I weigh one hundred and fifty-six pounds, that monster pulled me out of the seat time and time again as if I'd been a little baby.

“ After three hours I tried to get him nearer to the boat, but found it impossible. Finally I got the fish to tow the boat, stern first, and although the boat was thirty-four feet long, with a stern ten feet seven inches wide, this accommodating giant towed us at two knots per hour for about three-quarters of an hour.

“ I was fighting him all the time to keep him from sounding, which I knew would spoil my chances of ever landing him.

“ Suddenly I realized that my quarry was weakening, and foot by foot I brought him closer to the boat.

“ The big one was only a few yards away, and my assistants stood poised to gaff and rope him within a minute or two, when swish-sh-sh . . .

“ Off went the line on my reel as the fish started to sound. I was frightened to think that I would lose him after all this struggling. Was I to be cheated of my prize?

“ Fortunately, my line loosened a little and I realized the monster was coming toward the boat. Would he come up beneath and try to put his sword through the floor of the boat? I had never had the experience with any of my fish and I chilled at the thought.

“ But, instead, he evidently swung around in a circle, coming up to the surface again just a little farther away. I couldn't lose him this time, so I fought him as I had never fought a fish before.

“ CLOSER and closer the fish came. And with each turn of my reel my heart gave several trip-hammer beats. But evidently fight was all out of him, and he offered little resistance the last few yards. My leader came out of the water, and I breathed a sigh of relief.

“ I told the boatman to take his time and gaff the fish near the tail, knowing that when the tail is out of the water the fish is practically helpless. He made a splendid gaff and a tail four feet across appeared. It was not until then that I realized the enormous size of this killer.

“ Then the fun started. The engineer, not having made a large enough loop in the rope, had to throw it around the tail, the guide grabbing the other end of the rope, while I held on to the gaff.

“ The huge fish, partly out of water, lunged from the boat, bringing the two men to the tips of their toes; the tail came back and waves came over the side of the boat, drenching all three of us. My cameraman grabbed another rope, and finally got a slipknot over the tail and fastened it to a cleat, just as Zane Grey came up in another boat. Not until Mr. Grey came alongside did I have a good look at the fish, and we were all astonished. He was thirteen feet eight inches in length, with a girth of seven feet eight inches.

“ When we got him ashore, he was pulled up on a block and fall on a crosstree to be photographed, and disgorged eleven whole red snappers, which averaged about five and a half pounds each, besides a large quantity of partly digested fish. No scales were big enough to weigh him, and twenty hours after the monster was taken, he was cut in three pieces and officially weighed. In this condition the three pieces totaled nine hundred and seventy-six pounds.

“ Adding this to the sixty pounds of red snapper, the large quantity of other fish, the loss of blood and shrinking, it is my opinion that the fish when captured weighed close to eleven hundred pounds.”

Captain Mitchell is an exceedingly modest man. He would not admit it, but it is generally believed by fishermen that his record will stand for many years to come, despite the fact that each year finds more and more devotees of the sport of big-fish hunting trying to surpass his feat.

THE END

V	E	S	T	S		C	H	A	R		A	R	O	M	A	S
A	R	I	O	N		A	I	D	E		P	I	R	A	T	E
C	A	P	T	A	I	N	E	D	■	R	O	T	A	T	O	R
A	S	■	■	P	O	T	■	S	C	A	R	E	■	■	N	E
T	E	A	T	■	N	E	D	■	H	I	T	■	L	I	E	S
E	D	G	E	S	■	R	A	S	E	D	■	S	E	N		
		E	A	S	T	■	R	A	W	■	S	P	E	A	R	S
I	S	■	R	E	S	T	E	D	■	S	O	Y	■	N	O	T
S	E	T	S	■	A	I	D	■	T	O	O	■	M	E	T	E
L	E	O	■	A	R	E	■	S	E	T	T	L	E	■	E	M
E	M	M	E	T	S	■	T	U	N	■	Y	E	A	R		
		E	R	E	■	B	E	E	T	S	■	A	L	E	R	T
P	I	S	A	■	D	O	E	■	S	A	T	■	S	E	E	R
I	N	■	■	L	E	A	S	E	■	S	E	A	■	■	N	U
P	E	A	S	A	N	T	■	R	E	H	A	R	D	E	N	S
E	R	R	A	N	T		A	N	N	E		C	I	V	E	T
S	T	A	P	E	S		B	E	D	S		S	P	A	T	S

Answer to the puzzle on page 62

O	M	A	R			P	A	T	S		A	P	E	R
S	I	D	E		C	A	P	R	I		L	A	D	E
A	T	O	P		O	L	I	O	S		E	R	N	E
R	E	S	E	A	L	■	S	O	T	E	R	I	A	L
			A	V	O	N	■	P	E	R	T			
P	R	E	T	E	R	I	T	■	R	O	S	E	S	
R	O	V	E	R	■	G	I	R	L	S	■	L	I	P
A	P	E	D	■	D	E	L	A	Y	■	D	U	N	E
Y	E	N	■	O	I	L	E	R	■	A	I	D	E	S
	S	T	A	R	S	■	R	E	I	N	V	E	S	T
			T	A	L	S	■	R	O	S	E			
C	A	R	O	L	I	N	E	■	T	A	R	R	E	D
A	M	E	N		K	O	R	E	A		T	A	L	E
T	I	N	E		E	R	I	A	S		E	T	A	S
O	D	D	S		S	T	E	T			D	A	N	K

Answer to the puzzle on page 63

WHY FAMOUS MEN OF THE DAY USE BARBASOL

"Shaving is an Easy Trick . . . with Barbasol"

** "Barbasol gives me a perfect performance every day. It's so clean and quick, with brush and rub and lather eliminated, that it makes the daily razor rehearsal a joy instead of a chore. And another thing: I find it leaves my face soft and smooth and refreshed. I want to recommend it heartily."*

Joe Cook

JOE COOK

** Barbasol testimonials are not paid for*

Barbasol
Barbasol
No brush No lather No rub-in
antiseptic beard softener for Shaving
Barbasol
Antiseptic Beard Softener
BARBASOL

DO you hate to get into the daily shaving scrape in the morning? Most men do—but not the boys who tackle their beards with Barbasol. They LIKE it.

Barbasol makes the shave so easy; so smooth; so slick and clean—and it *leaves* your face feeling soft as a baby's. Any Barbasol Believer will tell you he has no hesitation in shaving *twice* a day. It's that comforting to the old face, even when studded with the toughest whiskers this side of Russia.

But—you've got to use Barbasol R-I-G-H-T to get Barbasol Benefits—Here's How:

1. Wet your face thoroughly. Leave it wet.
2. Spread on Barbasol. Don't rub it in.
3. Wet a good blade and—SHAVE.

If you follow these directions you'll be following the crowd. They've made Barbasol the fastest-selling shaving cream in America because it's delivered millions and millions of wonderful, quick, easy shaves.

And don't forget: Barbasol has put the old brush-and-lather chore in the class with hoop-skirts and high bicycles. No more old-fashioned messing around with soap; no rubbing; no long-drawn-out preparation like getting ready for a week's wash. Barbasol softens the beard quickly while it holds the hairs straight up to the blade. Then—how crisp, and clean the whiskers come away. If you don't believe it you're missing the one thing that starts every day *right.* Just try it once and you, too, will become a Barbasol Believer—and bless the day you tried it. Generous tubes 35¢ and 65¢ at all druggists'. The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

JOE COOK, actor, musician, acrobat, screen star, and comedian extraordinary, whose imitation of four Hawaiians is a perennial promise to a fun-loving American public. He's turning in a laugh a minute in "Rain or Shine," his great circus picture, these days

---

Skin Freshener

BARBASOL SKIN FRESHENER

It's a new kind of bracer," morning, noon or night. Slap it on face and neck for a quick pick-up. Wonderful; rejuvenating; tingling; what a treat!

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

No brushing—No lathering—No rubbing

Ema, Ema, E!

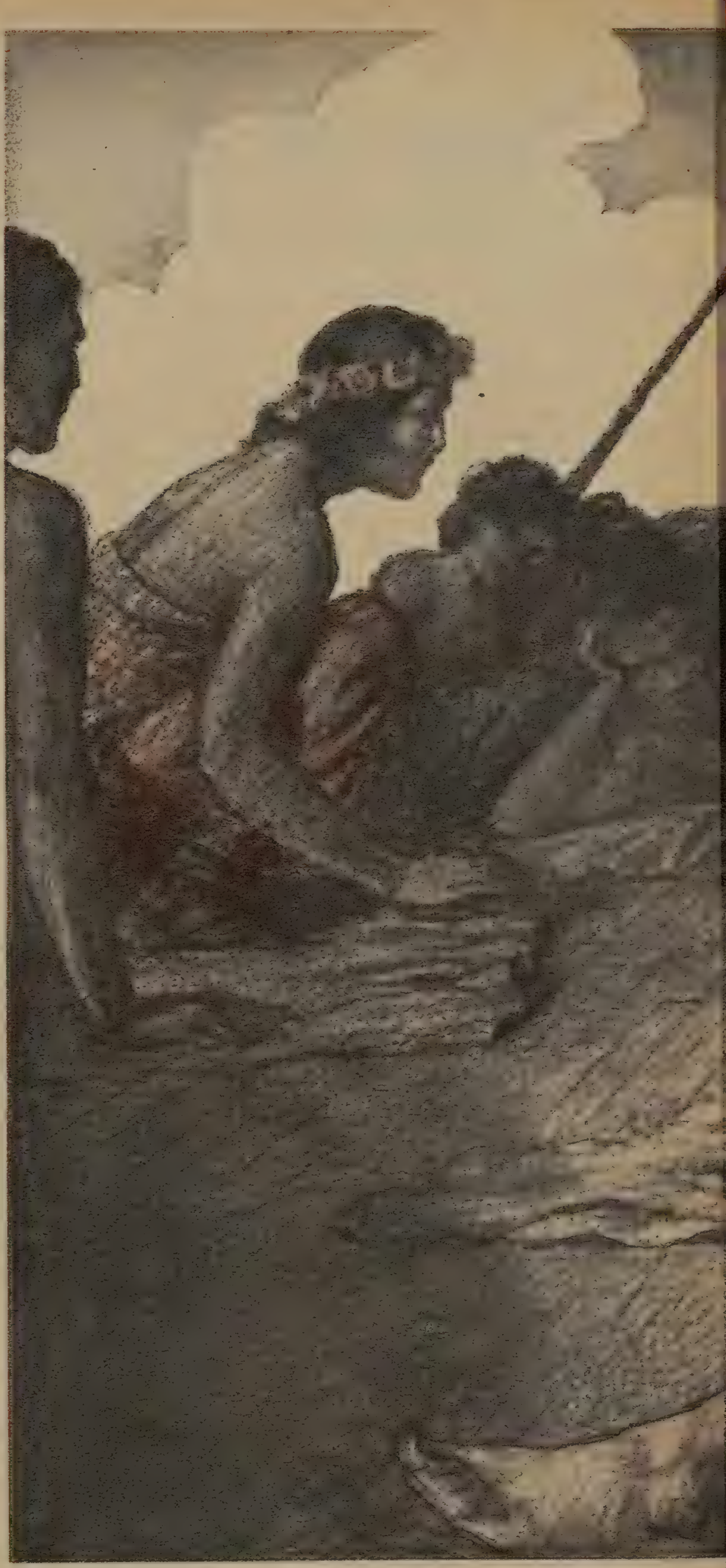
A South Sea Island Romance

— By —

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

a native of Ireland, but long a resident of those far-away islands around which she weaves her colorful stories. Besides doing literary work, she has devoted much time to exploring romantic lands off the beaten track.

Pictures by W. T. BENDA



He ought to have said something about the weath

(Reading time: 32 minutes 25 seconds)

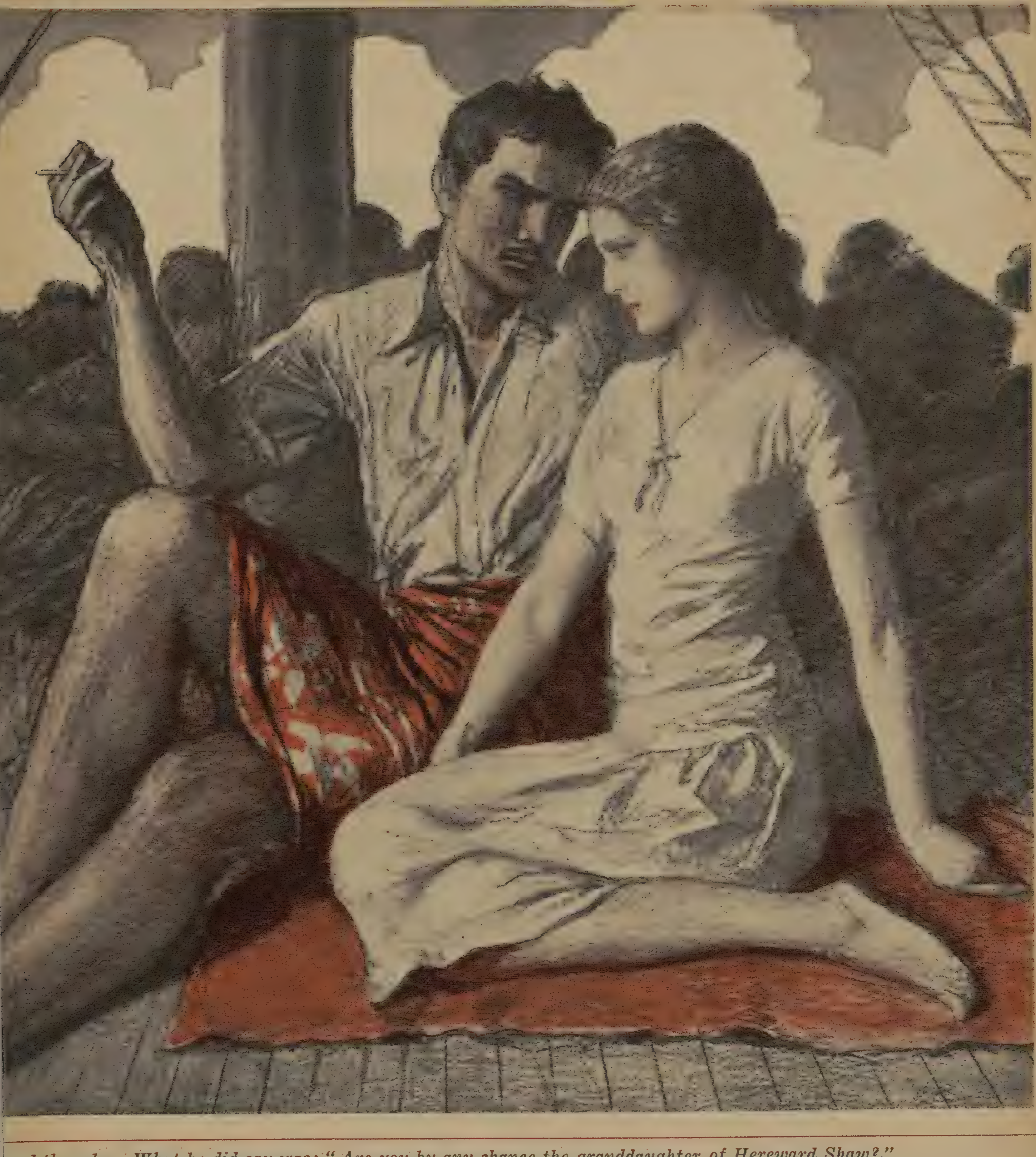
IT came to her as the island ship lay becalmed in the heart of a rose that had for petals the whole of the evening sky and every last shard of the crystal-flaked, pink sea. Like a little ivory toy was the Ysabel, white-hulled, with cream-white sails outspread. Large for an island schooner, the immense blank sea made nothing of her. It made nothing of time, of life itself. September Shaw knew that; she had known it ever since they left the port whose name she couldn't remember, on a day she had forgotten, bound for an island that was called—now, what was it called? . . .

Today she had learned something else. A fragment of knowledge that had been dimly floating across her consciousness came suddenly into focus and revealed itself.

These people. These women, island women, with brown-ivory feet and arms, lying on woven mats about the deck; these island men, in daffodil loin cloths, limbed like bronze statues; these islanders, such as she saw them, had "arrived."

Hadn't they? What did "arriving," "making good," mean on the other, far, far side of the world? It meant (at the bottom of everyone's heart, whatever anyone might say)—it meant a life of leisure, with certain amenities attaching. You had to be free, first of all. To go and come as you liked. You had to have all the nice food you wanted, and something good to drink, whenever you needed it. You had to have a delightful house, and a motor car or so. You had to have sport, lots of sport, that was necessary—for prestige, if for nothing else. . . . Music, as often as you desired. Dancing and fun. Love, of course; whatever brand you happened to fancy . . . people weren't all alike. Delightful clothes, and not too much of them, night or day; that was one of the latest pieces of wisdom that the master race had painfully excavated from the quarry of human experience.

But the island people. The savages—as she'd heard



and the calm. What he did say was: " Are you by any chance the granddaughter of Hereward Shaw?"

them called, before she went traveling. The ivory-brown folk with the beautiful manners and the flowers in their hair. Hadn't they possessed all this, from their birth upward? Well, then!

Seeing where her syllogism was likely to lead, September put her hands (nice hands) on either side of her brow (nice brow, fashionably displayed) and told herself that she must be going mad.

Drakeshill, the south-of-England town she had left nine weeks ago by calendar, nine hundred years by feeling, swept like a gray sea mist across the peony-rose sky. She could see the long main street, with its sea wall. She saw the tea parties, smelled the Scotch tweeds and the heated furs and the cakes. She heard the flipping of cards on bridge tables, the hushed, religious murmur of those who played. They were all so Right, these people. They knew, so surely, that nobody outside their own circle mattered; that even to look over the fence, pluck an idea, a phrase, from neighboring ground, was Simply Not Done.

And one and all, young and old, were already half dead, and merely putting in the time until they should altogether die.

That was why September Shaw, sole daughter of a house comfortably rich, fiancée of a Drakeshill country squire, and granddaughter of a scandalous, careless " rolling

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-NINE]

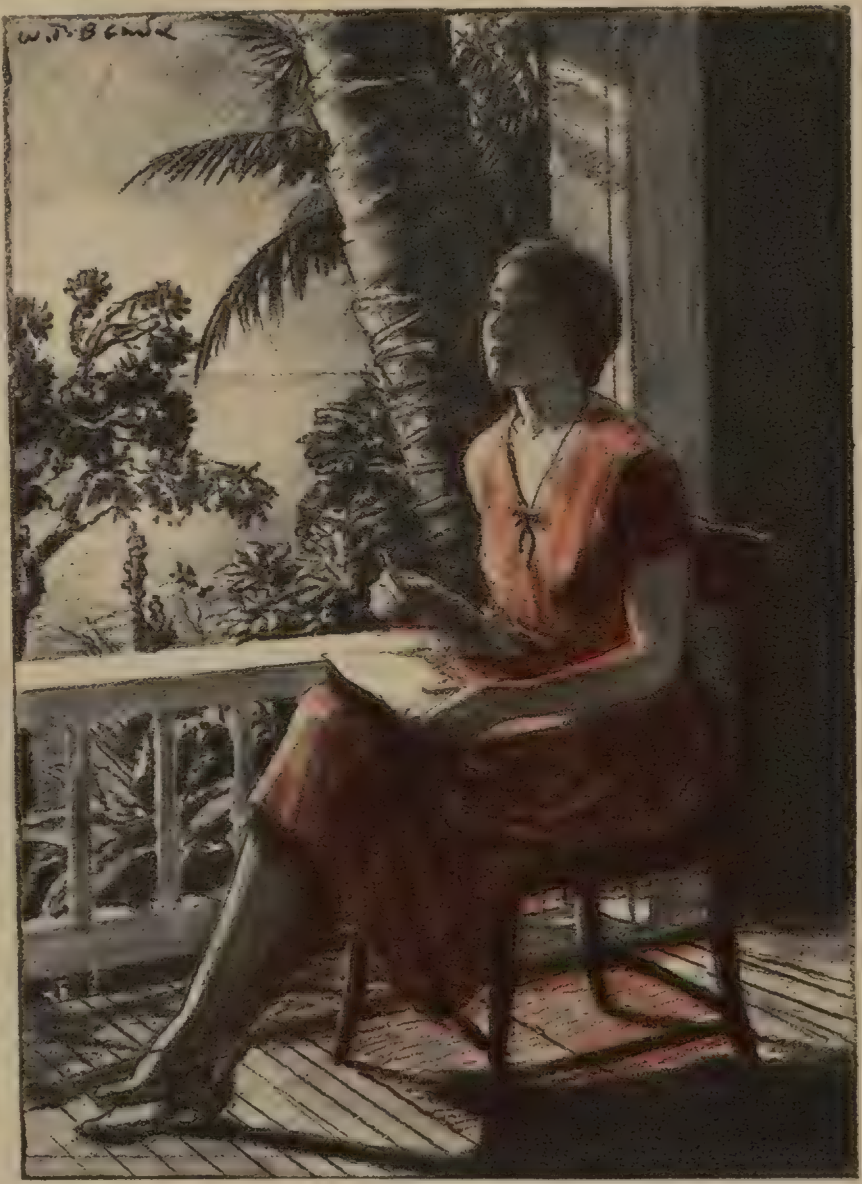
stone" who had won the R. G. S. gold medal in his day (but not the honorable mention of Drakeshill), was atavistically roaming the Pacific world.

The doctor had done it for her; the delightful doctor who was new to Drakeshill, and still unfrozen by its congealing influences. He had helped her, made much of a certain after-influenza depression; sent her on a tour round the world. Her mother (whom September didn't like) had seen to it that she took a chaperon with her. September had seen to it that the chaperon threw up her job in Sydney.

And now she was voyaging where her grandfather had (much more venturously) voyaged, and beginning to wonder, in the fading rose of that marvelous South Sea evening, what it was that had taken possession of her.

She thought it was the singing. These island deck passengers sang almost ceaselessly, to pass away the time. When the song began to falter and the singers to look bored, when the trade died down and the big sails loosely slatted and were still, then somebody—some one of the ivory-armed women or the great bronze men—would lift a head and, beating sharply on the deck, swing into "Ema, E!" and all the ship was instantly alive.

You couldn't listen to "Ema, Ema, E!" unmoved. It was not a love song; that was the curious part of it. September, a good linguist, had already picked up enough of the simple island Maori to know. The island singers could not tell her what it was about. Like many of their oldest songs, it had become so corrupted by centuries of use that it was now a jumble of almost meaningless words. But the swing of it, the boom of it, the cry that ran from high soprano down to Big Ben bass and swiftly up again, tore out your very soul.



September, sitting with her pencil doubtfully poised, looked up, listened, and sighed a little.

There were other songs. Some of them stirred September after a fashion she understood perfectly, and troubled about not at all. Others made her see Dick Reeves, who was to stand beside her for all Drakeshill to gape at, by and by; Dick with his perfect demeanor and his knack of saying nice, conventional things; Dick who loved her better than she deserved. When she thought of Dick she became almost sentimental, and that also she understood, and laughed at a little. Like the character in the forgotten Gilbert play, she said "Bah!" to it, and straightway forgot.

THERE were other things to think about, more interesting. This new discovery, for instance—that the island folk, without effort, possessed everything for which the people of Drakeshill and their ancestors had striven, sinned, and toiled.

September, round chin cupped in long, well bred hands, handsome bare legs folded under her, Samoan way, sat on deck in the heart of the sunset, thinking. "My grandfather thought thus," she told herself. "My grandfather didn't go back."

Then the passenger in the deck cabin, who had been lying there, with a touch of malaria, since the ship left its last port, came suddenly out, in a silk shirt and a scarlet *pareu* ("but there's more of that anyhow than there is of a swimming costume"), and sat down on deck, his bare legs beside the bare legs of September. He ought to have said something about the weather and the calm. What he did say was: "Are you by any chance the granddaughter of Hereward Shaw?"

Coincidences are only amazing in books. September answered quite coolly, "Yes," and twisted round on her haunches to look at the man. He was pale—but that was the fever. He was handsome, in a heavy-browed, sullen way; a face all horizontal lines, or so it seemed. ("I like ruled eyebrows and ruled mouth—but what a temper, eh?") He was quite young; perhaps a shade younger than September, who had struck twenty-seven. And his manners had the touch of carelessness, the flavor of abruptness, that marks a man extremely sure of himself.

"HAVE you any De Marios? I'm out," he said. And, helping himself from her case, "They haven't forgotten your grandfather in these parts."

"His family didn't—" September began.

"Of course not. They were cold-plum-porridge people. I suppose that's why *you're* here." He was smoking furiously, very fast.

September made up her mind to enlighten him. Really, he must understand that she wasn't—what was it people called it?—unconventional. . . .

"I left my chaperon in Sydney," she said, in a rather too high-pitched voice. "She had influenza—after effects, you know. Didn't want to come on."

"Chaperons be—drowned," was his answer. And then, "What made you leave him behind?"

"Him? Her, you—"

"No. Him."

September's voice rose another half note: "I had influenza. I was suffering from after effects. So I—"

"You said that before," he remarked.

("He will certainly make me lose my temper.") "Well, it's perfectly true—in both cases." She did not add that a viceregal invitation, cleverly engineered by herself, had been the chief cause of Mrs. Simpson's defection.

"I'm not doing any Sherlock Holmes business," came the voice beside her; a curiously rich voice, with something in it that one could only describe as dangerous. "Everyone knows what a diamond half hoop means. Especially one as good as yours. Shall I draw—Johnny—for you?"

September looked at him, silent, a little hostile. "I'll tell him nothing," she thought.

"He is fairly young. He is reasonably rich. He is very kind, and very patient, and a damned fool."

September said nothing.

He took another cigarette out of her open case.

"Instead of which," he went on easily, "you are now lying off Tinavai atoll."

They were. Tinavai, a good way distant, made, in the sunset, a picture that she was never to forget. Out of the amethyst-colored sea rose an immense dark ring of palm trees, black as if painted in India ink, the near ones taller than ship masts, the far ones little as black pins. Inside the ring, the lagoon, unruffled, showed like

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-TWO]

In Chicago
The Ground Floor Subleases of the MORRISON HOTEL Pay part of Your Hotel Bill

ECONOMY in hotel charges, with its contribution to lighter travel-costs, is a material aid in most plans of trade expansion. It is especially needful in periods of readjustment like that through which the nation has just been passing.

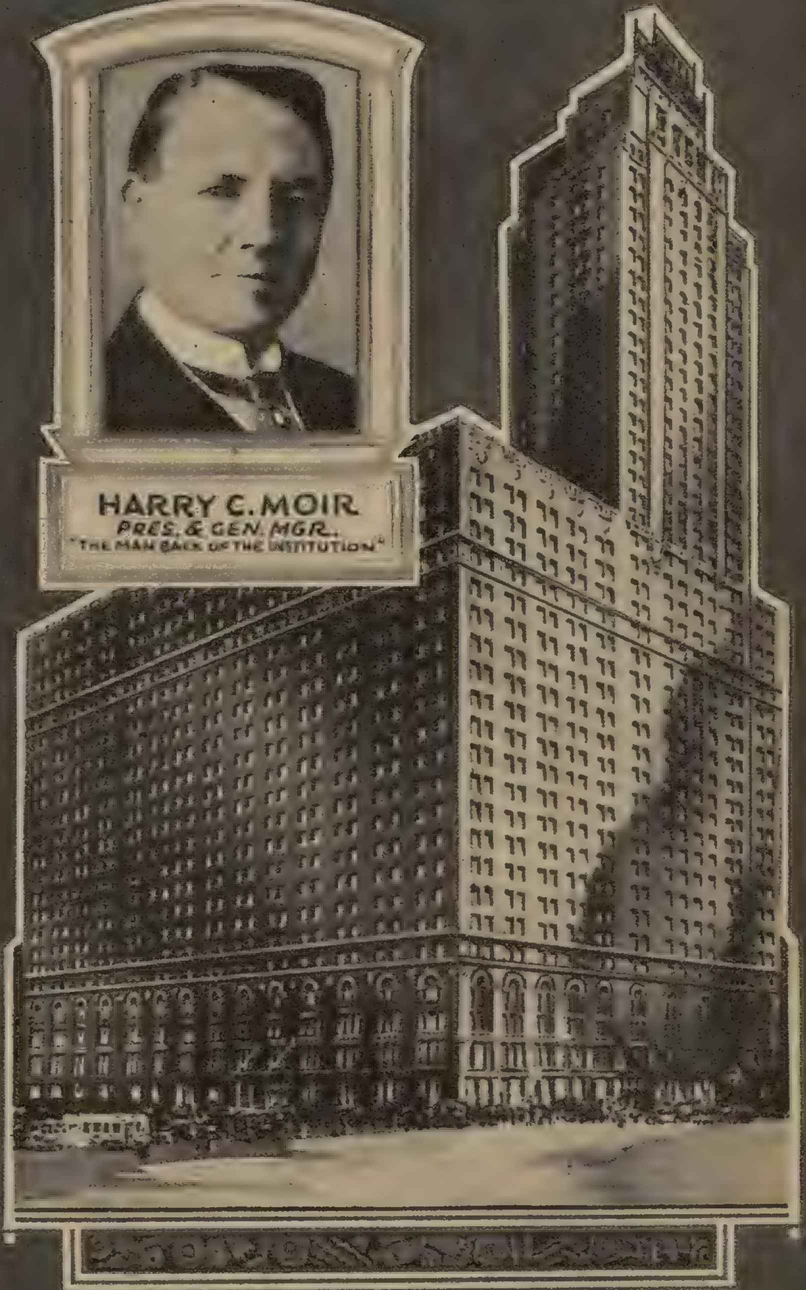
The moderation of "Morrison rates" is a truism among travelers, notwithstanding the extremely modern character of the equipment and service. But there are other economies enjoyed by guests that are not indicated by the low charges.

Here, at the busiest point in the downtown district, you can make your calls in shorter time, transact your business faster, and avoid the cost of a longer stay. You can keep each appointment with less appearance of haste, observe the courtesies more completely and *accomplish more in your available time.*

As the hotel grows larger, these advantages are being greatly extended. 500 rooms are now being added, equipped in conformity with those in the present building. Each room will be outside, with bath, running ice water, radio, telephone, bed-head reading-lamp, and Servidor. Colored fixtures will be installed in all bathrooms, and kitchenettes on several of the floors will mark a new departure among hotels of premier size.

This extension carries the Madison Street frontage considerably nearer the end of the block, of which the entire length will eventually be occupied, when the Morrison becomes the largest hotel in the world.

Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
Moir Hotel Company


HARRY C. MOIR
PRES. & GEN. MGR.
"THE MAN BACK OF THE INSTITUTION"

The New Morrison, the world's tallest hotel, 46 stories high, will be, when completed, the largest and tallest, with 3,450 rooms.

MORRISON HOTEL
THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE
and TERRACE GARDEN CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT
CLARK AND MADISON STREETS
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

TABLE OF RATES (single in each case)

202 Rooms, $2.50	457 Rooms, $4.00	15 Rooms, $6.00
241 Rooms, $3.00	245 Rooms, $4.50	35 Rooms, $7.00
480 Rooms, $3.50	189 Rooms, $5.00	21 Rooms, $8.00

16 Corner Suites, $12.00
16 Suites, $15.00
6 Suites, $20.00
Sample Rooms from $6.00 to $12.00

Write or Wire for Reservations

EMA, EMA, E!
Continued from page seventy

a flat pink topaz, miraculously raised above the restless amethysts of the outer sea. Wind was coming now; the tops of the Tinavai palms began to shudder and beat; flying cat's-paws played lightly with the topaz, and swept on to leave furious claw marks upon the open sea.

“Clear out, if you don't want to be brained by the main boom,” sharply advised the nameless man in the *pareu.* September rose to her feet in one swift movement and vanished through the cabin hatchway. . . .

Mark Seagoe was his name. She had learned that from the foolish little visitors' book of the hotel; a sixpenny notebook, left to stray on the veranda. She had learned also that his home was in London. The knowledge left her little wiser. She had never known any Seagoes except the sugar millionaires of that name; a family simply rotten with money. And whatever Seagoe was, he wasn't that.

What was he? For an island wanderer, a traveler unoccupied, he seemed unique. September, wise in her well informed generation, knew that it was by no means usual for a man in his twenties, handsome, impulsive, unconventional, and apparently unattached, to remain unmoved by the “glad eyes” of innumerable ivory-brown beauties bent on capturing the stranger. Yet that was what Seagoe did; island gossip, richly inclusive, left nobody any doubts on the matter.

IT went further. It suggested—nay, shouted from the very palm-tree tops—that September was the reason. They were the only guests brought by the interisland boat; the hotel—a mere shed of iron, tangled in wreaths of fruit and flower—was empty, save for themselves and an indeterminate number of charming island girls supposed vaguely to be servants. September was making this stay-over on her voyage round the world because (she told herself) she wanted to study real island life while she had the chance.

Seagoe saw to it that she missed nothing. When the full-moon time arrived—and the few white people altered none of their ways because of that recurring miracle—Seagoe made her join the natives in all-night fishing, dancing, feasting. “They know how to live,” he said. “They miss nothing—not even the full moon. And what's the day for but to sleep in?”

He made her climb the highest peak of Lakomana with him at dawn, to trap the forest pigeons. He took risks and made her take them; she loved that. Dick had always been as careful of her as if she were spun glass. . . .

AND one day, sitting beside her, on a beach that was the embodiment of every island beach in one's best dreams, he began to make love. It was the oddest love that man had ever made to woman, surely. For he talked first about her grandfather, Hereward Shaw, who had come to the islands a young widower, intending to stay over the cool season, and go home. Who had stayed forever. Who had been king of his island as no white man, perhaps, could be today. Who had enjoyed his life to the last swallow of the cup, save for one single bitter drop. He had no wife.

“He didn't live like an anchorite,” said Seagoe, and September coolly answered, “One would suppose not.”

“But he wanted a home, and a woman with a mind like his own. I've talked to the people who knew him. He wasn't interested a little damn' bit in your father; the Shawiest Shaws had got hold of the child, the real cold-plum-porridge set, so Hereward never sent for him. Did a lot of mapping and discovery in his day. Ran Lakomana better than any resident has done. Life like a magazine story—but—he missed the woman. Nearly everybody,” said Seagoe in a conversational tone, kicking up sand with his feet—“nearly everybody does.”

“Why?” she thought, but did not say it. Seagoe went on as if she had spoken—he had a terrifying knack of reading her thoughts. “Not enough courage,” he said. “Too many damned relations. Everything and every-

It keeps teeth WHITE

DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
5¢
5¢
KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE

A winning smile gets you ahead in the world.

And snowy white teeth are what give your smile its winning brightness.

Don't let dull teeth rob your smile of its sunshine. Chew Dentyne and keep them clean and pearl-like—with the gum especially made to keep teeth white. Chew delicious Dentyne—the highest quality gum made today.

Chew DENTYNE
. . and smile!

body in league against the big thing. And something more than everything and everybody. It. I don't know what."

Then suddenly he turned his eyes on her. "Oh, dangerous eyes," she thought, and wondered how she knew. She did know; he would always live dangerously, for himself and others.

"September," he said, in a voice that caressed, embraced. "Sweet September. They gave you the right name. . . . I'm not going to miss you, and you're not going to miss me."

He kissed her. "God!" she said to herself when he let her go. "Dick doesn't know a thing!"

She found voice to say shakily, "You know I'm engaged."

The answer struck her like a blow. "So am I."

"What—what—" she said, and stopped; her voice caught, as a cloak catches on a thorn; she couldn't go on.

"There's only one thing to do. I'll ask for my freedom. And you can give him his."

"It's different."

"Yes." His black, half-sullen brows seemed to be frowning at the opal sea. "It will hurt everybody. No, no, I don't care for her; not in the way I care for you, not for a minute. But I thought I liked her well enough; she's pretty, and her people were all for it, and she—she—" He balked at something, swallowed, and could not say it.

September finished the sentence for him:

"You mean that she's terribly in love with you."

He did not answer that. In a minute or two he said, "She will understand it's best for her as well as for me."

Looking at him there, so young, so handsome; chivalrous, kind, yet at the bottom of it all incalculable, and dangerous, in the very essence of him, September understood that it might indeed be "best" for this unknown girl to suffer desertion, rather than chain to herself for life an unwilling Mark Seagoe. But—"terribly in love"! She had little doubt of it. She had good cause to know.

AND—what did it mean when he said, "her people were all for it"? Quite suddenly, September understood. This gypsy who went barefoot, but wore a wrist watch worth forty or fifty pounds—this lover of hers, who seemed poor but assuredly was not—must be one of *the* Seagoes. It did not matter to her; she had enough of her own to live on, and the various assorted Shaws would probably leave her more. But what about the girl whose people "were all for it"? How would she take the loss of one of the Seagoe fortunes? How would they?

Mark must have overheard her thoughts, for he suddenly burst out:

"I wonder why in hell people won't let you live in the quarter of the world you like? If one wanted to buy a villa on the Riviera, or even in Corsica or Algiers, they'd see sense in it; they'd smile and put up with it if you went to live among the sheiks in the desert—but just mention the words 'South Seas,' and they're up in arms at once. It isn't done. . . . Time it was done, anyhow. Buy an island out here, and you've everything the world can give you—power and prestige and freedom. Good God, does it exist anywhere, anywhere else? And sport, and fun, and adventure, and the finest climates in the world, and no damned busybodies to worry your life out, and no parties—oh, merciful angels, no parties! But Dorothy would say"—

("So Dorothy's her name! It would be!")

—"that you can't escape the duty of social service, and that the poor are always with you. She's an awfully good kid, really, with a conscience that would fit somebody about seven sizes bigger than herself. Well, what would you say if I came to you with only half a fortune?"

He was abrupt, but she could follow. "You mean you'd buy your freedom from charities and so on? Let her do all that?"

"Yes. Live a selfish life enjoying ourselves—with our children. Enjoy, enjoy! The world's forgotten how to do it. These island people have taught you and me. We'll be good scholars and let the world go hang. What do you say?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SPEED-A-WAY Members

know how to get

a Quick

HEAD

START

FOR HEALTH'S SAKE
ROLLER SKATE

Flash! There's no other way to describe a Speed-A-Way boy getting under way. And you yourself know that a quick start is half the race.

Besides knowing how to get off with a bang, Speed-A-Way members know Racing Strokes, How to Stop with 4-Wheel Brakes, and many other roller-skating secrets.

Join this jolly club—anyone can.

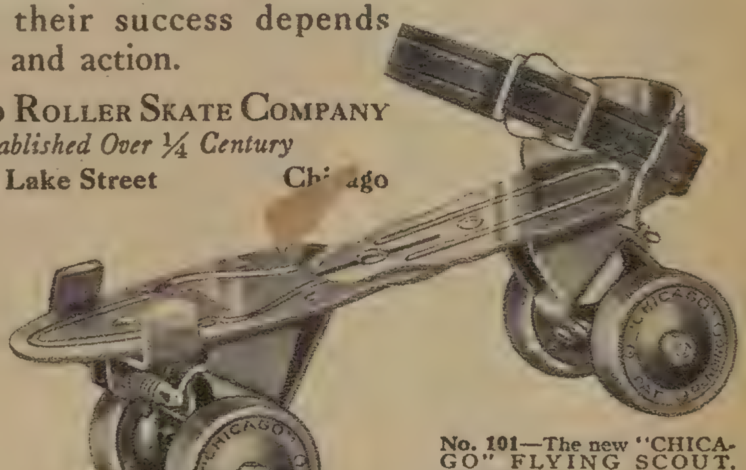
Winners and champions prefer "CHICAGO" FLYING SCOUT or "CHICAGO" SILENT FLASH, because their success depends on speed and action.

CHICAGO ROLLER SKATE COMPANY
Established Over ¼ Century
4424 West Lake Street Chicago

How to Join

For beautiful gold-finish skate pin, membership certificate, book of roller-skate secrets, simply send your dealer's name and 10 cents in stamps to cover postage.

Seventh Graders: Send name of your school for FREE-SKATE plan.



No. 101—The new "CHICAGO" FLYING SCOUT. Double-Tread, "TRIPLE-WARE" Steel Wheels; cushioned in rubber; finest ball bearings. Outwear ordinary skates two to one. **Price $2.25**

No. 181 — "CHICAGO" SILENT FLASH—the wonderful guaranteed Rubber-Tire skate. Outwear any steel wheel skates made. . . **Price $4.00**

At your dealer's or sent direct postpaid.

CHICAGO FLYING SCOUT Roller Skates

[EMA, EMA, E!
Continued from page seventy-three]

It was warm underneath the tented "utu" trees. Large flowers like painters' brushes touched with milk and rose, had fallen from the boughs above; they went tumbling about in the edges of the tide; they scattered drifts of bloom upon the sand. September picked one carefully to pieces, before she answered.

"It seems," she said, letting fall the last of the plumy stamens—"it seems too good to be true."

"Puritan," he mocked. "Little Praise-God-Barebones, afraid to be happy. I'll show you whether it's too good to be true or not. I'll buy a schooner, buy Tinavai atoll, and between us we'll show the world the way back to happiness."

"Tinavai!" she cried. The vision of the atoll sprang to her eyes—that fairy ring of palms set in a jeweled sea. Tinavai to come home to, roaring through the passage in the reef, after wild voyages God knows where! The dangerous life, perhaps, but, oh, the salt of danger!

On the other hand, Drakeshill. The long sea wall, the winter rains on darkly shining roads, the motors and the hunting and the shooting and the bridge. A wedding in Drakeshill church. Rain on the east window; bridesmaids—fourteen of them—in picture frocks, a little chilly, a little smiling. Dick, and a honeymoon on the Riviera. Dick's home. Life settled, safe, foreseen, for ever and ever, amen.

September jumped to her feet.

"How soon do you think we can be married?" she said.

. . . . .

SEAGOE had been away three months. In a little while longer he would be due to return. September had written to her people. She told them about Lakomana; the healthiness of its climate, the beauty of the place. She said that she was staying on there for a few weeks more. She told them nothing at all about Mark.

Her mother—whom September did not like—promptly sent the letter on to Dick Reeves. "I feel she is keeping something from us," wrote Mrs. Shaw. "Perhaps you can throw some light on the matter." Reeves replied: "My letter seems to have been copied from yours, or vice versa. I wouldn't worry about September. She's good stuff." And he telephoned to the stables for the head groom. "About that Oriana filly," he said. "If the fetlock's still swollen . . ."

IT seemed the fetlock was swollen. Richard took his hat and went out to the stables through a biting November fog. The shivering birds in the bank of laurustine that hid the stable buildings from the lawn might have heard him say as he went, "I don't know what to make of her." Whether he meant the filly or the girl, there was nothing to tell.

September, on the island, waited. It was nearly four months now. She was growing very tired of the little tin hotel and its few guests. There was a breadfruit forest some little way off; it fascinated her. She spent much of her time in that forest, walking and sitting under its marvelous great trees. Here an army could feed, could go on feeding forever; here and among the forests of naturally grown coconuts that stretched for miles a little farther on. No wonder that the brown folk of Lakomana had endless time for dancing and singing, for lying in the shade and building sand castles like children, as they loved to do.

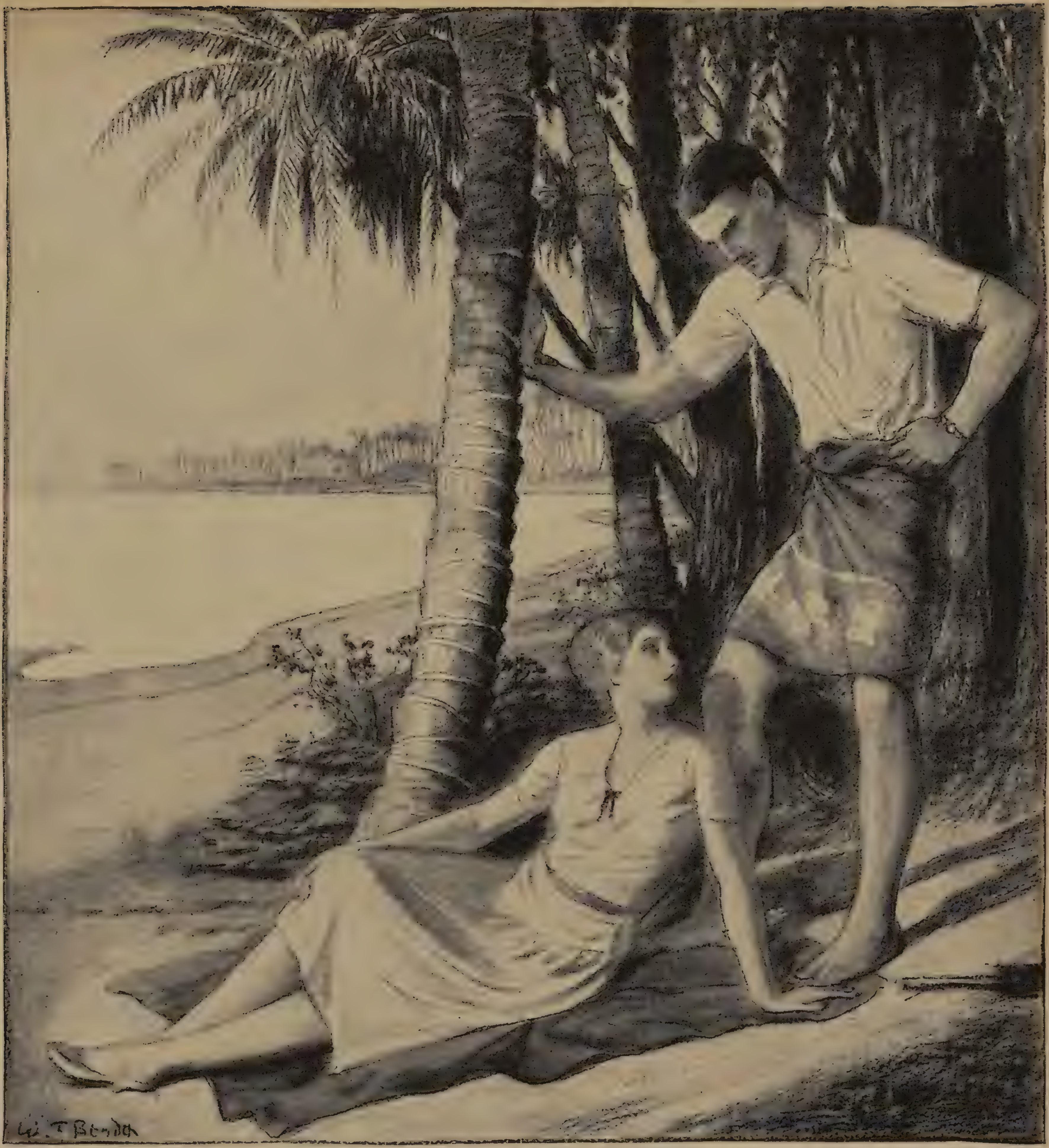
Was that what was really meant by the immemorial, wordless song of "Ema, Ema, E!"? Freedom from labor, time to live? But every retired tradesman in Upper Tooting had as much. No, it was something bigger. September, watching through half-shut eyes the tingling sparkle of the far-out breakers, listening to the velvet thunder of the reef that was never long inaudible from any part of Lakomana, mused on these things and came to no conclusion. "The natives know, but they can't tell," she thought. "Birds know—that tui bird in

PLUTO WATER
AMERICA'S PHYSIC
AMERICA'S PHYSIC
PLUTO
CONCENTRATED SPRING WATER FORTIFIED WITH SODIUM AND MAGNESIUM SULPHATES
TRADE MARK
REGISTERED
CONTENTS
8 FLUID OZS.
FRENCH LICK SPRINGS HOTEL CO.

Bottled at French Lick Springs—
America's Spa—and sold at drug
stores and fountains everywhere.

WHEN
NATURE
WON'T,
PLUTO
WILL

AMERICA'S LAXATIVE
MINERAL WATER



Out of a thousand things she might have said, she found this one only: "Did you come by the steamer?"

the forest has been telling it all morning, but we can't understand. Mark half knows; that's what makes him unlike other people. Whatever it is, we throw our lives away for it—we who hear the call."

She paused a moment. "And other lives, too," she added slowly.

Twelve thousand miles away, and ten hours earlier, Dick, at that moment, was waking to a wintry dawn, in the great bed where so many masters of Reeveshill had slept—but not alone. Dick was alone.

He lay for a minute or two, watching the branches of bare trees begin to show themselves upon a lightening sky; ghostly they looked, like limbs of poulps spread out in gray sea water. Dick never had fires in his room. The cold of early morning nipped his face and chilled the hands he had thrown restlessly out on the eiderdown. He was not conscious of it. Dick Reeves, half awake in that sinister luckless dawn, saw a vision. A flashing view of sea and palms and sun, bright but indefinite, with two figures in the midst of it. Dick knew who they were. One was September. The other was a man.

The master of Reeveshill would have been cut in pieces rather than acknowledge to anything so absurd as a vision. Visions "weren't done." He told himself he had had a dream and that it had upset him. He told nobody anything else. But the Cunard Company received an imperative wire that afternoon, and two days later Reeves sailed for New York, "on business."

The boat, in midocean, passed her sister ship, which happened to be carrying a letter for Dick; a letter from September, that was to wander the whole world over in search of him, and miss him at the last. If Dick could have read that letter through intervening walls of water, of steel, of mail-bag canvas, would he have turned back? That was something that nobody concerned was ever to know.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

EMA, EMA, E!
Continued from page seventy-five

September, a little tired of waiting, waited on. And the season turned swiftly in Lakomana from shining warm summer toward warm shining winter. And the southeast began, and the steamer came.

Mark Seagoe was not on the boat. September was a little troubled; but only a little. There was another boat to follow soon; an extra sailing. That would certainly bring Mark. She had not heard from him since he reached England; there had been barely time for that. She knew that he meant to see the girl, tell the truth, and "take what was coming," ask for his freedom, and immediately return. He might be back in Lakomana before a letter could reach her.

Nevertheless she went to the little post office, where, today, the whole white population of the island—some fifteen souls in all—was gathered together, looking for its mail.

There was no mail for September. Stay, on second thoughts, the postmaster opined there was something. Only a newspaper.

Some instinct made her take the paper, unopened, out to the breadfruit forest. You couldn't be alone in the little tin hotel.

It turned out to be a copy of an evening paper. There were pictures of murderers in it; pictures of cricketers, pictures of brides. One, a snapshot taken on the steps of St. Margaret's, Westminster, was headed: "Today's Society Wedding—Daughter of Well Known M. P. Weds Scion of Wealthy Family." It had been a windy day when the snapshot was taken; the bride's frock was blown away from her rather bandy little legs; her pinched, pretty face was partly obscured by the flying veil, but, even so, one could read its expression of half-frightened triumph; one could see that she was saying to herself, "Mine—after all!" Rather brutal, that snapshot; but so are many wedding pictures brutal.

The bridegroom's face was turned a little away; hard to see its expression. But it was Mark. No need to look at the caption that screamed out his name.

Round the picture was a scar of red pencil. Someone had sent that to September. Someone who knew her address. There could be only one person who knew it—surely? She picked up the torn wrapper and looked at the handwriting. Not his. Hers, then. She had picked and pried to find the address—never, never had it been given her!—and sent off the paper, probably on the very day it was published.

What did that matter? What did any picture, or paper, or piece of news in the whole world matter? The world had come to an end.

There was no one in the breadfruit forest; no one on the windy beach beyond. Oh, she had been right to bring the fatal paper here!

Lips and closed eyes pressed down among the crackling dead leaves, hands clenched in the damp earth beside her, September silently endured the greatest pain that her seven and twenty years had known. She felt physically sick; she panted; she was cold.

BY and by she found that she was speaking aloud. "Damn' fool," she said, and sat up.

"He might have written," she thought dully, looking at the celadon-green sea. A sudden memory of Tinavai atoll, the blinding emerald and the blinding snow of it, came to stab her. No one would live there now.

It was late before she went back to the tin hotel, but she had found herself; could hold her head up, smile a little, join in the unending, never varying steamer talk.

They said there would be another boat in three days. They said it wasn't much of a boat, and that the company ought to put on something better. They said she would take passengers and mails, if any, and drop them at Pango-Pango, for the mail steamer.

September, determinedly eating food that tasted of nothing, heard this. "I shall have time to get my things washed and packed," she thought. And then— "For where?"

There was no answer in her mind. There was none even on steamer day, when, packed and ready, she went down once more to the breadfruit forest, to sit by the beach and see the boat come in. The Ducie would not sail till near sundown. She had plenty of time. All the time in the world. For what?

No answer to that, either. A question jumped into her mind from God knows where: "Is Dick feeling like this, now that he's got my letter?" She was quite sure that Dick would feel like this, if he were convinced that it was the right thing to do.

Was she going to marry Dick? "Well," she thought, tracing figures on the sand with her sunshade, "one has to do something—or drown oneself. I wonder wouldn't I rather drown?"

SOMEBODY bent over her and took the sunshade out of her hand. She looked up, and it was Mark Seagoe.

Out of a thousand things she might have said, she found this one only: "Did you come by the steamer?"

He did not answer her. He said, "Put that away, and I'll sit down." He sat down on the sand, and, save for the incident of stockings and shoes, it was just like the day when he had dropped beside her on the schooner deck, his big feet pointing to heaven beside her small ones, his hand within a quarter inch of hers.

She looked at his fingers, burrowing into the sand—long brown fingers they were, hard and smooth. She said to herself, "That's my man's hand, and it belongs to her." And, quite simply, she understood the deeds of poisoners in the Middle Ages:

> As thou doest thy work in this devil's smithy,
> Which is the poison to poison her, prithee?

She remembered that. . . .

She wondered if—Dorothy—was on the boat. Mark was capable of anything. He was taking out a cigarette now, hunting in his matchbox. How like him!

"Have you a match?" he said sharply. And then, without preliminary: "She held me to it."

"So I gathered," said a cool voice beside him. "There's your match."

"She did. They all did. She said I'd asked for my freedom, and she thought it best for me not to give it. She said I didn't know my own mind. She said I'd promised. She showed me the ring. She said—they said—people would say there was scandal in it. They drove me in—like beaters. They fixed the wedding. Sent out the cards." He puffed at his cigarette, burning it like tinder. "I said, 'Do you know I don't love you? Do you know I love another woman?' She said, 'I do know, and I refuse to let you ruin your life.'"

"Why—ruin?" September's pride sharply demanded.

"She said you'd thrown Reeves over for a caprice, and you'd throw me. I won't tell you what else—I nearly hit her. She said, 'You'll come back to me, after we're married.' I said, 'The hell I will.' Even then, she wouldn't— It was an awful day, raining and blowing. We came down the steps in a sort of blizzard, and they snapshotted us, and had it out the same afternoon in the evening papers."

"Yes—I—"

"We drove back to their house. We had the breakfast, and a speech or two, and she cut the cake, and she went and changed into her traveling frock. I had my sedan at the door, and my own chauffeur. I handed her in, told the man 'Waterloo,' banged the door, and—"

"Oh!" It was almost a scream.

"I'd a man I'd once saved from jail, waiting behind, in a sports car that could do ninety without turning a hair. We chucked London behind us like an apple peel. That night I was on the Cedric, boring full speed into an Atlantic gale, and thanking God. And—that's all."

All! More fully than ever, September realized that Mark was the dangerous kind.

"I think you're cruel," broke from her, almost without her will.

"I wanted to be," was his curt reply.

"But—"

"I made my will; settled half of everything on her. Signed it immediately after the wedding. What does she want? She's got my name, and my property, and everything but me. And I—don't—belong—to—her."

Silence. It seemed to September that she had stopped breathing.

"The thing is," said Mark, tapping out the end of his cigarette on a stone—"the thing is—will you come to Tinavai with me?"

He might have been asking her if she would go to the pictures. But she could see that his face, beneath its golden tan, had turned white with the rapid beating of his heart.

"Will she divorce you?" asked September.

"Not a chance. Her people would make her hang on to the money. . . . Alimony's never as much. Will you come to Tinavai with me?"

Tinavai! The emerald atoll with the silver beaches. Tinavai—eternal summer and eternal love!

She opened her mouth to say "Yes," and said instead—as if someone had been dictating the words to her:

"I can't possibly."

Mark, looking away, said:

"I rather thought as much."

He was silent for quite a minute, and then he spoke:

"Are you going to marry Johnny?"

"That's not his name."

"Are you?" His hand had crossed the quarter-inch interval now; was holding hers firmly down. His face was close to hers.

"Don't," she said quickly. "There's someone coming."

She heard him quietly curse the invader before she saw who it was. A native boy from the hotel. A light-footed, smiling youth with a telegram in his hand. "Came by the boat," he explained, and, singing, went away.

SEPTEMBER opened it, and Mark, with his usual disregard of conventional manners, read it over her shoulder. It was signed "Reeves," and announced, from midocean, her fiancé's intention of meeting her at Pango-Pango, Samoa, whence her last letters had been dispatched.

"What are you going to do?" asked Mark again, and she could only answer, "For God's sake, go!"

"Do you really mean that?" he asked her. "Because, if I go, it's good-by for good. She'll never die. And you'll never go home. You can't. The islands have you. It's like that with some. Hereward Shaw. And me. And you. You'll never, never sleep again out of hearing of the sound of the reef."

"Very well, then," answered September, roused to sudden bitterness, "if I do, I'll sleep alone."

Seagoe rose to his feet, and bowed slightly.

"That being the case," he said, "as the boat goes this afternoon, I'll take back my berth on her, and cease to trouble you."

"Perhaps you'll be good enough," she said breathlessly, "to take a cable down to Pango-Pango for me."

He handed her his pencil; an old envelope.

She wrote on it, "Please do not come—useless," and directed it to Reeves, at San Francisco.

Mark Seagoe put the paper in his pocket, barely glancing at it. It seemed to have no interest for him.

"I believe," he said, "there are several thousand islands in the Pacific. Room for choice."

"I'm going to buy Tinavai," she said, still hurriedly.

"By all means," said Mark. ("He is terribly angry. He will never forgive me. He doesn't forgive women—anything," she thought, in the same breathless hurry; for really, he was going now.)

"Good-by," he said, and did not take her hand, and was gone.

September sat quite still for a long time after he had left. Then she rose, and said to herself, with stiff lips, "I suppose I'd better go—and unpack my things."

. . . . . .

IT took a long time to purchase Tinavai.

Letters had to pass between September and the New Zealand government, thousands of miles away. Letters had to go to Apia. It was eight months before she knew herself the owner of the atoll, and more trouble and money had been sunk in the business than she cared to think about.

All this time she had been living in the Lakomana group, as far as possible from the island where she and Mark had had their brief few weeks of happiness. She had thrown herself with ardor into the island life. The few white residents were "not her kind"—she could not stand their company—but the natives were gentlemen and ladies, every one, and she had owned, as Hereward's granddaughter, a hereditary claim on their friendship, which they were quick to acknowledge.

"I don't wonder that granddad couldn't stick the rest of them," she thought. "I suppose they were worse, if anything, in his day. They don't begin to compare with the natives for kindliness, for good manners, for decency, or anything else."

These things she told herself very often, as the months went by, and a strange blankness, like a cloud, began to spread itself over her life. She knew what it was. "It's the lack of one's own kind," she thought. "I'm going through what granddad did. But I can't take his remedy—if it was a remedy." She wondered, now, if old Hereward—young Hereward then—had really been so happy after all.

"I suppose," thought September,

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Give First AID

This Quicker, Better Way

Not a second is lost when you apply Oil of Salt. Just pour it on—that's how easily and speedily you soothe and comfort with this ideal dressing. No sticking or adhering of bandage. Gives instant, soothing relief. Always keep a bottle for emergencies—burns, scalds, cuts, bruises. Wonderful also for sores, sore muscles, sunburn, poison ivy, and for sore, itching, burning feet. Millions prefer it for home use and for children. Be prepared. Keep a bottle on hand. Some loved one may need it soon.

Used by thousands of physicians, surgeons, fire departments—by over 50,000 factories for first aid and by millions of people, everywhere.

A Liquid SOOTHING Oil of Salt Is Better

First Aid In Accidents

All Druggists Sell and Recommend It

$1000 FOR SPARE TIME

With PROCESS

XMAS GREETING CARDS

Miss Peace of Louisiana who made $240 on one order.

Turn your spare minutes into DOLLARS with America's best known line of Christmas Greeting Cards. Biggest season in history now on. We supply big outfit free and selling plans that bring you immediate earnings.

THE PROCESS CORPORATION

Dept. 941-C 21st at Troy Chicago

VISCOSE METHOD

Corrects Leg Troubles

VISCOSE METHOD, a plastic external application gives you the new principle endorsed by the medical profession the world over. Restores circulation while you walk and work, relieves swelling, itching, aching, painful varicose vein suffering. Enables broken skin and leg rash to heal. Send for FREE BOOK "VISCOSE," a scientific treatment for varicose vein and leg suffering. Explain your ailment to—

DR. L. W. CLASON VISCOSE COMPANY

140 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago

How Viscose Method appears on legs. Invisible—thin as a kid glove—flesh colored.

Corns

for Soft Corns

for Hard Corns

End Corn Pains instantly with Wizard Improved Corn Pads. Cushioned, but not bulky. Oh, so comfortable. Treated with mercurochrome (HW&D). *Safe.* 10c and 35c package. FREE SAMPLE. Write for it. Send dealer's name-address. Wizard Co. 1629 Locust. St Louis Mo.

Wizard Corn Pads

Big Profits

MAKING HOME MADE CANDIES!

A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN

Make your kitchen your candy shop. Retired manufacturer teaches you secrets of Home Made Candies in spare time. Earn $35, $50, $100 weekly extra money.

NO FEAR OF UNEMPLOYMENT

Same course trains you as "skilled worker." Many employed by factories and chains at good salaries. Others own business, starting with little cash. No age limit. Steady work. **Free Book explains. Capitol Candy School, Dept. G-10674, Washington, D. C.**

EMA, EMA, E!
Continued from page seventy-seven

"if he stuck it out, so can I." And she went to build on Tinavai.

There was nothing like Tinavai in all the seas; it was beautiful beyond the power of words to tell, it was wild and romantic as a poet's dream—and it produced a very fair quality of copra. That mattered, since September's income had been cut down almost to poverty point by the purchase of the atoll. She became a busy planter, a keen merchant. And Tinavai blew away the gray clouds—for a time.

Then one evening, as she stood on the veranda of her little brown thatched house, looking out over the marvel of sunset on the lagoon, a vision came to her of dark wet roads with motor cars speeding over them. Of meets on Drakeshill Moor. Of the sea wall, and the climbing houses, and the people who lived in them, and the green wet country beyond. Of a country house where a kind heart and a true lived lonely. In all the glory of the seas, in the wonder and the adventure and the wild dream realized of this life that she was leading, was there enough to fill the blank left by the loss of all one's kind?

September stayed long on her veranda that evening, watching the tulip-rose-colored water fade to steel, and later darken to black crystal shot with a thousand fires; seeing the palms wake into spraying fountains of silver, as the moon came up; the orange flames begin to show in the huts of the native labor; the big, solitary sea-night spread upon the world. Whether she found an answer to her self-questioning or not, there was no one to know. But the book she took from her shelves to read that night was a slim, paper-bound volume in a bluish cover, and the lettering on it read: "The Ocean Sailing Guide."

NEXT morning somebody called in from Lakomana, and brought a magazine for September, passing by. They were very generous with their magazines in the islands, as they were with all other kinds of food.

September was disappointed when she opened the wrapper. Of all the monthlies and weeklies published by the British press, she detested most of all a paper called the Prattler. Nevertheless, it was a good-class paper, and most of her friends at home had it on their tables. Also most of them had their portraits in it from time to time, and all of them, whether they allowed the truth or not, liked to have their doings reported in it. The Prattler was not too indiscreet, not too vulgar—just enough of both.

September put it on the table. The day was half done before she picked it up and carelessly glanced through it. Her head was still full of the figures, the time-tables, the prices of the Ocean Sailing Guide.

When she had read half through, she put it down, and a wild peal of laughter rang through the little brown house; so wild and strange that the cookboy came trotting in from the kitchen and put his black silky head, adorned with flowers, round the corner of the doorpost.

He saw nothing to alarm him, and returning told his mate that the missus was all right; probably had been kai-kai-ing "plenty wisk"—all white people did so, now and then, though indeed they had never caught the missus at it.

September was reading over, for the third time, one of the gossipy paragraphs that were the Prattler's specialty; still laughing as she did so, though tears seemed to be very near:

> A little bird tells me of the most charmingly romantic marriage lately arranged between a lovely divorcée and a wealthy West Country squire, both being "quite, quite," and well known to London society. The lady was the heroine of an extraordinary desertion case nearly three years ago; readers will remember the remarkable circumstances, which actually reversed the tale of "Young Lochinvar"—in this case, the bride being left behind. Although supposed to be inconsolable, she obtained her freedom, lately, at the instance of the squire aforesaid, he having been equally victimized with herself and by the same person. It is said that the two had never met until lately and that their mutual misfortune instantly formed a bond. We wish them happiness.

SEPTEMBER was very human. The houseboy, coming to sweep her living room later on, found the floor strewn with torn-up papers—namely, one Ocean Sailing Guide, in very small fragments; one Prattler, torn still smaller. He never knew what September, half laughing, half crying, had said, as she ripped the papers and stamped on flying pieces. Otherwise, his opinion of himself as a man, and of the whole male sex in general, might have been somewhat disturbed.

Seeing that, whatever the cause, the storm cone was certainly raised, he went back into his kitchen and solaced his mate and himself with song.

"Don't sing that war chant," complained the helper; "it is enough to have the chieftainess angry, without further disturbing the very air. Sing something pleasant."

An islander is always willing to oblige. Solofanua burst without further preliminary into the best known song of all. The helper joined him. A long way off, on the other side of the atoll, the plantation people heard, and sent their voices and the voices of the wives bounding across the clear lagoon like skipping stones on a pond. And what they sang was something that they did not understand, but that nevertheless was the very sap and marrow of their island lives. And the first words of it, so far as anyone could hear, were "Ema, Ema, E!"

September, sitting with her pencil doubtfully poised over a pad of telegraph forms, looked up, listened, laughed, and sighed a little. The pencil began to work.

"Solofanua," she called, "you will take this in the launch to Lakomana tomorrow, in time for the steamer."

"What is in it?" asked the cook's helper curiously, by and by.

Solofanua, who could read, and who, incidentally, had his kettles boiling, told the helper in a minute or two.

"Nothing much," he said disappointedly. "Just an address, and two words: 'Come. September.'"

Outside, a long way across the lagoon, the men and their wives were still singing.

THE END

$500 for Limericks

Prizes for completing the unfinished Limerick in Liberty for September 6 have been awarded to those whose names appear below. The Limerick read as follows:

When the organ played Here Comes the Bride,
One fair damsel looked solemn and sighed.
She'd thought everything jake,
But she made a mistake—

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250
For the groom was HER beau! (darn his hide)
By MRS. RUTH DUNCAN
1050 George Street, Chicago, Illinois

SECOND PRIZE—$100
When she took her girl friend on that ride.
By ROBERT A. HUDSON
1336 Lincoln Avenue, Portsmouth, Ohio

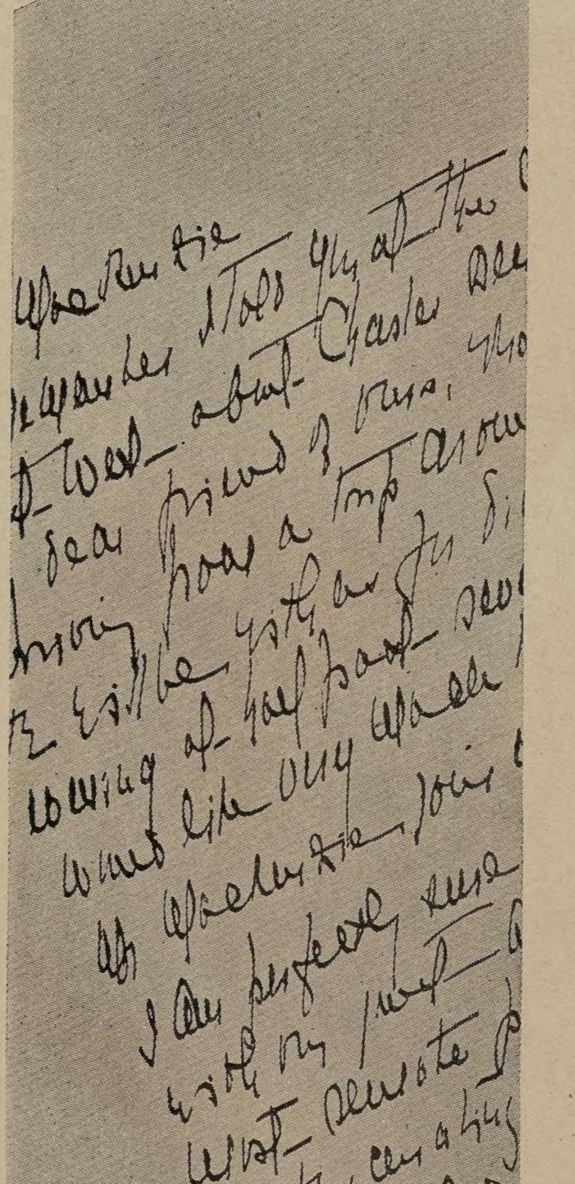
THIRD PRIZE—$75
Same old story—the "true lover" lied!
By CAMILLA M. FRANK
403 Baronne Street, New Orleans, Louisiana

FOURTH PRIZE—$50
And the truth she will never confide.
By F. C. PLOUF
Pouch "A," Rochester, Minnesota

FIFTH PRIZE—$25
Her beau slipped; the knot was not tied.
By BERTHA OBERNDORF
151 Congress Street, Jersey City, New Jersey

Such handwriting!

Someone should tell her about "VOGUE" Type



FANCIFUL scrawls. Curlicues. Beautiful but illegible handwriting! Why be embarrassed by it? Why permit your letters to be annoying puzzles to your friends . . . when it is so easy to use a Royal Portable Typewriter equipped with "Vogue"?

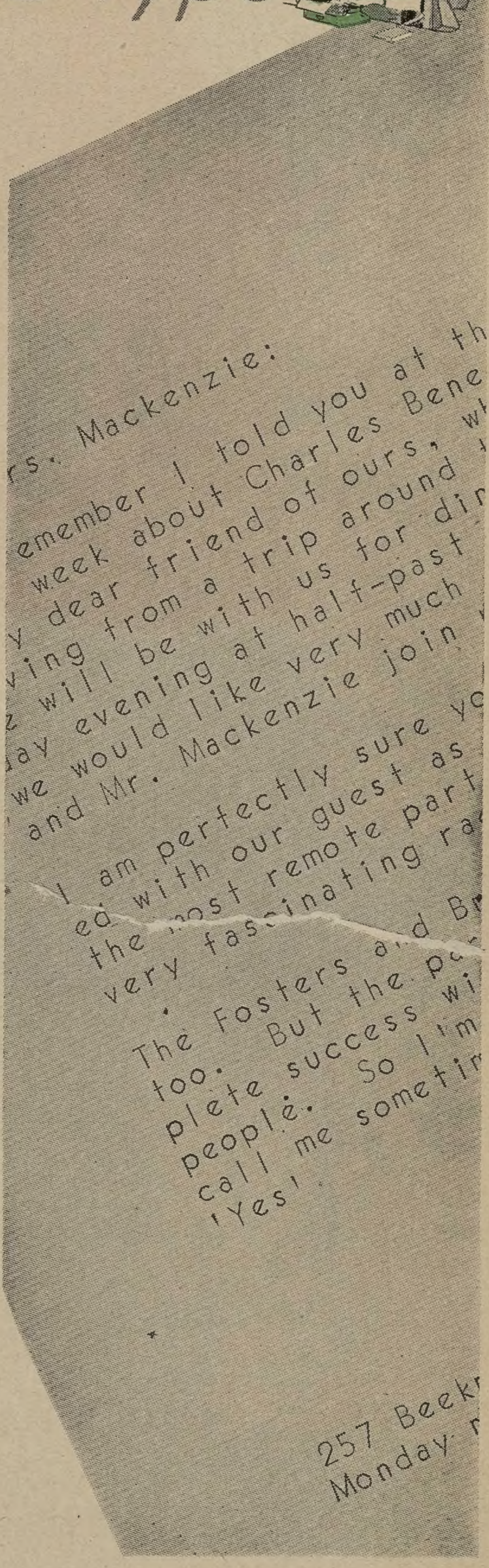
This new and charming type-face is most distinctive. It was created expressly for personal correspondence—just as the Royal Portable was designed to aid busy moderns who have neither time nor patience for the slow, wearisome pen! Original, of classical simplicity, "Vogue" is now the mode with discriminating people everywhere.

With a Royal Portable you write as you talk, directly and fluently. For your letters, for everyone's writings, it reflects the sparkle of actual conversation. It is so simple to operate that even the most hesitant beginner becomes quickly familiar with the delightful convenience of its lively keys.

Graceful lines and cheerful Duotone colorings, which now include new Pastel tints of delicate softness, distinguish the Royal Portable as the finest of home-sized typewriters. Yet the price is only $60 with standard 4-bank keyboard and carrying case. Convenient monthly payments, if desired.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC.
NEW YORK CITY

More than 2000 Royal Portable Dealers in the United States



rs. Mackenzie:

emember I told you at th
week about Charles Bene
y dear friend of ours, w
ving from a trip around
z will be with us for din
ay evening at half-past
we would like very much
and Mr. Mackenzie join

I am perfectly sure yo
ed with our guest as
the most remote part
very fascinating ra

The Fosters and Br
too. But the pa
plete success wi
people. So I'm
call me sometin
'Yes'.

257 Beekr
Monday n

Royal Portable TYPEWRITERS

PLEASURE

is always
on your side
when you smoke

Camels

CAMEL
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC
BLEND
CIGARETTES

© 1930, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.